MARIAM;

A STORY OF
THE INDIAN MUTINY OF 1857

"THOUGH DEAD SHE YET SPEAKETH"

BY

J. F. I.

ONE OF THE SURVIVORS

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DEDICATION

To the Blessed Memory of her whose excellent Virtues are but faintly pourtrayed in the following pages, who, distinguished in life by the rectitude of her conduct, has after death left an example of unwearied patience, of indomitable courage, and unflinching fortitude, in moments of great public commotion and individual peril,—the Woman—the Mother—the Loyal Citizen I dedicate this work

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PREFACE.

It is not usual to give a preface to a novel If this were a novel, pure and simple, I should have observed the rule, but though there is an element of fiction about it, the book is meant to embody chiefly the experiences and the trials of a Christian family during the terrible political cyclone which shook the Indian Empire to its base in 1857

Having exceptional opportunities of hearing her story from "Mariam's" own lips, I had long conceived the design of giving it to the world But it was not until the year 1891 when finding the newspapers and magazines were full of encomiums upon, and the "gallantry and the exploits" of, an English lady who had to make her flight from the malice of the murderers of her husband in a far corner of British India, and which subsequently earned for her the honour of being declared a "heroine", that the resolution was taken to write these memoirs It was not, however, until fifteen months after "Mariam" "fell asleep" that I really began seriously to think of writing this work Meanwhile the air became full of rumours of an impending crisis in India, which rumours received emphasis from the "tree-daubing" practised in some parts of the country It was then that some of the reminiscences of the mutiny were brought prominently to the notice of the public and a transient interest was revived in those events

The "tree-daubing" and other such mystic pro-

ceedings of the Indian people cannot, ho... analogy to the signs and emblems of special religious significance which in 1857 reached enormous geographical proportions in the country ruled over by the H E I C Much less would the uneventful side of the "lady" to whom I have alluded, through a few miles of country certainly not hostile to British domination, backed as she was by two hundred trusty British bayonets, bear comparison with the hair-breadth escapes, and the severe trials and privations of the "Lavater" family, which are described in the following pages The reader may be sure that the narration in no place aims at "touching up" the actual facts, and I beg further to assure him that except the episode of "Farhat" and "Zinat" which has been introduced only with the view of lending piequancy to, and investing the tale with an eastern colouring, the facts have not been overdrawn The tendency on the contrary is to abstain as much from the graphic as possible, and to relate as simply as possible the story of the escape as I have received it

And in this respect my book differs materially from the romance published by Mr James Grant under the title of "First-Love and Last-Love", in which that author has given free rein to his imagination and has blended the actual experiences of Captain Hayrower and the other fugitives from Delhi with an amount of fiction which has effectually encrusted and hidden over the former So that beyond producing a very readable and a very sensational novel he has failed to re produce truthfully the real occurrences of the period so far as they affected his individual characters

In one other respect, also I may claim to have

adhered to the truth more closely It cannot be doubted that a history of the sufferings which the Christian subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty endured during the mutiny cannot be written without severe reflections upon the disloyalty and barbaric instincts of the Indian races which took part in the struggle against the dominant power, and which of the Indian peoples was there that did not take part in it? And it is difficult when speaking of the subject, especially for those who lost their near and dear ones or were otherwise ruined in property and home, not to speak of the native with a certain degree of acrimony For though the softening hand of time has toned down the irritation and the angry feelings excited by the excesses of the Indian populace of 1857, the breach then produced has ever since been widening, so that the disintegration between the rulers and the governed is more decided and more complete now than it was before While in no sense mitigating the black perfidy of those who owed their social position and their prosperity to the generosity of the conqueror, or the relentless cruelty of the oily-tongued ruffian who could descend from the manly profession of the soldier to the common level of the cold, calculating murderer I have endeavoured to trace the softer lines of the Indian's character, and to prove by examples taken from life that he is neither brutish nor ungrateful by nature but is susceptible to the same influences as the civilized denizen of the West

In the following pages an attempt has been made to give occasional peeps at the life of the *Zanana*—a life which is correct and purer by far than is generally supposed And the reader has opportunities of judg-

ing whether when a Christian falls into the power of a native, he is not more likely to receive genuine kindness and sympathy at his hands than he is usually given credit for Numerous instances occurred during the mutiny when the life and honour of the Christian and his wife were not only saved but respected by the much-despised native of India

In short, the story of "Mariam's" trials reveals some of the most beautiful traits of character in both the Hindu and Mohammadan, and if my book does nothing else then bring the European to recognise the common fraternity of the two races and to descend from the high level of morality and social superiority which he has assumed, and think more charitably of, and behave more considerately to the 'nigger" than he does at present I will have been sufficiently compensated for my labour

I wish to say that the hints on folk lore contained in this book may safely be taken as correct Life behind the *pardá* is a subject which, as far as I am aware, has not as yet been investigated It is a mine of unexplored wealth from which I have picked up a gem here and there, few though they may be, they have been selected with judicious care and will, I trust, be valued for their genuine worth

The introduction of Hindustani phrases and words of daily and hourly use in the country is also a novelty When the current literature of the day is inter larded freely with French and Italian and other foreign terms and phrases it is I am sure no offence against the taste of the English reader to familiarize him with the terms and phrases used by the Indian peoples, and which in some respects embody the religious sentiments and the daily aspirations of that large

section of the human race over which the Queen-Empress reigns

Throughout this work the orthography of Indian names and Indian words is based upon what is known as the Hindustani method of spelling introduced some twenty years ago by Sir William Hunter of the Bengal Civil Service—a system, however, which was known already to the Protestant missionary and in the use of which no one is a greater adept than he

The names of towns and places are spelt according to the common acceptation, except where the name occurs in the speech of a native when the phonetic sound has been adopted Thus, though the proper spelling of the ancient Mohal capital is 'Dehli', it is nowhere spelt as such, but whenever a native speaks of it I spell it as 'Dilli', or when the writer speaks of it I spell it as 'Delhi', the common official form

To facilitate the comprehension of Indian terms and the common Persian and Arabic phrases used in the text, I have given as many foot-notes as I thought were necessary, and have besides added a short glossary In the case of the longer notes, I have thrown them as appendices at the end of the book

In conclusion, I wish to say that while I endeavour to convey to the mind of the English reader the prevailing opinions of the times upon the ruling race and some of their social customs, they are not in any sense my own private opinions My business is to pourtray the former as faithfully as possible from a study of that inscrutable microcosm, the Zanana of a respectable Mohammadan native without obtruding my own judgment upon their correctness or otherwise Similarly my descriptions of the national festivals

and other celebrations are meant to be only popular and not literary, and they will certainly not bear the test of erudite hyper-criticism

And I would also wish to remind the reader that my record embraces a period of history when India was younger by thirty-eight years Since then a wave has passed over the country from the West effacing before it nearly all the ancient landmarks and a great revolution has been effected in the minds and manners of the people The costumes which I describe, the speeches which I put into the mouths of my characters, are scarcely known by the advanced Indians of the present day, so that if one who had lived in the pre-mutiny days were to rise from the dead he would hardly recognise in the youth of the present generation the descendants of those who disdained to imitate the dress, the language, the modes of thinking of the ruling race Nevertheless there are to the present day remnants of the old conservative spirit in parts of the country where far from dying out, it continues to retain its hold upon some of the backward families of the Pathans and Chatris, and any one acquainted with them can easily identify most of what I have written of their domestic economy and their special usages

Author

BENARES

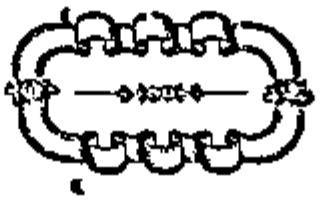
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MARIAM.

PART I.

'BEFORE THE STORM.'





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CHAPTER I.

THE ALARM IN THE YARD.

"Cling to my side, my darling! put your arm round me, draw closer Ha! that will do you are safe here My arm is not yet powerless, *this* will enter his bosom before he can touch thee" And as she uttered these words, with a sudden action she drew from her bosom a keen double-edged knife, and as she grasped its handle nervously, she flourished it threateningly in the air pointing towards a group of men who lay *perdu* upon the wall

Her companion to whom the above words were addressed, was evidently frightened her whole frame was in a tremor She drew closer to the elder woman, put her arms round her waist and buried her face in her mantle

Suddenly there was a sound of *thud, thud*, as if some one was climbing down the wall on the other side, then a sound as if some one was running away from the wall, and in a moment the younger female began to breathe more freely She uncovered her face, and scanning the whole length of the wall, exclaimed "Mother, they are all gone" The other replied "yes, my love! for the present we are saved" And, after imprinting a kiss on the face of the still trembling girl, she replaced the knife in its sheath, and lisped an inaudible thanksgiving to the Almighty Protector

CHAPTER VI.

SUMMER IN INDIA—SIGNALS OF REVOLT

It was summer all over upper India—a season so entirely different from its congener in the British Isles! The sun fast approaching the summer solstice had now entered the constellation of Taurus hot days succeeded warmer nights The sky was as brass and the earth as iron Nature seemed to tremble under the fierce rays of the incandescent luminary In some parts of the country the hot winds blew from early morning till late at night, and like the *Samum* of the African desert, scorched everything in their course The face of the earth was parched and dry, while the sky above wore a leaden hue, not a cloud passed across to throw a momentary curtain over the sun The cattle sought shelter under the shade of trees and could hardly find a pool to slake their thirst in Travellers rested in the way-side Sarâis,[1] or in *Dharam-salas*[2] wherever they could meet one, while those whom emergency or the call of duty required to expose themselves to the open air, ventured out only after they had well muffled up their heads, and faces and ears in order to protect themselves from the furious blast

It was the hot weather all over India—an expression the full import of which only those can realize who have lived in that country To escape

1 Inn See Appendix I
2 Rest-house See Appendix II

the severity of the weather which then prevails, the heads of the Government, as well as other well-to-do Europeans fly to the hill sanitaria from which they only descend after the first good fall of rain in the early part of July or when the rains are over in October. The majority of Government servants however are all left in the plains where such of them as can afford the luxury, hide themselves when not actually in attendance at their posts or engaged in the performance of out-door duty, in the shelter of their houses which they do their best to keep cool by putting up *khas tattis*[3] and getting the *pankha*[4] pulled over their heads to keep the air astir. The pure natives—men and women—sleep on the roofs of their houses with scant clothing on their persons ; others who sleep in the court-yards of their houses sprinkle water in order to cool the surfaces upon which they rest their backs for the night. The heat is most oppressive until after midnight when the air begins to cool a little

Somehow the summer of 1857 was more oppressive than usual ; there were rumours in the air which only those who could anticipate the future, heard Ever since the events of Barackpore, the surface of native society was agitated as it had never been agitated before. They were the precursors of a storm which had loomed in the horizon ever since the beginning of the year 1857, a storm which was so soon to desolate the fair fields of Upper India. The minds of men were perturbed at the near approach of the centenary of Plassy ; the British dominion was drawing to a close Had not the

3 See Appendix III
4 Do IV

sage predicted it, and had not inexorable Fate ordained it? A wave had passed over public opinion which till then had been in favour of the benefits brought by the English Government in its wake. Native India had been asleep all this while but it was a false repose. The stranger had too long lorded over the land. The time had now arrived for the sons of the soil to assert the supremacy of their arms which had hitherto rusted in their scabbards. The mighty tempest raised by the millions of India will, like a besom of destruction, sweep irresistibly the handful of European intruders who lay supinely in full confidence of the loyalty of the conquered nations. Not conquered, but only subjugated! The *tegh* of Ali and the battle-axe of Lakhsman will triumph over the corpses of the *Kafirs* and the *Dushts* who had presumed to tamper with the religion of their hitherto servile subjects.

It was the *ekadsi*, the eleventh day of the waning moon of Baisakh,[5] of the Sambat year 1914, corresponding with the twenty-fourth day of Sha'ban 1273 Hijri, and the twentieth of April A. D. 1857.

Two men sat in the *marhela*[6] of Tejpur which is situated on the road leading from Miránpur ka Katra to Shahjahanpur on one side, and Bareilly on the other. One of them Bidesi by name was a Pasi,[7] a low caste Hindu, a class of men habitually given to the commission of crime. While the other named Fajju,

5 The Hindu festival of Mekh Sankránt.

6 A wayside police outpost.

7 A common saying in India is —Aher Gadariá Pási yeh tinon sateanási.
Which means that these three castes or professions are the exterminators.

was a Musalman who erst had been a *palledár* or porter by profession. Both of them were in the service of Government in the capacity of *chaukidars* or road patrols, a species of low-paid rural police employed to keep watch and ward on the public highways in the country.

Fajju lit his *narial* or hubble-bubble and began to smoke, while Bidesi took off the *chilam*[8] and took an occasional whiff from it. The following conversation passed between them:—

Fajju:—This is part of our duty, is it not, to escort the Government treasure till it passes out of our beat? Did you notice how roughly the *mazkuri*[9] spoke to us, telling us to keep with the cart while he himself lingered behind to converse with the Pathan on horseback?

Bidesi:—To be sure I did, but there is no cause to take affront. He had reason to lag behind. Do you not know with whom he engaged in conversation?

Fajju:—Now that I think of it, it was the Khan Sáhab[10] dressed differently from his usual style. And it strikes me that he will soon be down here. I have passed it on.

Bidesi:—And so have I.

While this confab was going on within, the shadow of a stalwart form fell across the entrance, and a man in the attire of a *Shikári* or sportsman entered the hut. He was armed with a *dogárá* or double-

8. The cup in which the tobacco is deposited.

9. A revenue collector's messenger, peon or orderly.

10. A courteous method of speaking of or addressing a Pathán.

barrelled gun, he had a *talwár*[11] by his side, also a pistol and knife stuck under the folds of his ample waist-cloth They both stood up and made him a low *Salám*[12]; he sat down on the *chárpái*[13] which was the only furniture in the room, and enquired what they had been doing since he last met them

"Why *Mian*[14]," said Fajju—"I received six *chapátis*[15] from Bihári and have passed them on together with the watch-word to Jhande of Khamriá. By this they must have travelled at least 100 kos."

"And I," said Bidesi—"received them from Kallu of Kanchanpur,, and have passed them on to Rakkhú They must by this have reached Powáyan, if not Muhamdi and Sítápur."

"You do not say, Bidesi,—observed the Khán—"whether you gave the watch-word to Rakkhu ?"

"I did Mian"—answered Bidesi—"how could I forget this most essential part of the errand? Is not our watch-word '*Dín*'?[16]"

"That is all very well done,"—rejoined the Khán—"and you do well to show your zeal for the cause. And now let me tell you that the message has travelled far and wide, all over this *parganá*[17]

11. Sword.
12. Arb for salute Lit. peace.
13. A low rustic bed
14. Master The servant always so addresses his employer in a Musalmán household.
15. See note on '*chapátis*,' app. V.
16. Religion, faith. This was the signal or war-cry of the mutineers
17. Civil division of a District

and throughout the District. Only don't forget that you have sworn allegiance to me, your future ruler, and that when the time comes you will strike hard not only to extirpate the *Káfir*[18] but will also not give in to the blandishments of my rival. Remember that Ghulam Qádir Khán is identified with the cause while Qádar Ali Khán is the enemy of your Nawab.[19]"

"We fully understand that, *huzúr*[20]," answered both with one voice. "One blow at the *kafirs* and the other at *sala*[21] Kadra.[22] Your servants swear by your feet.[23] But, my lord, have you consulted Mián Sáhab[24] on the future of this enterprize? And the Bábáji[25] is also about to come!"

"Yes, I know"—replied the Khán—"leave all that to me, do you look to your own business. I command you not again to appear at the *thana*[26] or

18. Infidel, in reference to the Christian or European; kufr, káfir, is Arabic, strictly, it should be applied to those who are devoted to *shirk*, or deny the unity of the Godhead, but during the mutiny, the term was applied indiscriminately to the Christians or those who sided with them.
19. Lord, nobleman. The viceroy or ruler of a province during the age of Muhammadan dominion or a nobleman of the Court.
20. Lit. presence. A respectful address used by a servant or subordinate when addressing his superior.
21. Really, wife's brother. A term of reproach in India, and resented as such.
22. Spoken contemptuously of his rival.
23. An orientalism. They sometimes touch the feet as a mark of humility or submission
24. A term always applied to a *faqir* or recluse.
25. A term applied to a Hindu *faqir*.
26. The chief police post of a Tahsil, the Head-quarters of the chief police officer of the circle.

form escort to a *Tahsil*[27] remittance Believe me, no other will pass this way again to swell the coffers of the *káfir* government"

CHAPTER III.

THE CONSPIRATORS

A week or ten days passed over the incidents related in the last chapter The conspiracy had by this grown stronger Fresh adherents had joined it until it seemed as if the mutual distrust of Hindu and Muhammadan had merged into one common desire to unite and shake off the incubus of governmental authority There were traitors right under the nose of the chief district officers Among others, Qudrat Ali, Naib Foujdari Sarishtedár[28], and Nizam Ali, formerly Kotwal[29] of Shahjahanpore, and now on the receipt of a pension from Government, on one side and Kalka Parshád, a Kaith[29], holding the post of *Munsarim Nilám*, or sale-clerk in the Collector's office, on the other, were most active in reconciling the conflicting interests of the two races A fort night before had arrived in Shahjahanpore a sworn

27 The Sub-Division of a District for purposes of revenue assessment and Head-quarters of the Tahsildar or revenue Sub-Collector

28 Deputy Secretary Judicial Department to District Magistrate or Chief District Officer A Persian or Urdu knowing man

29 The writer class among the Hindus well known for their assiduity and literary attainments

enemy of the British rule named Sarfaraz Ali, a resident of Gorakhpur. A tall, lean, muscular man, with lantern jaws, long thin lips, high aquiline nose, deep-set large dark eyes, bettle brows, long beard, and coarse black hair falling in masses over his shoulders. He was frequently in the habit of coming to the City where he had several disciples, chief among whom were two brothers, named Qudrat Ali (Náib Faujdári Sarishtedár) and Niaz Ali. Being known as a religious teacher, his movements did not excite any suspicion. On this particular occasion he made his stay at the house of Mázhar Karím, Faujdári Sarishtedár[30].

On the 1st of May, a meeting was arranged at the house of Mazhar Karim. There were assembled the following persons:—

Qadar Ali Khan: a landholder and gentleman at large.
Nizam Ali: pensioned Kotwal.
Qudrat Ali: Naib Foujdari Sarishtedár.
Abdul Rauf Khan: Zillah Visitor.[31]
Mangal Khan: also a landholder, and wife's brother to Abdul Raúf Khan.
Nizam Ali Khan: landholder, of Shahbáznagar.
Sital Singh: a petty landholder.
Daulat Rae: ditto.
Kálká Parshad: munsarim nilam.
Ghanshám Singh: Subadar-major[32], 28th Bengal native infantry.

30 Secretary judicial department, to chief District officer; head clerk of the vernacular portion of the judicial office.
31. An Inspector of Vernacular Schools in the pre mutiny days.
32 Chief native commissioned officer in a regiment of the native army.

Mazhar Karim of course acted as host while Sarfaraz Ali whom they had all come to meet took the chief seat in the assembly. Rauf Ahmad as *muharrir*[33] in the Foujdari[34] office, was posted as a look-out at the entrance-door in order to warn the conspirators against any possible surprise. But this precaution was quite unnecessary.

As soon as the guests were seated *pan*[35] was handed round to every one, including the Hindus. A *farshi huqá*[36] having been brought, every one took a whiff and handed the tube to the next person, and so on. The Hindus were provided each with a mud hubble bubble. After this preliminary, the proceedings were opened by Mazhar Karim who thus spoke from his seat —

"*Jandl i man*[37]! we are all here to meet our respected friend Maulvi[38] Sarfaraz Ali who has come to us again with intelligence that our cause gains new friends in every city and town. This news must be encouraging to all but what we are next to do has now to be determined. Do you all therefore speak out your mind and advise us as to the best course to

33 A Vernacular clerk.

34 Judicial criminal.

35 Betel leaf the universal Indian delicacy.

36 A hubble bubble with a flat bottom to rest firmly on the ground.

37 Lit —My excellencies or Ano your excellencies! *Janab* is a word often used in conversation even among persons of an equal social standing but strictly it is applied to the Kings Majesty only *janab* literally meaning the door sill which any one entering had to stoop down and kiss before entering the royal presence.

38 A learned man.

adopt in order to expedite the great event. We are now well forward with the period of fasting, and the last day of the holy month must see the final completion of the design But before we proceed further, I want you all to hear Maulvi-Salab expound his own views on the crimes of the *kafir* government, and the manner in which we intend to punish them."

This opening harangue was followed by one from the Maulvi.

"*Hazrat-i-majlis*,[39] and brothers in the common cause! I am glad of the opportunity to place you in possession of my views on the subject for the discussion of which we all are assembled here to-day."

He passed his hand over his beard, mumbling something the while, rolled his eyes round, then proceeded:

"You are aware that the *Firangis*[39a] became our masters through subtilty. After entering the country as traders, they mixed themselves in politics, set one *subeddr*[40] against another reaping the benefits of the quarrel themselves. Thus they acquired possession of Karnàtak[41]. With what craft they established their capital at Calcutta we all know. And then using sometimes craft, at others entreaty or by a combination of both, they prevailed on the Padshah[42] to grant them the *subedari*[43] of Bengal. Subsequently

39. *Hazrat* has the same signification as *Janab*, *ante Majlis* means assembly In other words, gentlemen present!

39a Lit —Franks Spoken of the British This is the term by which the Government was spoken of in Shahjahanpore among the Musalmans

40 Provincial Governor.

41. Carnatic, Madras Presidency

42 In reference to the Mughal Emperor or King of Delhi.

43 Province or viceroyalty.

they acquired the kingdom of Maisur[44], the fertile plains of central Hindostan and this fine province of Rohelkhand. Later on they laid hands on the Punjab and on Burma[45], and, lastly, by an act of glaring spoliation which has no parallel in history, they deposed the king of Awadh[46] without a cause and became undisputed masters of the 'garden of India'. So that little by little they have seized the whole of our country, and have established their hated government over every corner of it.

"The question for debate is shall they continue to be our masters any longer? May their race perish!" And here the speaker grew warm. "By the last prophet, they shall not defile our native soil any longer. I am here to devise ways and means to accomplish that object. Consider what instruments they used to acquire this country? Why, they set our own swords against our throats. It is the *sipahi*[47] army which conquered India for them, and by the sword of Ali! that very instrument shall be employed to destroy them.

"But you will perhaps ask, 'what have they done to receive this treatment?' I answer. If *suar gadha*[48] in the public streets and 'damn your eyes' in the public courts is a form of compliment acceptable to you, then they have deserved well at your hands.

44 Mysore.

45 Burma.

46 Oudh.

47 Sepoy army.

48 Swine, pig or hog; ass or donkey; very common epithets applied by the Europeans to the natives of India.

lave you never seen a fellow-countryman of yours eing kicked by the whites[49], and sometimes the ne laid across his back? Have you ever known iem to be addressed as other than 'nigger' and '*kala-ua*'[50]? These are every-day occurrences. And if ou were to say that the opprobrium for such conduct ight attach to the common and the ignorant among he Firangis but that the higher classes whom we ll our *hâkims*[51] can not be charged with such dis-ourtesies, then I would tell you to go and see for ourself in the houses of the great. How many of ur fellow-countrymen are sent by these so-called nglish gentlemen daily into *jahannam*[52], how many f them are damned before their time, it would be mpossible to calculate. And all for no fault or for aults of the most venial nature, such as might best e punished with a warning or a reprimand.

"You will say: 'this is our natural lot as a sub-ect-race, and we have no right to complain.' Well, et it be so. But *ai bbaio*[53]! our religion is now in dan-ger. Having lost the sovereignty of the land, having owed in subjection to the impure *kafir*, shall we urrender the inalienable privileges which we have received from the prophet, upon whom be peace[54]?

49. *Goré*: So the Europeans were known by the natives during the mutiny and the latter in return used to call them *kâla* or black.
50. Black hog! a common term applied by the Europeans to the natives
51. Rulers.
52. Hell
53. O brethren,
54. It is in this manner that his followers speak of Muhammad.

"Again, perhaps you will be desirous to know upon what facts this allegation is founded? O friends! don't be wilfully blind to the wiles of the *kafir*. Have not their *padris*[55] spread themselves through the length and breadth of the land, sowing the seeds of the baneful *nasri*[56] doctrine, and drawing away from the true faith the ignorant and the simple-minded? Have they not ordered wheat-flour to be sold mixed with bone-dust? Have they not issued cartridges to the *sipahi* army greased with cows and pigs' fat? And to enforce the use of the abomination, have they not forged irons and have sent 2000 to each town where there is a native corps with orders that whoever refuses to cut them with the teeth shall at once be placed in arrest and marched off to jail?

"O brothers of the Hindu race! the purity of your caste is threatened, and the religious distinctions so much prized by you invaded by the proselytizing and annexing Firangi[57]! Rise in arms! Oh, when will you rise? Ah! is there not one among us with a sufficient sense of the sacredness of his religion and the courage of a man to resist this encroachment upon our liberty of worship? Are we dead, entirely dead, to a sense of the glorious exploits of our forefathers who shut up and starved out the *kafirs* just a hundred years ago, when they dared to insult the majesty of the Padshah in the person of his lieutenant, Shujah-ul-daula[58]?

"Do you forget how over and over again our

55 Padri —

f the Black Hole

countrymen have beaten these so-called invincible British,—in Maisur, in central India, in Kabul, in the Punjab, and elsewhere? Their whole armies have been cut up, not one being left to tell the tale And *insha-allah*[59]! it will be so again

"Then again, I have been asked to state my views as to who shall be destroyed,—the *kafir* males only or their bare-faced women and offspring also? What a foolish question to ask! I say, let the whole race of them be clean wiped off Will you kill the dam and leave her brood to grow up, and when it is grown up to sting you? O no! Remember the words of the Sheikh 'To kill the viper, and to cherish his young, is not the work of the wise man[60]'

"And so I ordain that no quarter shall be given or mercy shown to the cursed race, be he man or woman, suckling or child Rip them up! Dash them to the ground! Pass your vengeful blades through the carcase of every one!

"Sahibo![61] I repeat again your religion is threatened! Hear what has been told me by a friend who has lately arrived from Dakhan[62] The *padris* sent a petition to the Firangi Queen complaining of the slowness with which the Hindus were made to become Christians They adduced the conduct of some of the Muhammadan potentates in past times such

59 A common Arabic expression which means 'please God' or 'if God will'

60 A celebrated saying of Sheikh Sádí Shirazi *Afi i kushtan na bacha ash ra nigah dasht a i kar-i khirad mandan nest*

61 Gentlemen!

62 Deccan

as Alauddin, and Alamgir, and Tipu Sultan[63], who had compelled the Hindus to embrace Islam; and they suggested a similar authoritative policy. 'Now,' said they, 'take our advice, O Queen! mix up bullocks' fat and pigs' fat with the grease employed on cartridges in order that by touching these substances with their teeth or lips the sepoys might lose caste and thus be induced to embrace the *nasrá* religion as their only resource.' The Queen expressed her joy at the plan and resolved that it should be put in operation. What do you say to this, O ye faithful! and, ye Hindu friends?

"Have you not received letters from Barhampur saying that the Colonel Sahib of the 34th native infantry has been trying to prejudice his men by distributing religious tracts among them in which all manner of lying statements are made against the truth of the prophet's teachings, on whom be peace?

"Just a hundred years ago the rule of the infidel began, and I declare to you that it must now end. Remember the words of the *pir dastgir* that the centenary of Plassey[64] shall see the termination of the *kafir* rule[65]. That centenary approaches, my friends,

63 Tippoo Sultan but the spelling in the text is the correct one. The term *Kana Tipu* is usually applied to a cock-eyed man.

64 Anglicised form of Palási. By some historians the date assigned to this decisive battle by which the sovereignty of Bengal passed to the H. E. I. C. is 23rd June while others say that it was fought on the 23rd May 1757. I have adopted the former date.

65 The prediction referred to here as in Chapter II is one contained in a Persian ode which will be found in App. VII. I leave the reader to form his own opinion

and have I your unanimous vote to declare that the *kafir*-brood shall be stamped out on that date?"

The whole assembly with one voice cried out: "No! sooner than that."

"Well, brothers"—continued the Maulvi—"be it so. Twenty-four days hence is the Id: the work must begin as soon as we have finished prayer. *Din* is our watchword!"

In the course of this harangue, the assembly was swayed by various passions. At the passage where the Maulvi spoke of sets of irons having been forged for those sepoys who refused to bite the cartridge, Subadar-major Ghansham Singh sprang to his feet, and drawing his falchion took an attitude as if to strike, exclaiming: "Death to the Sarkár![66] By the sacred cord[67] which I wear as a *chatri*[68] of *chatris*, this blade shall lick up the blood of him who dares to bring the greased cartridge to my mouth." The Maulvi appeased him and begged him to be seated. "There is time yet, Subadár-sahib"—said he—"let not your zeal evaporate in words, but at the appointed signal show by your actions that the

upon the merits of this rhapsodical production which to my mind bears internal evidences of being spurious. I first saw this ode in 1860, that is, just three years after the mutiny, in the hands of a leading Musalman religious guide in Agra, and he assured me that it had come down in his family for generations.

66 Government.

67 The *janéu* or Brahmanical thread which is also worn by the Chatri race.

68 The warrior caste, or the second great division of the Indian population, according to the ancient Hindu chronicles.

blood of the impetuous Bhim[69] runs in your veins. Can you count on your men, Subadar Sahab?"

"My men will always fight"—replied Ghansham Singh—"in a noble cause. We have eaten the Sarkar's salt and our blood has been shed to bring victory to the British colours. And I tell thee, Mián,[70] that if the allegations which thou hast made are true, the brave boys of Mandrú-ki paltan[71] will give their lives to the last man before they will allow their lips to be touched by the fat of *gaú mata.*[72] *Jai Sri Ram Lachmanji ki*[73]"

The frenzy of the moment carried away the whole assembly; the Hindu portion of it echoed the war-cry of "*Jai Sri Ram Lachmanji ki,*" while the Muhammdans burst out into a frantic yell of "*Ek nara Haidari, ya Husein.*[74]"

In the turmoil that ensued a figure wrapped up in a long *chogha* or cloak passed out through the entrance-door where Raúf Ahmad had been posted as tyler. Raúf Ahmad too had caught the infection and joined in the cry of "*nara haidri,*" and his

69. One of the five Pandawa brothers of the Mahábhárat Epic.
70. Here the term is used contemptously. It is used in that sense sometimes by the Hindus of Brij-land, where also the term "Mian" denotes a Musalman
71. So the 43rd Regt B N I was called
72. Mother-cow —the epithet used by the pious Hindu when speaking of the Cow.
73. The war-cry of Brij land and of the races who pay adoration to Krishn as the chief deity of the Hindu pantheon
74. The cry of the Mahammedan fanatic It echoes through the air with tremendous significance during the Muharram period when the Muhammedan populations turn frantic with religious or iconoclastic zeal

tention was so occupied with what was passing with- that he neglected to shut the door behind him or otice if any one had entered the house that way. he shadow of the figure fell upon Nizám Ali, an d detective, who at once called out to Raúf Ahmad hether any one had come in while they were engag- d in the debate but he could not tell. A nervous pprehension of having been detected siezed the onspirators and one by one they all began to slink ut. At the last it was proposed by Abdul Raúf Khan and Nizám Ali Khan, seconded by Kashi Parshad, that before committing themselves to any overt act of disaffection they should consult the oracles through Bábaji who was shortly expected, and Mián Sáhab. This suggestion pleased every one, and they all dispersed.

CHAPTER IV.

PROGRESS OF THE CONSPIRACY.

The 15th of May had now arrived, and the plot began to thicken. The mutiny broke out at Meerut on the 10th of May, in consequence of several of the troopers of the 3rd Regiment Bengal Cavalry having been placed under arrest for refusing to receive the new cartridges served out to them, and marched off to Jail in fetters. Part of the utterances made by Sarfaraz Ali were thus already verified: the disaffected gained heart. They saw in the doings at Meerut a programme already sketched out for them. There was a sigh in the air and portents in heaven.

Agreeably to appointment, several of the conspirators visited the tent of the mysterious Bábáji one night: it was pitched near Gulab-bárí.[75] The day before the Bàbáji had made his entry through the city to his encampment. Seated on an elephant with a *chanwar* or silver-handled whisk waving over his head, and a following of horse and foot, some as outriders and some following behind, this mysterious personage passed on without noticing the hundreds of curious eyes fastened on him. A richly caparisoned *rath*[76] went in his train. In person he was a man of middle height, muscularly built, his hairs matted and dyed were coiled round his head, he wore a long *gèrud*[77] coat, and a loin-cloth, the lower extremities being left bare. A large *rudràksh* or rosary hung round his neck and the *Rámànandi tilak*[78] marked his forehead. He was of a melancholy cast of countenance, and sat motionless.

By repute he was a disaffected nobleman from Ajudhia travelling about with the intention and for the purpose of sowing sedition among the native troops. He was known by the appellation of Triloh-Nàth Bàbà. It was an open secret that while at Meerut he was frequently seen in the lines of the native regiments and was visited by the sepoys in his tent. The authorities knew of his arrival but

75 The old cremation-ground on the right bank of the Khannaut

76 A vehicle on four wheels drawn by a pair of bullocks. In former times the *rath* was used on State occasions, and was to be found in the houses of the great nobles for the use of their females

77 Terra-cotta, a colour affected by the Hindu recluse.

78 As distinguished from the *Shaivi tilak* See App VIII.

the motives which took him about from place to place never formed the subject of investigation until the evil had been done He never spoke when addressed in public, and the explanation of his followers that he was an *Achary*[79] bound on a pilgrimage was implicitly believed

The deputation that waited on him consisted of Abdul Rauf Khan, Nizàm Ali Khan, Kalla Parshad, and Ghansham Singh, Zorawar Singh, and Madeh-khan, Subedars of the 28th Regiment Native Infantry He received them in a well appointed tent, the hour of meeting being 10 P M at which the donkey brays The Hindus saluted him with "Babaji Ram Ram," while the Muhammadans simply made him a low *salam*, both which he acknowledged by putting up his hands and giving them his blessing "*Khushi raho ! anand raho, bacha*[80] !

They already understood each other Kashi Parshad acted as foreman and informed him that the train had been laid and only awaited the signal to be fired "Now, Babaji, what is the news from abroad ?" he enquired "Bacha," he answered, "I have travelled from north to south from Kalka to Agra, and east to west from the Satlaj to Patna The *hurkaras'* stick[81] has passed on from town to town, each re-

79 A spiritual guide or teacher

80 The usual form of blessing pronounced by a Hindu recluse *Khushi raho* means be happy *Anand raho* means the same *Bachá* is really a Persian word and means a young one But it has been adopted by the Hindus and signifies son or child

81 A *halkara* or *harkara* is a messenger A *halkára* in a Native State service usually carries a long painted rod with emblem

ceiver being directed to make it over to the next, and so have the *chapatis*.[82] The vow has been paid and every thing is ripe for the great day. The fate of the *dushts*[83] is already trembling in the balance. You seem to be prepared, *bacha*; but what is the condition of our *bahadur*[84] soldiery: are they also ready?"

To this query Ghanshám Singh replied: "Bàbà! to be forewarned is to be forearmed. After the treatment received by the men of the 3rd Cavalry, never will it be said of the *patthas*[85] of the 28th that they tamely submitted to wear iron bracelets. Come and visit our lines, and judge for yourself whether we be ready or not."

"But," resumed the Bábàji—"have the *dushts* any notice of what is going on? Do they know that the earth is already seething under their feet?"

"Not a shade of suspicion has crossed their minds," replied Abdul Raúf Khan—"of this I will be surety."

"Bàbàji," said Nizam Ali Khan, "one thing I must ask thee, tell me at once; is the hour propitious to strike? Are the stars favourable?"

of his office. In the pre mutiny days, a class of post-carriers were so called. The *kalkara* stick like the *chapatis* was used as a signal of revolt. We read in Sir Walter Scott that in Scotland, in the clannish days, war-signals were sent from hut to hut and from clan to clan with extraordinary rapidity.

82 See App V.

83 *Dusht, Sans.*, a demon.

84 Brave.

85 Young men, brave boys.

"Never more so, my son," he answered "A *jhárú tara*[86] has appeared in the heavens which will sweep off the *kafirs* from the face of the country. And if another portent were wanting, as I passed through Jalandhar, the men of the 36th Native Infantry informed me that they had seen a headless man for several days before dawn stalking in the regimental lines. Those who saw the shade grew pallid through fear but it is a token for us, my son, to be bold and quick ere our plans are discovered."

As he uttered the last words, the wall of the tent began to sway as if somebody was resting against it, and heavy breathing could be distinctly heard, but when Subedar Madeh Khán went to see if there were eaves-droppers outside, all that he could find was the Bábáji's sentinel stretched on the ground snoring heavily while a white figure was perceived in the distance walking away as fast as he could. After rousing the watchman with a kick, the Subadar walked in and reported what he had seen. Somebody who was not in the secret had evidently been listening. Nothing disconcerted, however, they proceeded with their deliberations, and it was decided that the Babáji should visit the lines the following day and sound the Sepoys.

Abdul Rauf Khan here interrupted the conversation and demanded of the Bábáji what commands he had brought them as to their mode of action. "What shall we do on the great day, Bábáji?" said he. "There are some 20 or more *kafirs* to be disposed of, together with their shameless women and unholy brood. Suppose that the former turn

86 Comet Lit broom—star or star with a tail

round upon us with their fire-arms? We have known in the past what European energy and decision can do"

"*Hare ráksha*s,[87] poltroon, faint-heart! Do, askest thou?" replied the Bàbàjì with emphasis "*Mar! Mar!*"[88] Perceivest thou not that Yama,[89] the reaper, stands by sharpening his scythe in anticipation of the rich harvest awaiting him, when, not only the 'bearded grain,' but also the 'flowers that grow between,' must fall in multitudes to the sweep of his relentless blade? The cursed race must be extirpated!"

And as he finished the dread sentence he siezed the hand of his interlocutor, gave a sharp rap on the back of the palm, passed his forefinger over his eyes, and bade him look at his open palm, when lo! the figure of Yamá with his uplifted axe in the act to strike! Abdul Raúf Khan who had before winced under the vigorous rap, now actually trembled through fear, he cast one glance only at the sanguinary figure depicted on his hand, and uttering a "*lá haul walá quwat i-illah billa*,[90] shook off the Bábás grasp. The latter breathed a *mantra*[91] and the figure vanished

87 O dæmon!

88 Kill! Kill!

89 The god of death in the Hindu pantheon

90 An Arabic phrase which means literally "There is no keeping away from sin nor is there strength to adore but through the help of God" Used as a charm against the assaults of the Evil One Usually the words *la haul* only are uttered to scare him away the rest of the sentence being dropped

91 Charm incantation as applied to the Hindu worship.

"Now, Bábá!" said Zoráwar Singh—"fix the date and leave the rest to us. This Mián"—pointing in the direction of Abdul Raúf Khán—"has recently come from Bahraich; what wonder if the new sympathies ereated in his house cause him an anxious moment sometimes, and the air of Mián's[92] tomb has affected him somewhat!"

A scowl from Abdul Raúf Khán and an angry retort would perhaps have ended in an open resort to arms between him and the last speaker, but the Bábá put up his finger in token of silence, saying as he did so:

"You both must have eaten largely of *phùt*[93] this season, or you would know better how to restrain your resentments at a period when all your united strength will be needed for the struggle. Reserve it for the great day, my sons *Bálè Miàn*[94] might have been wanting in one sense but forget not that he was the servitor of the Muslim prophet and the play-fellow of Fâtimá, the wife of the intrepid Alí, who is the patron saint of all those who grasp the *tégh*."

92. A reference to Gházi Mian whose shrine is at Bahraich, in Oudh

93 A kind of melon (Cucumis momordica Roxb.) It also means discord, dissension, from *phat*=to burst, in reference to the ripe cucumber which bursts elastically it was said (layfully once by one of the Indian protentates that if the *phut* was not produced in India, it would be a united country

94 There are several versions of the legend regarding Bá Mián, an ancient Muhammadan saint, one of which ha reference to his want of virility. It is not necessary to speak more specifically on the subject of the incident to which allusion is made in the text.

"But the date?" demanded Zoràwar Singh again.

"Let it be *dasehrá*,[95]" he replied. "No, that is too long a way off. Could not a nearer date suit better?"

To which they all replied: "Not *daseltrá*, but the Íd.[96]

The conclave being ended, before his visitors departed he called them up one by one, and uncoiling his *jatà* or matted hairs, he squeezed from them a liquid juice on the hand of each, bidding them lick it up. The Hindus obeyed the behest with promptness and alacrity, and, copying their example, the Muhammadans did the same, when an odorous smell permeated the room. The men were filled with astonishmment wondering at the mysterious arts of the Bábàjí. It now struck the hour of midnight and at the same time a donkey brayed[97], which they all accepted as a favourable omen while the Bàbàjì breathed a blessing on the cause in which they were all engaged, saying: "Be victorious, my sons! and

95. The tenth of the waxing moon of Kúnàr or Asauj in the Hindu calendar. On this day a great military festival is held all over India on which the celebrated epic of Ramayan is acted.

96 The first day after the close of the Muhammadan month of fasting observed as a great festival all over the country. The first day of the month of Shavval or *Íd* *Íd* means a festival. It is also called *Idul fitr* or *simaiyon ki-id*, in reference to the opening of the fast which is solemnized by the eating of *simain* or vermicelli.

97. This refers to the popular belief that the donkey brays three times before the hour of midnight, namely—at 8, 10, and 12 P M

cry '*Jai Ram Chand ji ki!*'[98]" a cry which was echoed by them all outside the tent.

CHAPTER V.

A DISSERTATION ON INDIAN RECLUSES.

The first of May was a thursday—a day specially devoted to the celebration of Rasûl Shâh's *urs.*[99] And as the conspirators had resolved to seek the aid and the blessing of the recluse who at that period occupied the *takia*[100], they all, or as many of them as were able to, attended the celebration in the afternoon.

Rasûl Shâh was a celebrated *dúrvesh.*[101] He had been dead and gone long ago, and was interred in the *takia* which at the period of which we are writing was known as Rasul Shah's.

It is an accepted truth that no country or city is without its *qútub*[102], and no *takia* without its *faqir.*[103] And so it happened that it was resolved to give Rasûl Shah's vacant seat an occupant.

98 Another war cry of the Hindus

99 Lit a bridal feast, and by implication, the annual celebration of a saints' death

100 Lit a pillow. A faqir's seat or dwelling-place, and generally the burial ground of the neighbourhood.

101 See note on this subject in App IX

102 Prince or chief It really signifies the polar-star or the north pole

103 See *ante* App IX

Opposite to Rasul Shàh's was another *takiá* in Khinní bágh known as Yaqin Shah's, and occupied by a *faqír* of that name But Yaqin Shah though a harmless man, was of intemperate habits There was also a literate, blind mendicant named Miskin Shah who used to recite Persian verses and receive alms of European residents And, an epileptic lad named Marhaba who had been rescued from a wolfs' den

These though calling themselves *faqírs*, were really not so in the strict sense of the term, for there must be three conditions present to make one a true *faqír*, namely *Faqa* or poverty, *Qanaat* or contentment, and, *Reazat* or abstinence *

Besides Miskin Shah and Marhabà, there was another individual occupying quarters in Rasul Shàh's *takia* and who had assumed his name He was a fair middle aged man with a Vandyke beard He used to wear a long coat and a *tehmad* or loin-cloth, and it was no uncommon thing to see him leading about a damsel in his train If he happened to meet a fair face in the city which pleased him he would make a show of sanctimonious repugnance at the propinquity of a member of the opposite sex, while he would at the same time jostle her in passing and wink to her to follow him By some he was believed to possess the mesmeric art for the woman would now be seen to follow him wherever he went and at length after he had made her drink of water from his cup, she ever after became his devoted believer and slave He once brought away a wealthy woman from Lucknow named Zebin and after her death he took or rather [illegible] woman of the *qasai*[104] tribe

* Butchers

took to him. She was a thin fair woman of a comely appearance and, like her paramour, wore a long white muslin coat and a blue *tahmad*. The blue thread with which she ornamented her wrists, and legs, and neck greatly set off her milk-white complexion. She went by the name of Zahûr Shah, and played a part in the subsequent events which will be narrated in their proper place.

For these instances of scandalous conduct which so belied his profession of a *dùrvesh* he was shunned by the better classes as an enchanter and a libertine, though they respected the garb of the *faqir* and *salamed* him whenever they met him—from a distance.

This Rasul Shah was therefore not fitted by his character and associations to be the successor of Rasul Shah, the recluse: a worthier man must be found.

There was some years ago a holy man in Rampur who, like Najîm Shah before him, acquired celebrity in the neighbourhood for the unblemished life which he led and the austerities which he practised. He took his name from his habit of *rét phànknà*, which means that his chief food was sand which, like grain, he chucked into the mouth from the palm of his hand. He was frequently seen sitting in the bed of the Kosi, a small stream forming the boundary of the Rampur State on the Moradabád side, and any one wishing to see him had to go to him there. The *Shàh* was generally found in the occupation of eating sand which had bred worms. Once a visitor of his expressed a pious abhorrence at the food he saw him eat. "Mian! don't you feel disgusted at that stuff you are putting into your mouth?" said he.

The Miàn looked up and handing some of the vermin to him, said "you try some?" He did so, and felt as if washed raisins and almonds had gone down his throat This is an instance of blind faith equals anything we have heard of in modern times

Now Reṭà-Shah was apparently the guardian-spirit of the country of Kather The *gaddi*[105] of Shahjahanpore had to be provided for One day as he sat eating sand in the bed of the Kosi, he saw a man of the bookseller trade crossing the river from Rampur side with his pack of books loaded on a pony He was by caste a Pathan and had been liberally educated He beckoned to him with his hand, and, when he came, he took up his *piyála* or bowl and drank from it After which he gave it to the bookseller and told him to drink The latter did so and was at once a changed man Being siezed with the spirit of his master, he threw away his clothes and tearing up his waist-cloth, part he turned into a *tahmad* and the other part he wore as an *alfi*,[106] and having done so, stood before him with hands folded, saying "*Hazrat kya hukm ?*' Master, what orders? The latter directed him to proceed at once to Shahjahanpore where he would receive further instructions from one Búlan Shah. Leaving his pack and his pony in the bed of the Kosi he lost no time in repairing to Shahjahanpore He sought out Bulan Sháh and was directed by him to go and occupy the *takiá* vacated by Rasul Shàh

These events occurred some 18 or 20 years before the year 1857 Mastan Sháh, as the new *durwesh*

105 Seat or post

106 The faqir a seamless shirt

designated himself, held no commerce with the other inmates of the *takia* There were some *bér*[107] trees on the premises, and when people brought him presents of eatables, sweets, fruits etc —and such offerings came to him in abundance, especially on thursdays when the pious came to pay their respects at the *dargah* or tomb of Rasul Sháh—he used to be seen sitting under one of these trees apparently indifferent to his surroundings He was uniformly habited in a black blanket torn in the middle and worn from the neck in the form of a long shirt When people put questions to him or desired to have his intercessory prayers in behalf of their requests, all that they could get out of him was a disdainful smile Out of the viands served before him, he used to take a mouthful or so from one plate or the other, and as to the rest he used to order it to be given away to the dogs or to the needy and poor who always flocked round his dwelling at such times He had many self-constituted disciples ever ready to do him any menial service Unlike *faqirs* or beggars so-called, he was never known to have made a *sawal* or request of any of the numerous native noblemen and gentry who came to pay their respects to him In short, this man of the humble garb and unobtrusive habits held an extensive influence over the community, and which he might have exercised mischievously had he so chosen but he was singularly free from prejudice and extended his favour to no particular creed or profession

107 The Indian wild plum or the jujube (zizyphus jujuba.)

CHAPTER VI.

RASUL-SHAH'S *Urs*.

I have been led into the above digression respecting some of the *durgeshes* or recluses of this part of the country as I was about to speak of the *urs* or annual celebration of the anniversary of Rasul Shah's death. On this particular day, there was an immense concourse of people of all shades and colours, of denominations and creeds, come to do honour to the memory of the deceased *wali*[108] Hindus and Muammadans belonging to every class of society vied with each other in showing deference to the present occupant of the seat. There were dancing-girls present with their musicians, who danced according to their manner and chanted *marfat songs*[109]. It was a solemn assembly; there was no dissipation of any kind, licentiousness or ribaldry were unknown.

Among those who attended there was a knot of men who sought diligently an opportunity to speak privately to the recluse. This however they did not find until after sunset, when the gathering began to disperse after the Muhammadan portion of it had broken their fast on dates[110]

Meanwhile Ghanshám Singh, Zorávar Singh, Nizam Ali Khan, Abdul Rauf Khan, and Mangal

108 Saint A *wali* stands next in rank to a *nabi*, a *nabi* next to a *paighambar* or prophet

109 Lit Recognition Sacred songs or in which the name of the Maker is mentioned

110 They usually open their fast on this fruit

Khan sauntered out into the open country Suddenly their eyes were riveted on a portion of the heavens where a luminary of an extraordinary shape had made its appearance "The *jháru tárá*," they all exclaimed—"of which Babaji spoke to us!" Abdul Rauf Khan drew closer to Ghansham Singh "Subêdár Sáhab, look!" said he, pointing to the comet's tail—"what a peculiar *jháru*[111] it has! The star itself is small though it shines with unusual brilliancy, but the peculiarity about it is that one might imagine it to be exactly like a handle to a broom"

"I can see all that"—replied the Subedár—"I wonder what it can signify! Gracious Bhawàni![112] if there is to be a famine I don't much care about that, for I can then count upon receiving compensation from Government for dearness of provisions. What say you, Zoráwar Singh?"

"There is, I fancy, something more in that,"—replied Zoráwar Singh 'I have heard the Colonel-sahib say that a *jhárú tárá* appeared in 1854 and which led to the Crimean war My regiment then lay at Firozpore, and I remember how I and my comrades vowed special offerings to *Sri Chakravarti Debi*[113] for success to the British arms"

"And this," observed Nizam Ali Khan, "I dare be sworn betokens just the reverse'

"I am astonished"—exclaimed Mangal Khan, 'I am astonished at the stupidity of you all Did not Bábáji say that this strange star foretold the

111 A hand broom

112 Another name for the sanguinary goddess Kali the wife of Shiva or Mahádeva

113 The martial *debi* or goddess

downfal of the *kâfir* rule, and that it ought to be viewed as an auspicious omen? Our cause is sure to prosper Then why all this amazement?'

"Mangal Khan is a keen observer" rejoined Abdul Rauf Khan "and he speaks truly. Death to the infidel, and may the reign of the Pâdshah commence under the happy auspices of this star! And now that I think of it, it also means that the electric wire shall be cut down and all means of communication with Simla and Calcutta stopped"

"Happy thought!' mused Ghansham Singh—'it will be some time before we can find ourselves fairly well on our way to Dilli"

"Will you ever reach it?"

Every one turned round to see who spoke, they looked at each other's face in blank astonishment not knowing from where the voice came It was a derisive voice and seemed to proceed from the bottom of the *nallah*[114] which they were now crossing Ghanshâm Singh drew his sword, Zorawar Singh followed the example, Mangal Khan drew his pistol from his waistcat full cock, while Abdul Rauf Khan managed to get between them Nizâm Ali Khan who was the least frightened of all, began to descend the *nallah* feeling his way with his stick, as except for the lurid light shed by the stars, the night was perfectly dark On turning a corner, he suddenly came upon a fire of logs, near which a man sat or an object that looked something like a human being After lisping an audible *lâ ha l*, he drew near and accosted him thus

Man gnome or sprite, whatever thou art! Speak what is thy business here and who art thou?"

114 Ravine

Without being in the least disconcerted, the being so addressed uttered an unearthly chuckle before he replied, "Knowest thou not the *aghori*[115]?"

At the sound of the last word the Khan retreated involuntarily two or three steps but before he could overcome his feeling of repugnance, the others also joined him He resumed:

"Friend! and what doest thou here?" "Cannot ye see?" he replied, "cannot ye see that I am at my repast? Yonder is the *aghori's* hut With some difficulty I was able to fish up this leg, and now that I have picked it clean, here it goes" And suiting the action to the word, he flung a large bone in the direction of his questioner,

He, together with his companions, all recoiled They now knew perfectly who the individual was whom they had so strangely encountered, and the nature of his occupation. For this *aghori* who had his hut in Gulab-bari, by which name the Hindu cremation-ground was known, used frequently to be seen during the day with a green *alfi* carrying a large human shin-bone resting on his shoulder in one hand and a human-skull in the other He was held in greater abhorrence than the sweeper-*dóm*[116] who at least calls out "*pois, pois*[117]" when he is crossing the streets But at the sight of this devourer of human flesh, every one used to move out of his way awed at his funereal aspect

115 See App X

116 A low class of sweepers

117 The *dom's* cry when he is passing through the bazar to warn off people from coming into contact with him

"And who is that *churail*[118] (hag) by thy side?" demanded Ghansham Singh, as he restlessly surveyed a creature with a cadaverous face by his side still gnawing the remains of what appeared a human arm Her head, and brows, and eye-lashes were, like her companion's, clean shaven, she wore a *ogrud lahna*, and a scant piece of cloth covered her head

"Softly, masters!" replied the *aghori* "She is my better half, as you can judge from the analogy of our features and present occupation I found her adeper and by the power of my medicaments I have cured her of that fell disease, ever since she has been the sharer of my fortunes, which at the present are not of the brightest For you must know that the city has been unusually healthy this year, and one cannot find sufficient grub now-a-days to keep a respectable couple from starvation point for two or three days at a time"

"As this fellow talks of curing a leper"—put in Zorawar Singh—"I am reminded of what I have seen at his hut of a morning when I go for my daily ablution to the Khannaut Women and men, the ignorant and credulous of course, had collected there for the purpose, I was told, of seeking the medical skill of the *aghori* for the cure of their sick children The miscreant pretends to be an adept at the treatment of infantile deseases To one he gives a few cloves wrapped in a leaf, to another some pepper, to a third he hands over a *gandá goli*[119] upon all of which he reads a *mantar* which is believed to impart a healing virtue to the nostrum For all his trouble he does

118 See App XI
119 Charm

not forget of course to demand a price and which the misguided people are fain to give him"

"Art thou not the wretch,' demanded Abdul Rauf Khan—"who it is reported hangs about the precincts of the burning-place waiting harpy-like for the friends of the deceased to withdraw, and, when there is no one by, drags the half-consumed body or the charred remains of the corpse and sits down together with that ogress by thy side, and both make a loathsome meal, like hungry vultures, over what one shudders to mention was once the 'human form divine?' I think I have read the Urdu translation of that expression somewhere"

'To be sure," replied the *aghori*—"what else is to become of the corpse? So much the more shame to fellows like you for leaving me to pursue my business leisurely Not only that, but with this hooked bamboo I drag out the corpse whenever I see one floating in the Khannaut, just the way in which I got hold of that one" And he pointed towards the bone which his wife had just flung away

'Out on thee, thou foul-mouthed impious wretch!" exclaimed Mangal Khan in anger, "speakest thou to us as if we cremated our holy dead? And for that speech of thine I would have given a clout on that bald pate of thine with the flat of my sword had not I to remind my companions that in wasting breath over this ruffianly brute we are not only losing time but we have over-looked the cause which brought us hither Answer truthfully vile wretch as thou art"—again addressing himself to the *aghori*—"who was it that spoke before we came here?'

Abdul Rauf Khan now moved up to his brother in-law's side and drew his attention to an object that

lay stretched on the ground covered by a yellow cloth "Mangal," said he—"I think or I fancy that that object moved when you spoke of the voice just now, and I thought I also heard a groan

"Don't you be such a ninny, Bhai"—answered Mangal Khan pettishly—"as if a dead man can move or utter a sound To me it looks like another corpse in the dark which this inhuman monster has reserved for another meal Why do you shake so?"

The *aghori* uttered a ghastly laugh before he answered "It was the wind that sighed, Khânji"

"Trifler!" exclaimed Mangal Khan, now quite irritated at the *aghori's* nonchalance and advancing menacingly towards him with his drawn sword, "Trifler! answer me truthfully who spoke 'will you ever reach it?' or I pass my blade through thy vile carcase"

"The *aghori* fears not the Pathan sabre," answered he—"it must have been the laughing hyena or that body stretched there on the ground Come and see for yourself if it can speak

Mangal Khan could restrain himself no longer, he advanced and gave the speaker such a tight kick in his side that he fairly rolled over gasping for breath His wife now raised a loud yell calling upon the *Sarkar*[120] to save her husband who was being killed by the Jâlâlnagar Pathans "*Dohai Jae Kampani Bahadar ki*[121]!"

"Kampani be blowed!" fumed Nizam Ali Khan "I say, chaps let us clear out of this for this hag

120 Government
121 To cry for justice

will raise a storm round us if we continue here much longer And, moreover, do you not hear that bray? It is ten o'clock already, it is time we went to the *takia*, for now Mian Sáhab must be alone, and we will be able to consult him without interruption"

No sooner was the sound of their retiring steps heard in the distance, than the *aghori* rose from the ground, and, going up to the supposed corpse, gave it a rough shake, saying "Awake, thou sleeper! and be gone, and thank my impudence for saving thy life from those truculent-looking *sipáhis* I had nearly lost my life to save thine A tip?"

The unknown in the yellow cloth flung a piece of small silver to him, and disappeared in the direction the plotters had gone

CHATER VII.

Further Progress of the Conspiracy

As the plotters approached the *takia*, they heard the sound of *mar mar* proceeding from that quarter They were amazed and began to whisper to each other what it could mean

Mangal Khan observed 'The very winds seem to say *mar*, what need we any one's counsel? Nature itself aids us in our crusade against the *kafirs*"

'But I should like to make sure before we go further,' suggested Abdul Rauf Khan "that we are not pursued It is possible that that detestable creature, the *aghori* is after us with a *posse* of police'

"Pursued!" rejoined Mangal Khan with a grin

smile—"if we are, I am prepared to resist even now. Trust me, this blade will lick the blood of the foremost who dares to lay hands on me The brave die a different death from the faint-hearted, brother," and he looked askance at Abdul Rauf Khan, and spat [122] on the ground

"I should take that for an insult," retorted Abdul Rauf Khan—'did I not know that you are my *sala*,[123] and therefore not only my junior but considerably younger than me in experience"

"Don't prate about *sàla bahnoi*,[124] I request you or you will raise my young blood, as you say, to teach you better manners" sharply spoke Mangal Khan

Here Nizàm Ali Khan interposed and bade be thbe calm and restrain their temper, remarking 'Shame, Mangal! and you, Abdul Rauf, ought to know better than to rake up your private differences on an occasion like this Don't you hear the sound of '*màr, màr*' getting louder as we approach the *takal*? Surely it comes from the *talia*, I'll be sworn What can really be the matter? Let us hasten our steps'

"Difference!", sneered Abdul Rauf "I have none with Mangal But I like to discountenance his self-assertion of pluck which has yet to be proved As to myself, I would rush into the mouth of "

He had hardly finished the sentence when a flash as if of lightning illuminated the whole of the heavenly canopy revealing the strong frame of Mangal Khan

122 A rank insult which a native will never forgive It is a token of contempt for the other to say 'Thus I spit at *your face*!

123 Wife's brother an abuse

124 Sister's husband another abuse

quivering with rage, with his hand on the handle of his sword while he looked daggers at his brother-in-law Every one, however, seemed unnerved by the phenomenon which was nothing more than the flash of a meteor

"*Aman allah*[125]!" exclaimed Nizam Ali Khan

"*Allah ke panah*[126]!" exclaimed Abdul Rauf Khan

'*He Bhagwan, tere sarne*[127]!" exclaimed Ghanshám Singh and Zorawar Singh, while Mangal Khan pronounced a very emphatic "*la haul*'

"By the soul of my grand father!" continued Abdul Rauf, it looks as if the *jharu tara* had been wrenched off its seat by some invisible power and flung into space Mark how like an *anar*[128] the flame has trailed towards the south, shedding a glory on the earth as it descends like rain-drops to the horizon!"

"What can it denote'—mused Nizam Alí Khán, audibly—'but that our cause shall prosper! If it meant anything else, Allah would not have shed a light on our path this dark night"

"I echo your pious wish, hazrat'—resumed Abdul Rauf Khán— but you seem to be ignorant of the true cause of these phenomena The Book says that the

125 May Allah protect us!

126 The same

127 Bhagwán is one of the names of Vishnù one of the persons of the Hindu trinity *Sarne* means feet The phrase means I place myself at your feet or I claim your protection

128 Pomegranate A kind of fire work that rises like spray from a flat bottomed pod

holy angels pelt live coals on the devils who dare to peep into the curtain of Paradise [129] "

The speaker at the same time started aside suddenly in horror, exclaiming, "*Ya Ilahi, bachato as muzi se*[130] "

Every one hurried up to the spot to which he pointed There, by the faint light of the stars they saw a large cobra d' capello coiled on a sheaf of *bhu ra* [131] with his crest raised to the full, swaying backwards and forwards and making an occasional dart at something that lay motionless before it His eyes now fixed, now wandering restlessly this side and that, seemed as if they were two live coals of fire set in an ebon mass He presented a horrid front No one dared to approach him, for every ten seconds the reptile gave a fearful hiss as he made a dart as quick as lightning at the object before him which gave no signs of life

"What a dreadful thing !' exclaimed Abdul Rauf Khan–' My hairs stand on end and my heart beats violently, as I contemplate the possibility of that gruesome mouth coming into contact with my cold skin !"

"He is a *kafir* by birth and a *muzi*[132] by practice The curse of Allah rest on him ! He is the image and counterfeit of Iblis, but he dare not look a *Muslim*[133]

129 It is a pretty conceit of the Muhammadan theologions For the text see App XII

130 O God save me from this tormenter !

131 Tall grass used for thatching purposes It grows luxuriantly in the damp soil of Rohelkhand

132 A conceit of the Muhammadan theologions. These terms have already been explained. The snake is always spoken of as a *mú* ı noxious tormenter

133 Musalman

in the face Like a true follower of the prophet, I kill a snake wherever I find one, as saith the *hadis*[134].

This sapient speech was made by Mangal Khan who was going to make a pass at him with his sword, when his arm was arrested by Nizam Ali Khan, who said to him,

"What rash act are you going to commit? Know you not that if you were to cut him down, the head will fly at you though you may run for your life, and bite you to death?[135] And, moreover, do you forget that those who die by the sword are *shahid*,[136] and which this *muzi* can never be? I will despatch him with my stick."

But as he was in the act of striking, Ghanshàm Singh and Zorawar Singh who had meanwhile taken off their shoes, and after performing an adoration stood with hands folded before the snake, caught his stick and requested him not to forget that the *nág-déota*[137] was an object of Hindu worship And, moreover, said they—"his appearance at such a moment is propitious to our enterprize Do you not see the *Ramanandi tilak* on our foreheads? *Bhagwut ji sahae*!"[138]

During this colloquy, the snake having swallowed the rat, (for it was a *bhui ka mása* or field-rat which

134 See App XIII for the text

135 This is a common belief in India

136 Martyr another conceit of the Muhammadan teachers

137 Serpent God *nág* being the Sanscrit for snake especially the cobra to whose worship a day is specially set apart during the year For text see App XIV

138 An invocation to *Bhagvat* which is another name for Vishnu

he had killed,) crept off, which when Nizám Ali Khán had discovered, he mumbled in an under-tone: "Confound the superstition of these cursed idolaters to have allowed the *enemy of mankind to go* scot-free, and after he had so openly defied the Muslims! *istaghfar-ul-lah*[139]!

The party now entered the *takiá* and reached the spot from which the sound of '*már, már*' seemed to proceed. They found the Mían Sáhib beating a *ber* tree violently with his *danda*[140], and with every stroke of it, he called out '*már, már*'. Without noticing their presence, he continued the pastime until they all asked him;

"*Mían*, what is the meaning of this strange occupation? You will cry yourself hoarse if you go on at this fashion. Deign, we entreat you, to hear our request, and favour us with your advice regarding an enterprize we have on hand."

Though apparently he heeded not their question, he nevertheless paused, when they proceeded to state the reasons which had brought them to him. "We have come to ask counsel of you whether we ought to engage in the *jehád*[141] against the Firangis which is being preached everywhere now-a-days. They have mixed bones in the wheat-flour sold in the bazár and require their brave *sipahis* to bite with the teeth cartridges impregnated with the fat of cows and pigs. This has produced a feeling among the Muslims that

139 Arb lit. I entreat forgiveness of God (an expression signifying negation, God forbid.) But it is often used as a term of contempt for another

140. Club

141. War against the infidels. The Muhammadan crusade.

their religion is being powerfully shaken, and among the Hindus that an attempt is being made to take their caste These causes have produced a combination between the regiments belonging to the army in Bengal while the civil population sympathizing with their grievances, has cast in their lot with them It is our intention to declare an open insurrection against the Government, and subvert it by extinguishing the Firingi name in India The omens are in our favour, while the authorities have as yet shown no symptoms of distrust Before, however, we launch on this serious undertaking, we have come to you as our *pir*[142] to give us the benefit of your valuable counsel, and to bless the cause in which we are going to embark.'

They ceased, the Mian Sahab grew restless in his seat, but suddenly rising up he gave them a scowl while he said, who claims you as his *murid*[143] ? Not I Men of blood, avaunt!" And now he began again to beat the tree with his *danda*, and to cry *mar, mar, mar salon ko*[144] !

The conspirators made an attempt or two to interrupt him, and get him to give them a more explicit answer, but he kept on beating and yelling as before

Dispirited but not discouraged they now resolved to leave him and wended their way home As they descended the terrace upon which the *talaá* stood a jackal crossed the path from left to right and joining the pack began to howl furiously behind the bush The whole party stood still uncertain whether to con-

142 Religious guide or teacher
143 Follower or disciple
144 Kill the *sálá* kill !

time to proceed or retrace their steps Their hesitation became painful when Abdul Rauf Khan stepped forth saying, "*Ai mardan*"[145] !, what is the meaning of this consternation? Is it a bad omen you perceive in the jackal? If so, let me disabuse your minds, It might have augured ill to our cause had the animal crossed from our *right* to left, but as he took the opposite direction, it is on the contrary a good omen, and we ought to take heart from it"

Being thus re-assured they began to walk on, Nizam Ali Khan observing, "Really there is nothing *discouraging in* what we have seen *and* heard Did you not notice how the *Mian* told us indirectly to kill the *salas*? What *further need* have we *of guidance* or counsel? Everything declares in our favour'

They had now reached the open country which separates Khunni Bagh from the Sepoy lines It was past twelve o'clock they were all anxious to reach home quickly Ghansh'am Singh yawned, and as he did so, his jaws fell He hastily caught the sleeve of Zorawar Singh's coat, and drew his attention to the comet which was now in the ascendant and beaming with an uncommon lustre They all gazed at it in admiration and awe until the ground seemed to tremble beneath them and their heads to swim, when Abdul Rauf Khan spoke

"I swear by Allah, it is a truly wonderful sight O friends, see where is now the broom? To my sight, it has changed its original position and now hangs like a sword-blade exactly over my head being held up to the sky by the star Am I right or is it an optical delusion?'

145 O men! *or rather* O *brave ones!*

Every one of them declared that it was even so as he had said, and that the sword-blade looked as if it was suspended over the head of each one of them Mangal Khan was positive it was another good omen, for it pointed to the weapon by which the question of sovereignty was to be decided "What can be a more effective weapon in the hand of a brave man than a sword? And, who can wield the *tégh* more dexterously than the Pathans? *Ya Ali*[146] !"

His conclusions seemed to satisfy every-body, and they grew more cheerful as they neared the city Here they met the police patrol which however, passed them without notice, as the guardians of the public peace took it for granted that it was a party returning from the *urs* After which they all dispersed, the Pathans going into the city while the Subedârs strided on to their lines which they entered unchallenged

CHAPTER VIII

THE OATH OF OBLIGATION

Next morning the Subedars Ghanshâm Singh and Zorawar Singh went together for their bath at the Khannaut and as they had an appointment with some of their comrades their ablutions finished, the whole party took a circuitous route through the brushwood which borders the left bank of the river, to return to the Lines Besides them, there were

146 A Muhammadan war cry

two jamadars, three havildars, two naiks,[147] and three privates One of the privates was a *Kulin brahmin*,[148] but the rest were all *chatris*[149] of different clans. All the Companies of the regiment were represented

The topic which they proposed to discuss, was the connections which the Regiment had formed with the disaffected of the city, and their future prospects

"Of one thing I am fully persuaded," began Ghanshàm Singh, who seemed to take the lead in all matters in the regiment, "of one thing I am fully persuaded, *that the rumours concerning the Sarkar* tampering with our religion are not false"

"What doubt can there be on the subject, Subèdár Sáhab?" suggested Jamádàr Alakh Singh "I have seen the paper of which the cartridge is composed It is a new kind of paper which I have not seen before, it is stiff and cloth like, and tears differently from the paper formerly in use"

"I once tried to a certain the composition of the paper', spoke Jamadar Bihàri Singh—"it seemed tough and burned as if it contained grease I first dipped it in water and then burned it When burning it made a fizzing noise, and smelt as if there was grease in it.'

"I am quite sure," said Jamadàr Kanchan Singh—"that everybody is dissatisfied with it on account of its being glazed, shining like waxed cloth"

147 The different ranks in a Regiment of Native Infantry *Jamadar* is the same as a Lieutenant *Havaldar* is a Sergeant and *naik* a Corporal

148 A high caste Brahman

149 The warrior caste

"For my part," said Havaldar Prèm Singh—"I would have no objection to the cartridge itself but that there is a general report in the cantonment that the paper is made up with fat."

"That there is grease in it, I feel assured," said Havaldar Gopal Singh "as it differs from the paper which has heretofore been always used for cartridges If there is no animal fat in it, why does it feel differently?"

"I," said Bhagwat Singh Jamadar, 'I should decidedly object to use it, for the simple reason that my companions would object to it"

'What does the *Dharm Sabha*[150] say?" Here struck in Ram Narain Pàndè "Hear 'Your European tyrants are few in number, kill them'"

"What is the *Dharm Sabha?*" Enquired the Subèdàr major

"It is Subedar Sàhab," answered Ram Narain—'it is a religious Hindu society the seat of which is at Calcutta, and its object is to diffuse a knowledge of the *Shastras*[151] and *Vedas*[152] among the ignorant masses I was reading a pamphlet once which the *Sabha* issued last January in which it was shown by specific instances that the British Government intended to compel the Hindus to become Christian"

Hé Bhagwán![153]" ejaculated the Subédár-major

150 A seditious Vernacular newspaper of the day published at Calcutta and called after the name of the Society which conducted it

151 152 The Hindu scriptures

153 *Bhagwan* is one of the names of Vishnu the preserver It is an ejaculation *O Bhagwan!*

opening his eyes in irrepressible astonishment "Were I not still eating the Kumpani Bahadur's salt, I should propose to kill all the Europeans this very evening, plunder the station, and then depart whither we please"

"Pray, *calm yourself*," *said Subedár* Zorâwar Singh, 'I deprecate any such precipitate action Our friends, the Musalmans, are not yet ready"

"I don t wish to be hasty,' spoke the Subèdár-major again, "but do you not see that if the greased cartridge touches our lips, not only do we fall in our own estimation, but who will admit us into the brotherhood after that?"

"We will be out-casted for ever," chimed in Zorâwar Singh, "and the name of Chatri will for ever be disgraced for submitting without a protest to the insult to the sacred cord For myself I am resolved not to touch the obnoxious cartridge, leave alone putting it to my lips You *bal âdaro*![154] what say you to that?" addressing the subaltern officers *and privates who walked behind him*

"I can speak confidently, Subèdar Sahab," replied Alakh Singh Jamádár—"both for myself and others, that we quite concur with you, and rather than permit the *gau's*[155] fat to reach our lips, we would suffer any injury"

"I, and Gopal Singh, and Bhagat Singh," said

154 Heroes O brave men!

155 Cow s

Prem Singh havildar—"are of the same opinion *Gau mata*[156] must not be desecrated"

Pothi Singh and Pitambar Singh *naiks* assented

Pitam Singh, a private, who was Ghansham Singh's orderly, also spoke affirmatively without making any comment, but Ram Narain *pandit* was most emphatic He declared, "I shall never be *bhrist* by allowing the *mat e's*[157] grease to touch my hands Those who are of a different opinion will find their doom in *nai ak*[158], what is my decision is the decision of the whole regiment, I'll be sworn. Have I not read the *katha*[159] to every one, and even so late as the Magh Sankrant[160], on the occasion of *sat narain's katha*,[161] when I was expatiating from the *Dharm shastras*[162] on the great merit to be obtained by cherishing the cow and nursing the sick among them, the whole congregation consisting as it did of representatives of every caste to be found in the ten companies of our regiment, burst out into a long *Jai sri gau mata*

156 Lit Cow mother Mother cow

157 Mother s in reference to the cow The veneration for the cow is so deeply rooted in the Hindu mind that a Gorkha officer from Nepal once told me Though I am educated and from my knowledge of English am all but a Christian such is the power of the old prejudice that if I saw a man killing a cow I should feel no compunction in burying my sword deep in his bosom and despatching him on the spot

158 Hell fire

159 A story relation narration but used specially in reference to a sermon or address on the Hindu religion

160 A Hindu festival see App XV

161 A sermon preached on a special occasion see App XVI

162 One of the chief Hindu religious writings

Ai[163] ! That was an exhibition of religious fervour for which the Mandru-ki paltan has always been distinguished *

"So, then we all are perfectly agreed," observed Ghansham Singh—"that in the interests of our several castes, and of our religion which is threatened by the unreasonable order of the Chief Sáhab,[164] it is our duty apart from that which we owe to the *Sarkar*, to resist the latter in defence of ourselves and of our brethren of the Bengal Army in general But then there is another question to be settled Ought we to ally ourselves with our old foes the Muhammadans, who when they were in power always wronged us, to subvert the *raj* of the Kampani-Bahadur which, except in this particular, has always cherished us as children ? Which is the better course—to revive the ancient Ráthore rule[165] or accept the allegiance of the old man at Dilli[166] ?

'This point" replied Zoràwar Singh—"is not so easily settled as the other I have often debated it in my mind To serve a ruler belonging to our own race would certainly be more preferable to holding fealty under a sovereign who is as great a stranger to us as Ján Kampani[167] But where is that ruler to be found? Not among ourselves certainly One by

163 Praise be to the holy mother-cow !

* See App XIVa

164 So the Commander in Chief is called by the Native Army

165 An allusion to the days of Rajput dominion under Prithi Raj

166 The descendant of the great Mughal the titular Emperor or King of Delhi who bore the name of Bahádur Sháh

167 'John Company

one the Chatri principalities of Baiswara[168] of Kather,[169] of Banaras,[170] and the Do'ab[171] have become extinct, having either quarrelled among themselves and cut their own throats, or they have been swallowed up by the superior force of the Muhammadan or the Kampani Bahadur If we turn to the Central India or Rajputana princes who yet retain a semblance of independence, they are altogether *effete* and powerless, and besides, where is now the time to sound them or effect a combination with them?'

'I should say," remarked Jamadar Bihari Singh—"there was some difference between the treatment of us by the Musalmans and Kampani Buhadur"

"What is that?" interrogated Ghanshyam Singh, turning his eyes with curiosity towards the speaker

"Why, this, Subedar Sahab," rejoined Bihari Singh—'that whereas the Musalmans not only broke down our idols and desecrated our temples while they forced us to adopt their creed at the point of the sword, they at least can claim the merit of having gone straight to their object unlike the Sarkar which seeks to destroy our caste by indirect means and requires us to obey as soldiers an order which is no less than to accept cheerfully what we consider would be pollution and contamination This is a somewhat unfair way of treating us old soldiers who have never shrunk from obeying an order of our officers is it not?"

168 A strip of country in Oudh inhabited chiefly by the *Baiswara* Rajputs

169 The ancient name of Rohelkhand

170 171 These and the two preceding are references to ancient ruling races

"One argument which occurs to me," suggested Rám Naraín Pandit—"is that having adopted the Musalman for our sovereign, we can, when we find ourselves stronger than we are at present, throw off his yoke, whereas it is not so easy to fight the Kampani Bahádur with any hope of success"

"Pandit" spoke the Subedár-major—"you cannot speak with authority on this point I ought to know better than you"

"What can his servant say when the *Sardár*[172] speaks?" humbly observed Rám Naraín,

"I can tell you" resumed Ghansám Singh 'I tell you that the Kampani is not unconquerable What has made their arms dreaded hitherto? Why, we, the warriors of Baiswara of whom three fourths of the native army is composed! Have they not known in the past that we can assert our concious importance when our religion is threatened? Do they forget that when attempts were made early in the century at Vellore Nandidroog Banglaur, and other places in the South to change the shape of our turban and make it give place to the European helmet which would prevent the men from wearing on their foreheads the *tika* how the regiments refused to submit to the degradation and made their officers to feel that they knew what they were about? Then in 1844, the 34th Bengal Native Infantry refused to go to Sindh, and in 1852 the 38th refused to go to Burma In 1847, the Sarkar disbanded the 22nd, and in 1850 the 66th, forsooth because the men resented the encroachment made upon their religous practices,

172 This is how a Commissioned officer is address d by those under him. *Sardar* means literally a chief or leader

and because they would rather lose their bread than their caste. Did not we make the Kampani Bahadur feel how necessary we were to their existence when they invaded the Punjab, and when they deposed the king of Oudh? Had we turned against them, could they have subjugated the martial races of the Punjab or driven away the effeminate Wajid Ali Shah[173] from a throne which he was unworthy to occupy?"

"No, of course not," was the unanimous response from his auditors "*He Bhavani! Hè Ganpati*[174]! No! it was our prowess that has conquered an empire for the Kampani Bahádur, and see now how we are despised when there is no longer a war on their hands!"

The Subedar-major continued; "Harè! Harè[175]! I verily think never did a more favourable prospect of throwing off the Kampani's yoke occur than now, when the provinces are almost denuded of European troops. They are scanty just at the places where most likely they are to be needed, and ill-placed to cope with any difficulties arising out of a revolt such as ours will be. See how many European regiments

173 The name of the last king of Oudh who died a pensioner of the British Government at Garden Reach, Calcutta, not many years ago

174 *Bhavani* is another name for KÁLI, the wife of Siva *Ganpati*, Ganesh or Ganès, the name of another divinity, the Janus of the Hindus He is worshipped as the god of wisdom and is represented with an elephant's head, attended by a rat He was the son of *Mahadeva* and of a daughter of the Mountain *Himalia* and is invoked at the commencement of every affair of consequence

175 A form of invocation of the sylvan gods

there are between Calcutta and Peshawar, and compare their numbers with the tens of thousand *Kali paltans*[176] We are strong enough to crush them like powder, and by the fiaco of *Bhim* ! we shall, if only the auspices continue to be as favourable as hitherto. *Bahádur* ! Nature joins with the whole Hindu race in condemning the insult cast upon the blood of *Gau mata Hé mata !*"

There was a short pause during which no one spoke

"It is then, I suppose, quite settled"—summed up Ghansham Singh interrogatively—"that we are safe in striking down our colours and joining the Muhamdí *jhandá*' ?"[177] And when they all had nodded their assent, he resumed

"*Bahádaro* ! I am the senior native officer of our Regiment, and as the representative of the Hindu race and Hindu religion among us, it was my duty to lay the matter before you in its naked form and seek your advice and co-operation in our future course But what miscreant among us is there that will not regret, nay weep over the absolute, the stern necessity which requires us to strike down a flag under which we have fought and bled and have carried the glory of the Chatri race over many a sanguinary battle-field ? Sri Lachmanji[178] is my

176 Black regiments the Native Army is so known in contradistinction to the *goras* or the European soldiers

177 The Muhammadan flag

178 *Sri* is used in the sense of holy, saint It is also one of the names of *Lachmi* the wife of Vishnu. *Lachman* or *Lakshman* is another martial deity of the *Hindus* He was the son of Dasrath or Dasratha by *Sumitra* and half brother of Ram Chandra

witness that my heart bleeds when I contemplate in imagination the blood which will be spilt, and the difficulties which must be surmounted before we can reach Dilli, the goal of our desires, where we shall meet a soldier's reward. The obligation is upon us, we have taken it willingly; already the die is cast and we are compromised, we cannot withdraw, and we would not if we could, for our *dharm*[179] is in danger, let our *prán*[180] go if it must in defence of it. Before we separate, however, *bahàdaro*, I call upon the *pandit*[181] to give each of us the oath of obligation."

Ram Narain *pandit*, holding *Ganga-jal*[182] in a small phial which he carried in his *lotá*,[183] now required each of those present to come up, place his hand on the mouth of the *lota*, receive some of the holy water in the palm of his hand, drop it into his mouth, and repeat:

"I swear upon the sacred water of Ganga Mata,[184] on behalf of myself as well as the officers and men of my company, that we from (such a date) quit the allegiance by which we have hitherto been bound to the Sirkar Kampani, and transfer the same to the King of Dilli, who shall henceforth be our lawful sovereign. I swear for myself and my comrades of the company to which I belong, unflinching adherence to the cause denoted by the lotus.[185]"

179 Religion, faith

180 Life

181 A religious teacher, a learned brahman

182 Ganges-water, which is held sacred by every pious Hindu.

183 A metallic water-vessel carried in the hand by every one who is going for his morning ablution to the river

184 Ganga mother, lit. mother-Ganga. The Ganges is so spoken of

185 As to the significance of this symbol, see App. XVII*a*.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WOUNDED ANTELOPE

The ceremony which I have described at the conclusion of the last chapter had scarcely been concluded when they heard the clattering of hoofs Looking towards the direction from which the sound came, they perceived three men coming towards them at a gallop At the same time a wounded antelope ran past them from right to left The party now came up and proved to be Qádar Ali Khan, Nizam Ali and Mangal Khan, all accoutred like huntsmen with *shikari*[186] *angarkhas*[187] and *pajamas*,[188] the flaps of the former being tucked to the waist In their *kamarbands*[189] they wore a pistol and dagger with sword on the side, and each of them carried a double-barrelled fowling-piece resting on the pommel of his saddle They seemed in hot haste, and as soon as they reined up, they enquired of their sepoy friends if they had seen a wounded black buck pass that way They were of course told that he had but just crossed the path from right to left, and that that circumstance had thrown them all into a state of anxiety

"But," observed Nizam Ali— surely no significance can be attached to the omen when the animal was wounded I wouldn t think any more about it if I was you, Subedar Sahab"

186 *Fawn tan colour usually worn by Indian sportsmen*

187 A kind of long coat with open flaps at the sides

188 Trousers

189 Waistband worn in several folds over the other garments

Ghansham Singh looked enquiringly at Ram Narain Pandit, who now spoke:

"What the omen means is that the person whose path is crossed by an antelope from right to left, shall not survive to pass that way again. But the oracles make no reference to an antelope who has been wounded like the animal we just saw."

"But what *has* become of the antelope?" asked Qadar Ali Khan; "can you tell us which way he went?"

Zorawár Singh proposed to track the animal by the blood-marks which could be distinctly seen; and so the whole party set off in search, Nizám Ali dismounting and taking up the traces. At length Mangal Khan exclaimed that he had discovered the quarry, and, at once dismounting, he raised his gun to his shoulder and fired. The shot told, for now the antelope who was resting under the shade of an umbrageous *pákhar*,[190] took a high leap and fell down dead.

The three, Qàdar Ali Khan also dismounting, now ran up to where the game lay, and the latter immediately drew his dagger, and, while he passed the keen edge of it over the animal's throat, he repeated the Kalmá: *Bismillah Alla ho.....akbar*![191] "The game

190. A large umbrageous tree that grows extensively in the rich soil of Rohelkhand, shooting down its beard-like roots from the branches like the banyan. (*Ficus Venosa or the citron-leaved Indian fig-tree.*)

191 *Kalma*, literally, is a word; but metaphorically, it signifies the creed or articles of the Muhammadan faith, namely: *La Ilá Illallaho Muhammad-ur-rasúl ullah*, God is God and Muhammad is the prophet of God. When slaying an animal or

is now *halál*[192]" said he—"let us take it up and get hold of some *chamars*[193] to carry it for us."

While Nizàm Ali went to fetch the *chamàrs*, a party of horsemen was seen making towards them at full gallop, and seeing the antelope laid on the ground, they pulled up and joined the group. They were Ghulàm Qadar Khan, Nizam Ali Khan and Sital Singh. Mangal Khan was saying what true aim he had taken, his bullet passing through the heart and shattering the ribs of the right quarter.

"That no doubt"—observed Ghulam Qádar Khan—"was a good hit and proved the animal's *quietus*. But I had already wounded him, as you will see, *hazrat*, if you will be good enough, the entrails protruding from his right flank. By rights, therefore, the game is mine."

"Is it Khan Sahab?" said Qadar Ali Khan with a sneer; "in which treatise on the chase do you find that rule? Mangal's shot it was that killed the animal, I *zibeh-karo'd*,[194] him, and according to the usages of the *shikar*,[195] it is mine."

bird used for human food, the flesh is not considered clean, or, ritually eatable, unless the *kalma* has been pronounced *in the act of shedding the blood*. The words in the text constitute the *kalma* for this purpose, and they mean In the name of God, God the great! With the word "*ho*" the knife is passed over the throat, and with the word "*akbar*," it is lifted up, and the ceremony is complete.

192. That is, legally clean.

193. One of the lowest castes of Hindus who in the pre mutiny days supplied coolees and labourers for menial tasks.

194. To *zibeh karo* is to slay according to the legal form already explained.

195. Game.

"The fact that he was killed outright by you or Mangal Khan I don't deny," rejoined Ghulam Qadir Khan, "but you had no right to shoot at game which had already been wounded by another, much less can you claim it as your *said*[196], after it was down I shall maintain that the *said* is mine."

"And I equally maintain it is mine," replied the other sharply.

"Whoever says to the contrary," spouted Mangal Khan forcibly—"had better look out. It was *my* shot that killed the antelope, was it not Nizam Ali?" who had now returned with the *chamars* carrying a cot between them.

"Who says it was any one else's?" echoed Nizam Ali. "Ghulam Qadar Khan cannot be in earnest."

"But I am," said Ghulàm Qadir Khan haughtily—"and the game I shall have, whether you will allow it or not."

"All that we are prepared to concede," joined in Nizàm Ali Khan and Sital Singh—"is that you can have the game for the asking, but as a matter of right you shant have it."

The altercation began to grow hot, stronger and more acrimonious language passed between the friends, each party claiming to remove the game from the ground. And, separating a little space, they began to put their hands to their side weapons and to cock their guns, when Ghansham Singh interposed.

"Khanji, you forget yourselves—forget the bond which ties you together, and the consequences of an open breach of the peace while the Kampani Bahadar

196 Game

still reigns Try and patch up your quarrel After all, what is there in an antelope worth quarrelling about?"

"But," urged Qádar Ali Khan petulantly—"the *said* is mine, a member of my party shot it and I repeated the *Kalma* over its throat. Why should I give it up to a pretender like Ghulam Qadir Khan?'

"Whatever that insinuation may mean, Qadar Ali"—answered Ghulam Qadar Khan in suppressed rage—"I care not to enquire But if thou art man enough to prove it to me by deeds as high as thy words are insolent, I shall be satisfied, or I am ready to prove my superior right even to the hilt of my sword" And with that he put his hand to his sword and half drew it from its sheath while Qadar Ali Khan did the same

And now a serious combat would have taken place between the parties who in point of numbers and spirit were equally matched, but their sepoy friends again interposed, Ghanshám Singh catching hold of one and Zóráwar Singh of the other, while the former addressed them thus

"If this be an earnest of what we are going to do even before a real trial of our strength has taken place we all had better, as a measure of prudence, absolve each other from the oath we have taken ere it be too late For it seems to me, khánji, that you people are too hot-headed to engage in an enterprize which requires all the calmness and cool precision you are master of Make up your differences, again I say, and let the game be taken away by him I shall award it to, if you will let me arbitrate between you

But if you persist in having it out, those with me are I think strong enough to compel you to desist"

"There is no reason"—said Ghulam Qadar Khan testily—"why I should accept your award By what title do you arrogate to yourself the right of taking or giving away?"

"Why not stand by, Khanji'—suggested Ram Narain pandit—"and let Subedarji order the *chamars* to take away the shikar to whomever he is pleased to give it?"

To this proposal the two parties at length sulkily assented, Ghansham Singh looking angrily at Ghulam Qadar Khan while he said

"My title to arbitrate rests upon the fact that you all have agreed to accept my judgment My title to give or take away rests upon different grounds And as Ghulam Qadar Khan has challenged it, he will know hereafter that it is a title that rests upon power he dare not dispute Nizam Ali, you may now have the game removed"

Nizam Ali and his two friends were, of course, exultant, while Ghulam Qadar Khan and his companions retired from the spot in high dudgeon, casting fierce glances at the Subedar and Qadar Ali Khan

CHAPTER X.

THE MATINS' WARNING

The Muhammadans having all gone away, it was resolved after a further consultation that a few of the native officers should take an early opportunity of waiting on the Officer commanding the regiment and, after apprizing him of the disturbed state of feeling in the city, ask him for assurances that in the event of an outbreak the troops would be employed to quell it by force of arms.

Subedar-major Ghansham Singh, 3rd Company, Subedar Zoriwar Singh, 7th Company, and Jamadar Bihari Singh, 8th Company, accordingly attended the orderly-room that morning intending to speak to their Commanding officer on the subject, but he was indisposed and did not come that day. Meanwhile the qualm of conscience which had suggested the step in the minds of the malcontents, passed away and no other opportunity presented itself to carry out their original intention.

On the following day a number of city notables waited on the Magistrate and Collector of the District, Mr Mordaunt Ricketts, Bengal Civil service. Mr Ricketts was a young man, 30 years of age, and so he could hardly have been very long in the service. He had but three days previously returned from leave, and relieved Mr Brumley who had been acting for him for the last three months. In person, he was a short, thin man with a clean-shaven face. He had married a daughter of the late Mr Tyler, who in the early fifties was Commissioner of Agra. He

had left his wife at Bareilly where she had been persuaded by Mrs Alexander (wife of the Commissioner of Rohelkhand) to stay and go along with her to Naini Tal . . .

Mr Ricketts occupied one of the largest *Kothis*[197] in the station known as the Chitaura or Nawab ki-Kothi On this particular day he was receiving a visit from Captain J N James, Commanding the 28th Native infantry, and Mr Charles Jenkins, Bengal civil service, his Joint Magistrate These officers had come for a conference with him on the present situation which was getting every day more serious, and could no longer be ignored

Mr Ricketts received the deputation which consisted of the following *maliks*,[198] in the presence of the two British officers —

Raziqdad Khan
Shah Nawaz Khan
Hoshmand Khan

After being seated, the Collector enquired after the health of every one "*Khan Sahab apka mizaj i sharif?*"[199] and received the reply from each, accompanied with a salam, *Huzur ki meherbani se, Huzur-ka-mizaj i ali?*[200] The Collector said he was very glad to meet them again, and trusted every thing had gone on well during his absence

197 A flat-roofed house or mansion

198 Headmen of quarters of the town.

199 Let your excellent temper or constitution? I hope you are well.

200 Through your kindness *ku ur* Your high constitution? Thank you I hope you are well

"You have come not a day too soon, sir," said Raziqdad Khan, "and I wish I could tell you that everything was right."

"Why, what is the matter?" enquired the Collector

"The rumours that are going about cannot be unknown to you, sir," Raziqdad Khan replied "The city is in a very agitated state since the troops were imprisoned at Meerut and the outbreak which followed that event"

"And not only the people in the city," joined in Shah Nawaz Khan, "but there is fear of the *sipahis* being also disaffected"

"Why, what makes you think so?" demanded Captain James in a somewhat offended tone "What are your grounds for the allegation?"

"Though there are very good grounds for the statement, sir"—replied Shah Nawaz Khan—"you cannot be ignorant of the misgivings which the cartridge for the *bèdharmi banduq*[201] has created among the *sipahis*?"

"What is the *bedharmi bandul*? again demanded Captain James

"That is the name —answered Shah Nawaz Khan—'which public rumour has given to the new *rafal* (rifle) introduced into the army, and the significance attached to the epithet is that they say a greased cartouche is to be used for it, and which the *sipahis* will refuse to touch because they think it will make them *bé-dharm*[202] or out-casted"

201 Lit the out-cast ng or faith taking gun
202 Lit Without religion

"O! is that it?' observed Captain James "There is no fear though of any one prejudicing his religious beliefs by using the cartridge, for there is really nothing objectionable in it"

"I am willing to believe you, Colonel sahib"—rejoined Shah Nawaz Khan—"and I could wish that every one else did, but the conviction is quite different among the *sipahis* Every one talks that the Sarkar wishes to make their subjects relinquish their hereditary faiths and become Christian"

"How do they make that out?' demanded Mr Jenkins "What connection is there between a cartridge and the question of one's religion?'

"Apparently none," replied Shah Nawaz Khan, "but the notion is that the fat of the cow and the hog is mixed up in the composition of the cartridge"

The British Officers here looked at each other and indulged in a hearty laugh

"It follows, therefore," added Shah Nawaz Khan, "that if a Hindu or a Musalman touches the cartouche or bites it with his teeth, he will be polluted and degraded socially, for one is an abomination to the Hindu and the other to the Musalman"

"This'—remarked Captain James—"is the pretence upon which the troops at Meerut mutinied But I tell you truly that the alarm of the people is groundless And concerning the sipahis, I think I can answer for the fidelity and staunch loyalty of my regiment I have heard no murmur yet in the lines to suspect their good faith If there was anything wrong, the Subedar-major would have told me, I am sure"

'Sahab,' now interposed Hoshmand-Khan—"we

have not come here to make you believe in idle stories or to produce needless alarm It is because we wish well to the Sarkár that we have come to give you timely warning of impending danger There is every fear that the *sipáhis* as well as the population at large will follow the example of the Meerut mutineers, and, should these apprehensions prove correct, not only are your lives in danger but ours will be jeopardized too For the disaffected suspect us to be in sympathy with the Government, and truly so We receive no end of taunts every day"

"Well, Khán Sahab"—struck in the Collector, "I am truly astonished at what I have heard from you I did suspect men's minds were disturbed on the receipt of intelligence from Meerut, but I was not prepared to hear the disaffection had spread so far as this And though I am not going to charge you with bad faith,—on the contrary, I commend your loyalty which has brought you to me to-day—I nevertheless cannot forbear thinking that had there been anything to threaten the public peace, the Kotwál would have spoken to me on the subject, as he is here every morning and always reports 'all's well!' You will allow that his means of knowing what are going on are extensive and minute?"

"But we tell you, sir"—said Raziqdad Khan with energy—"that all is *not* well but just the reverse Sahab you have been a kind and beneficent ruler among us, let us entreat you to consult your safety and go to Naini Tal for a time"

"And, if necessary"—spoke Shah Nawaz Khan and Hoshmand Khan together—"we'll escort you thither, though it be at the risk of our own lives"

"I thank you heartily, my friends"—answered Mr Ricketts—"for your kind thought of me personally, but I am anxious to know what can happen to me, even supposing that a disturbance did take place?'

"Why'—said Hoshmand Khan—"your life and the life of every Firingi is in peril The head of the district ought to take care of himself"

"For myself"—said Mr Jenkins—"I can assure you, I can give a good account of myself should any one be adventurous enough to assault me"

"And I have a brace of pistols always under my pillow'—added Mr Ricketts

All the three native gentlemen now stood up, and, folding their hands, addressed the Collector thus

"Though we have no doubt but that you are all capable of defending yourselves in case you were attacked we are nevertheless convinced from your manner and talk that you are unaware of the danger which threatens the public You are surrounded by enemies or by friends who do you lip-service, which is one and the same thing But, believe us, we are in earnest and we again entreat you to take thought of yourselves by timely flight to Naini Tal The ground is all under mined and an explosion may take place any day'

Mr Ricketts and the other two officers smiled at the earnestness of their visitors and bade them be seated

Mr Ricketts spoke

"I again thank you Khan Sahab for your kindly thought of us, and believe me such loyalty and devo-

tion will not go without its reward I suspect, however, your fears are exaggerated, there really can be no immediate danger, as Colonel Sahib is confident in the loyalty of his regiment Bid the people in the city have no fear, but to pursue their avocations peaceably I am here to see that tranquillity is preserved And I should be unworthy of the trust reposed in me by my Government were I to desert my post at a crisis when, as you say, there is imminent danger As to me personally, I can assure you that a Ricketts many die at his post but his chair will not long remain unfilled"

After the native gentlemen had gone away, the three officers sat conversing together until the hour of breakfast. It was resolved to ride through the city the following morning so as to judge for themselves whether there were really any overt signs of discontent "And do you, James"—said Mr. Ricketts—"do your level best to ascertain the state of feeling in your Regiment These fellows by their anxious faces and sincere protestations of friendship have left me rather squeamish for the rest of the day"

CHAPTER XI

RIDE THROUGH THE TOWN

That day the Collector was closetted fully an hour with Rao Harsahae, his Revenue Sarishtedar and other *amla*[203] who sought a private interview with him And this step which was taken only by a few, origi-

203 Office establishment

nated in a strict order which Mr. Ricketts had issued the first thing on reaching his court that day requiring his principal ministerial officers to be on the alert and keep him acquainted with anything that might come to their knowledge regarding the sepoys Mazhar Karim, Faujdari Sarishtedár, and others of his clique, exchanged intelligent glances when this order was received in the office, and of course the sepoys of the Treasury guard were at once informed of it.

Mr Ricketts had passed a restless night, and he felt quite unequal to keep his appointment to ride to the city. This had therefore to be done the following morning. He was accompanied, among his staff, by Mr. Jenkins, Joint Magistrate, and Mr. Arthur Smith, Assistant Magistrate. The Kotwál, Turáb Ali, and Hakim Amjad Ali Khán, Tahsildár of Shahjahanpore, rode behind these. Captain James and Captain N. M. Salmon, his second in command, were of the party. The cavalcade having started from the Collector's house, passed through the main street of the city, before the Kotwálí[204] and Bakhshi-khána,[205] and returned by way of Bahadarganj where it broke up. The Kotwál and the Tehsildar were here dismissed, but the officers proceeded together to the Collector's house where they discussed the events of the past few days.

"So far as my observation can reach,"—remarked Captain James—"the behaviour of the people was orderly and respectful, as it always is. I could

204 Chief police station of city

205 City police barracks or lines

discern nothing to make me suspect there could be elements of mischief anywhere"

"I agree with you, James," said Mr Ricketts—"so far as outward appearances go, but dont forget that we only float as it were on the surface of the native character I had made up my mind that if I could detect any want of respect or open exhibition of disrespect on the part of any one to day, I would have him arrested and placed in the lock-up and make an example of him. But I am extremely glad no such occasion arose or I should have been committing a grave blunder I have received private information since that *there is much truth in what the maliks* told me the other day Though the conspiracy is yet confined to a few, and the threads of it have been discovered and denounced to me, there is a hostile feeling generally against the Government, and there *is a determination to make the most of the cartridges* Have you heard nothing from your own men?"

"Nothing directly as yet, though I interrogated the subedar-major yesterday,' replied Captain James

"The worst thing you could have done, James, excuse my bluntness,' put in Mr Jenkins "Do you think he would have communicated it to you if as I have heard, he is in the secret, if not the chief leader in the plot now hatching in your lines?'

"There is no need Jenkins," said Captain James, rather petulantly—"to cast a stone at my men against whose loyalty, except insinuations nothing positive has yet been brought to light I think I can trust them'

"Though I have as good reason," observed Captain Salmon—"to trust my men as much as any

officer in the regiment, yet I cannot but feel disquieted at the consensus of opinion there seems to prevail that a spirit of insubordination is abroad which may be followed by open mutiny Witness the doings at Barhampore, and Barrackpore, and Ambala, the details of which I was for the fifth time reading in the "Muffassilite" [206] yesterday, when I was startled by somebody yelling outside '*mar már sálon lo*' I went out to see who spoke, but I could see no one except the servants laughing and giggling with each other, and pointing towards Khinni Bagh to the beggar's hut there, and to some sepoys who were straggling in that direction

"This just confirms Salmon,' said Mr Ricketts—'what I have myself heard of nocturnal visits paid to *Rasul Shah ka takia* where, they say, a beggar resides who is looked upon as a seer, and to other itinerant beggars who of late have been passing through in numbers But what I was going to say is that we must no longer treat these rumours with contempt as we have hitherto done From what quarters and in what form difficulties may arise, it is impossible to foresee, but in the interest of law and order it is imperative for us to punish severely those who are proved to have incited to rebellion or who may be brought before the Magistrate for actual crimes committed against the person and property'

'You may perhaps remember, Ricketts —said Mr Jenkins—"a well known 'bad character' of the city named Azzukhan?

"To be sure I do, answered the Collector 'Wasn t he one of those who with Hidàit Husein,

206 A widely circulated newspaper of the day

on-in-law to a worthy man, Nizam Ali, the former kotwál, was convicted of committing a serious assault on Shammu Khán?'

"The same,' rejoined Mr Jenkins—"but while Hidait Husein was discharged, Azzu went to jail for three months Hidait Husein is now in jail for a breach of the peace But I was going to speak of Azzu'

"There seems to be no end of prosecutions," observed Mr Smith, a young Civilian who had only joined the District in March 'There seems 'to be no end of prosecutions in this turbulent city for breaches of the peace, assaults, hurts etc and since I have come, there have been at least two convictions for murder Rather an interesting place to begin one's public life in, isn't it, Salmon?

"Wait,' said the Collector—' and I will put you in charge of the city Smith, as soon as Jenkins goes as Magistrate and Collector of Badaun You will have splendid practice and can go up to the exam next October with every prospect of getting through Well, Jenkins, what more about Azzu?

"Azzu was brought up before me yesterday," proceeded Mr Jenkins—"for lurking about Russell's house with the intention, it was alleged, of setting fire to a servant's hut, and carrying off Jumia, the beautiful daughter of Russell's *dhobi*[207] "

"Well done! cried Salmon "I never heard of the beautiful Jumia or might have had a quiz at her Let us hear something more about her, Jenkins"

"Stop that levity Salmon"—said Captain James with a grave air—"and let us hear Jenkins out'

207 The washerman

"What do you propose, asked Mr Jenkins—"we ought to do?'

"There is an absolute necessity now,' answered the Collector—"to adopt every measure of precaution we can think of I have ordered the Kotwal to report to you and me three times daily, to warn the *barqandazes*[209] to observe greater vigilance, and send out a patrol every three hours

"Do you think that is enough, Ricketts? suggested Captain James

"That is not all, added the Collector "The obligation to supply information touching the maintenance of peace lies at the very root of the conception of the proprietary land tenures in this country Applying this principle to the case in hand, I have issued an order requiring every *malik* or headman of a mahalla to report to me promptly any instance of open disaffection that may come under his notice, and I have further made them severally and jointly responsible for the maintenance of law and order within their respective mahals"

"That ought to be enough for the present, I should think, said Captain James reflectively

"I was forgetting to mention' continued the Collector—"that I have told Smith Redman, Lavater, and the other office hands to be on the alert, and to come and tell me privately anything they may hear regarding the doings of the sepoys'

"Thank you for your kindly thought of us Mr. Ricketts. In other words, you have established a

209 *Barqandaz* a Persian word, lit a caster of lightning is the name by which the policeman was known in the pre mutiny days.

system of espionage on my men, and the instruments with which you propose to work are your clerks and native orderlies It is an insult to us, Salmon, is it not, to be so closely watched?" This speech was made by Captain James in a decidedly bitter tone.

"You mistake me and my intentions," answered the Collector. "As the representative of Government, it is my duty to watch over every part of the district, including the Cantonment. And your men are not above suspicion, excuse me,"

Both Captains James and Salmon started. The Collector continued:

"To prove to you that they, like every other native, need to be closely watched at the present juncture, I will only repeat to you what Hámid Hasan Khán, my Deputy, told me yesterday concerning the Treasury guard. A bill to the amount of 2,000 Rs. was cashed, and as the money was being taken out of the Treasury, the sentry was heard to say: 'I will let the money go *this* time, but no more shall be taken out.' This plainly shows the state of feeling among the sepoys."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Captain James. "I beg pardon Ricketts for what I said before. We officers of the Native Army have always looked upon the men under our command as our children, and we treat them as such. But the tide seems to be setting in against them. I wish you could find out the name of the rascal: I would have him brought before a Court-Martial."

"Softly, James," said the Collector: "no need to do anything of the kind. No further notice need be taken of the matter or we shall be precipitating events. Never was caution more necessary. Let

everything we do be done prudently and calmly Your men must not know they are suspected Tell Lysaght and Sneyd to see that Johnston and the other youngsters are considerate and careful in their demeanour towards the native officers and men I think Mrs Lysaght and the other ladies should go to Naini Tal I will arrange to have them escorted safely through'

'A proposal which you in your own case rejected yesterday?' remarked Captain James

'The two cases are not analogous' answered the Collector 'I or you or the other gentlemen cannot leave our posts and be branded by posterity for cowards and deserters'

'Supposing' said Mr Jenkins— 'our worst fears are realized where should we escape to eventually? Powayan?'

'Not a bit,' answered the Collector 'We must make a stand here supported by such of the sepoys and city people as will throw in their lot with Government'

'No house is more suitable for the purpose' remarked Captain Salmon— 'than yours and Keys I think either of them could be defended'

"It is I think premature —answered the Collector— to discuss that particular point just now It will cause needless alarm'

'Sorry there should be any divergence of opinion' spoke Captain James 'Salmon's suggestion was made, I think for the sake of the civil part of the community You can always count on us though Ricketts should my bungalow or the Mess suit you

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAVATER FAMILY.

Mr. Lavater sat at dinner with his family, which consisted of himself, his wife and daughter.

It will perhaps be interesting to describe the individuals of which this group consisted before we proceed further.

Mr. Lavater was a tall, fair, good-looking man, broad-shouldered and muscularly built. Naturally of a strong constitution, he had invigorated it still further by pedestrian exercise. Of a genial disposition, kind and trustful, his amiability won all who came into contact with him.

He came of a good family. His father had been a merchant in the good old days, and had agencies at Bareilly and Delhi. His grandfather was a Jersey gentleman, who sat with Vansittart and others as a member of the Supreme Council of the Governor of Bengal, at the period when Warren Hastings ruled over the destinies of the Company's dominions. But the fortunes of the family had been reduced to a low ebb, so that Lavater was fain to earn his living as a clerk in the Magistrate's office. He was a man of humble deportment. His pride lay in a consciousness that he lived honestly; his source of honour lay from within and not from without. He was content with his simple means of living, and was never so happy as when in the bosom of his family he sat down to his evening meal.

Though reduced in circumstances, he still retained

the pride of birth He was particularly distrustful of natives, and, though he was always affable he never permitted his wife or daughter to appear before them

His wife, too, came of a respectable Indian family Her father belonged to good Royalist stock in the province of Champagne France and ran away from home like so many others when the French Revolution of 1789 broke out to pursue the life of a military adventurer in India He first served the Nizam under Raymond and, on the death of that General transferred his sword successively to the Chiefs of Bhopal, Gwalior, and Jeypore While serving the last-named Prince he killed in a hand to hand fight the Rajah of Madhogarh and took possession of his sword—a blade of rare water which was preserved in the family until 1857 when it was plundered by the rebels Subsequently he was associated with Skinner, Hearsey, Stewart Carnegie and others in serving the H E I Co and was attached to the Cavalry Division commanded by Colonel Gardiner under Lord Lake On the conclusion of the second Mahratta War he retired on a Captain's pension and settled down at Patna He afterwards fixed his residence at Bareilly in the capacity of a landed proprietor and medical practitioner an art in the practice of which he had gained considerable reputation At Bareilly he was family physician to Mr F Hawkins, the Supreme Commissioner as the post was then called and in charge of the only public dispensary which then existed After serving sometime as chief minister to the Nawab of Rampore Ahmad Ali Khan his fame as a physician brought him to the notice of Sir Thomas Metcalfe then British Resident at the Court of Delhi

and he was invited by a *Shuqqa*[210] addressed to him by the Prime Minister, Nawab Khan Shah, to come and treat His Majesty Akbar II of a disease which had baffled the skill of every other medical man, but before he could be introduced to the King His Majesty died

Mrs Lawater was one out of two daughters, the younger of whom was married to the grandson of Colonel James Gardiner of Kásgunj She had been brought up in the family of Major Hearsey of Kareli, and received a good education at the hands of that gentleman's sister She was a woman of a large build, brown complexion, lustrous large eyes, affable gentle and kind An excellent wife and tender mother, she possessed the qualities of prudence and tact in an uncommon degree A woman in the highest sense of the word her sympathy with human suffering and human frailty knew no bounds Calm and collected at all times, she could be fearless when occasion required Loved in her household for her gentle rule, she was endowed with capacity to guide and control under circumstances of unusual danger and difficulty This imperfect description of her character will be amply illustrated by the events which befel her during the most critical period of her life

Miss Lawater was the only child of this much-loved and loving couple She was 14 years of age, and had left Mrs Shield's school at Fatehgarh only a fortnight before, because her mother thought she would be much safer at home A fair middle sized girl, with wavy hairs and brown eyes, she was the favourite of her father, and could exercise her little tyrannies whenever it pleased her to do so

210 A private note written by royalty

The Lawrence family had sat down to dinner. Under ordinary conditions it would have been a gathering at which friends meet and have a gay time of it, for it was the anniversary of Mr and Mrs Lawrence's wedding, the 18th of May She was now 38 years of age and he 42 But on this particular day both Mr and Mrs Lawrence were depressed, Mrs Lawrence particularly so In the early days of May when rumours of an insurrection became rife Mrs Lawrence possessed sufficient foresight to discern the signs of the times, and her natural instinct, quickened by her early association with the Hearseys and the Richards suggested to her that the rumours of disaffection and impending trouble were about to develop into actualities She was anxious to have her child with her And she sent an old servant to Fatehgarh to bring her home But the head-mistress of the school would not allow her to come She told Mrs Lawrence that she must give a better reason for withdrawing the girl from her school than *bázár gup*[211] Again and again the servant was sent, and as often the school-mistress sent him away with the same message At length she wrote to the Rev Mr Fisher, Chaplain of Fatehgarh who interposed his good offices, and Miss Lawrence came home on the 10th of May

Mrs Lawrence had had more than one conversation with her husband about the prospective trouble And on this particular evening, we find them engaged in a discussion on the same subject

"My dear" said Mrs Lawrence, 'I have more than once told you of my conviction that the rumours which we hear every day are not idle stories, there is full

[211] See glossary

of them. I remember how, when, as a little girl, the *Hafiz-gardi*[212] occurred at Bareilly, the air was filled with rumours of a coming disaster, the authorities and the men generally pooh-poohed the idea of a rising against the Government, until one day they were suddenly roused by the clash of arms in the city. My perceptions have become somewhat keen. I have a presentiment of coming sorrow, and I apprehend we shall soon have a repetition of the massacre and incendiarism which the 'Moff':[213] says have taken place in Meerut."

"There are possibilities no doubt, my dear"—replied her husband—"but for my part I do not share your fears. If there was any real danger, the authorities would know, and Mr. Ricketts would have told me of it."

"To be sure he would!" remarked Mrs. Lavater, sarcastically. "Mr. Ricketts has but just returned from leave, and can hardly be expected to know much of what is going on. And, as an Englishman, I doubt much if he will care to believe in or appreciate the situation. They generally are so self-sufficient that except the evidence of their senses, they will believe nothing. Now the world is full of rumours that there will soon be a rising here. What has Mr. Ricketts done to ascertain the truth of the matter, or to find a place of refuge for the Christians?"

"Oh, my dear! you have of late been full of

212. A celebrated riot which occurred in the city of Bareilly in the thirties of the present century, in which the chief actors were the descendants of Háfiz Rahmat Khán, a renowned Pathán adventurer of the period.

213. So the 'Muffussilite' paper used to be spoken of.

gloomy forebodings Mr Ricketts doubtless knows what he is about If there was danger, he would have told me, or Smith or Redman What is the latest from the bazàr?" laughingly asked Mr Lavater

"You may laugh"—answered his wife smiling—'but I can assure you there is nothing to laugh at Well the *dai*[214] and cook both told me to-day that the city *badmaishes* were going to rise and kill all the Firangis Why do you not ask Mr Ricketts yourself?

'Well believe me —spoke Mr Lavater somewhat pettishly— these servants are making a great nuisance of themselves I always thought it is they who bring these mischievous stories from the city I must put a stop to their going to the bazàr'

'You may do so —said Mrs Lavater—"but that will not mend matters they merely repeat what they hear and see Have you questioned Smith? I should like to remove some of my things to a safer place'

'I of course asked him replied her husband "when you so often and persistently begged me to do so, but all I got from him was chaff He said, 'Lavater, don't be an old woman and don't believe old wives' fables Ricketts has told me nothing, he doubtless would, if there was anything to fear Remove your things! where? Do you think there can be any safer place than one's own house? And will any native return your things to you when the alarm is past and over?' I of course kept quiet, what could I

214 A wet-nurse. But, the term is also used for an *aya* or *femme de chambre*

say? His argument seemed to be such a common-sense one."

"To me," observed Mrs. Lavater; "the argument sounds worthless, for he surely scents danger to have removed his own things to a native's house This I know for certain, for Bibi Smith's[215] cook told my aya."

"I think we had better wait a few days longer, and let events develop themselves," remarked Mr. Lavater.

Here the bearer entered and announced a native, who wanted to speak to his master on some urgent private business. Dinner being over, Mr. Lavater excused himself to his wife, and went into his private room.

CHAPTER XIII

THE JOCKEY'S WARNING.

He came back after half an hour and sat down on the terrace in a brown study. "The *chabuk-sawàr*,"[216] said he musing—"Mahtab Khan *chábuk-sawar* has just been to me and has repeated for the second time his warning that a mutiny will take place, and his offer to shelter me and my family. Judging from appearances, this man has the best of intentions towards us; why or wherefore, how can I know? He said, I think, that he knows John, and

215. Mrs. Smith This, however, is the manner in which the native wife of a European used to be spoken of in the olden days.

216 Jockey, a horse-trainer

once asked me for a letter of recommendation to him· that may be the reason of his friendly attentions Why the authorities are so quiet I am at a loss to divine Now is it reasonable to think that had there been anything wrong Ricketts would not have told us? To be sure I am not going to ask him and be rebuffed for my pains What a fool Smith made of me! But 'Dear'! now turning to his wife who sat all the while listening quietly, not wishing to break upon his reverie "Dear, could Smith really have got his effects stowed away elsewhere for safety's sake? He needn't have concealed the fact from me for he must have seen I was in earnest when I spoke to him'

"My own impression is" replied Mrs Lavater— "that what *dai* has told me is true And I say let us do the same should affairs end differently, we can get them back to the house, and no harm will have been done"

Mr Lavater was evidently in deep thought, for, without seeming to notice his wife's reply, he said "The idea of the fellow proposing to me to change my costume for a native's, and to get my wife and daughter to do the same, and go to his house for shelter! And what for, pray?"

His wife now struck in though not addressed directly "Precisely what Maulvi Mazhar Karim told you some days ago! Did he not say that if you changed your costume, you might be saved?'

'Myself saved,' replied Mr Lavater while an ironical smile played round his lips —"Myself saved, and what is to become of my family? Does the fellow think I shall leave my wife and daughter to the tender mercies of a Muhammadan?" He clung

ed his position, and paced about restlessly, then stamping his foot on the ground: "Hail rather! I die a thousand deaths," exclaimed he, "than submit that humiliation."

"Calm yourself, my dear" said his wife. "Your imagination over-reaches the future. I trust in our Maker that time will not come when we shall be thrown on the tender mercies of the Moslem. There is nothing preposterous, however, in the suggestion to change your costume and go away elsewhere, and so avoid the storm. Have not we heard of some of the Meerut folks doing the same?"

"And were they saved?" interrogated he. "Does not the Moslem say that most of them were recognised and butchered?"

"Yes, but not all," persisted his wife. "Let me make you a couple of *angis* and *pajamas*, dear. Shall I send for the cloth tomorrow? Say 'yes,' dear, do?"

"My darling!" answered he to the earnest appeal of his wife; "you torture me by distressing yourself. Do you seriously think I could long remain unknown in the garb of native? Would it not be doubting the power of our Maker to seek by such means to save a life which I fully believe is watched over by Him? 'My Maker!' falling on his knees, 'Jesus' spare me not for that day!'"

"You will rend my heart, my darling," entreated his wife, who now knelt down by his side, and falling on his neck began to weep "I beg of you cease this opposition, take leave and let us go away to my brother's; there we will be safe"

Then ensued a pause. They rose from the posture of supplication in nervous trepidation, and for

sometime with hands folded on their knees, seemed to be seeking in spirit for strength from Above They were a God fearing couple, but they were gifted with different degrees of faith. While the man's trust was boundless in the power of the Almighty to guard and to defend, and to His goodness he would leave everything unreservedly, his wife animated in an equal degree with reliance in the Power on High was nevertheless convinced that they ought to try every human means of escape, and having done all in their power, to leave the result at the disposal of an All-controlling Providence And so it happened that while Mr Lavater strove with his own convictions against what he inwardly considered were inevitable conclusions arrived at by his wife, he yet tried to persuade her to preserve an outward serenity and do nothing until a warning was conveyed to the residents by the District Authorities

Their daughter having now come out and sat down by them, they changed the conversation, having come to an understanding that Mr Lavater should take an early opportunity of seeing Mr Ricketts, and ask for leave to go away to Bhurtpore for a time

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STOLEN MEETING

The night was dark and stormy. A rough wind blew in fitful whiffs, putting out the *chiraghs*[217] as soon as the *bandi*[218] lighted them. Zinat had retired to the balcony soon after dinner, pretending a headache. And though her mother advised her to go to bed, she preferred, she said, to take the fresh night air. The door which she had closed behind her opened, and Hulasia, the slave-girl, entered the room where she sat with her head held between both her hands. A sigh escaped her lips which the quick ear of Hulasia caught, while she attempted to take her young mistress' hand and raise it to her head.

"Hulasia," said she, "how hast thou contrived to come to me so soon?"

"Bibi[219]"—replied she—"did not make a hearty meal after Miran went out. She ordered me to remove the *dastarkhan*,[220] and give the viands away to the *bhangan*,[221] if any were saved after we had done. This gave me an opportunity to go outside, and so, having dispatched my business, here I am. Cheer

217 An earthen-cup used for an oil lamp.

218 Slave.

219 Mistress.

220 Table-cloth. The Muhammadans of India spread the cloth on the even floor or on a *takht* or low flat settee.

221 Sweepress, who is looked upon as one of the domestic servants, and is entitled to all the savings from before the eaters.

who are our present masters and lords. Their crimes are great; they have heaped insults on us; and now they are endeavouring to make us all *firangis*, infidels like themselves, by forcing us to eat swine's flesh. They ought to be extirpated from the land, and my father or thine should rule over this fine country of Kather. But why tremblest thou, my loved one?"

Zinat was silent; but, starting up suddenly, she seized her lover's right arm nervously, and fixing her black lustrous eyes on his face, said emphatically: "By the soul of Fátima, the blessed![245] thou, my Farhat, shalt not lift thy hand, this arm which I now hold in my hand, upon the harmless and innocent! Promise me this before I relax my hold" And her grasp tightened so that Farhat winced with the pain.

"How can I give a promise, *piárí*,[246] when I dont know what is going to happen in the future? Why dost thou interest thyself in the fate of the *kafirs?*"

"Are they not Allah's children like us? Do they not breathe the same air, and hope to arrive at the same *Jahisht* as we?" said she[247]

"Thou saidst truly,' he rejoined; "but are they not cursed because they are given to *shirk*,[248] and

245 See *ante* 238 Such is the respectful language in which she is spoken of.

246 Beloved

247 Have we not one Father? Hath not one God created us? Why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother?" Mal I 10

248 The great key-stone upon which the arch of the Moslem's faith rests. He who practices *shirk* is a *kafir* The word is of Arabic or Hebrew origin. It means literally to connect or interlace and therefore signifies company, society, partnership Metaphorically it indicates polytheism or infidelity—the ascribing plurality to the Deity

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up, do, *choti bi*,[222] what can be the reason you all are so sad to day ?"

"Dont you know ?" said Zinat "Abba-mian[223] came in a temper today It seems his relations are worse with his father than they have been in the past They have had an open quarrel, and Mirza has been insulted *Ilahi*[224] only knows what the end of it all will be My heart is sad, for why will I see his face or hear his voice again ?"

"*Teré sadqe jaun*[225] !" exclaimed Hulasia, and as she uttered the words, she passed both her hands over the head of her young mistress, passing them down her temples, and bringing them both to her own, she pressed the palms of her hands and cracked the knuckles of her fingers against her own

'*Téré qurban jáun meri Bi*[226] ! why shouldst thou be sad ? Thy faithful[227] Hulasia is by thy side and she will see that your meetings are not interrupted"

The person so addressed rested her head on her shoulder, and sobbed

222 Young mistress. *Bi* is the abbreviated form of *Bibi*.

223 Father Lit father master

224 God.

225 May I be sacrificed for you ! Expressive of perfect devotion The manner in which another's evils are taken by the speaker upon herself (and the expression is peculiar to the female sex only and among them also is limited to the elder in years and the old domestic) is explained in the text.

226 The same expression as 225 *sadqa* and *qurbani* being synonymous terms *Meri bi* my mistress.

227 There is a feeling of ineradicable devotion in the heart of the lowest caste Musalman slave for his master tyrant though he be sometimes

"*Ut Bil*[228]" exclaimed the slave-girl; "what is the meaning of this outburst? *Ten baláen lun*[229]! cheer up, for I have a surprise in store for thee!"

Zinat stared at her enquiringly. She resumed, "Listen, *chota bi*! cant you catch his whistle? He is there below awaiting the signal."

A thrill of joy ran through Zinat's frame, and shook it as with an electric shock. The slave-girl hastily drew out a *kamand*[230] from her waist, threw it over the balcony, fixing the hooked end of it to a ring in the floor. Ten minutes and Farhat was by the side of his beloved. Promptly the slave-girl drew up the cord, and having whispered 'not more than fifteen minutes!' retired, leaving the lovers free to enjoy each other's company.

What passed between them we can but cursorily notice.

"Zinat, *meri jan*[231]!" said he, unlocking himself from her arms. "I have come today at the risk of my future liberty, if not my life. And, life even is not too precious to have thrown away for the pleasure of this meeting."

"O Farhat!" said she "you frighten me." And her color came and went. "Your life risked, my love! how, and why? tell me all I entreat you."

"You are aware" he began 'that a feud has long subsisted between your family and mine res-

228 As much as to say O dear! An expression of surprise. *Ut* is a very common expression among the Musalman women of Upper India.

229 See 22.

230 A kind of scaling ladder made of cord.

231 Zinat my life!

pecting the ownership of Makhdumpur, a village which my father claims as the appanage of my deceased mother, while *Bare Mian*,[232] your father, advances a superior title by virtue of his long possession of the estate'

"Is not possession nine points of the law, they say, my Farhat?' She suggested timidly

"So the jurists say, he continued—"but it is not for us to determine the rival claims Well, the quarrel over this bit of land has been going on for eleven years, my father will not surrender his claim much less is your father disposed to yield Last year, they both went to law over the matter, but the cause was compromised, and they began to exchange friendly visits with each other'

"And this I suppose' interrupted Zinat, accounts for the liberty which you were allowed of visiting at our house Oh the privilege of hearing your voice when in conversation with my father! Do you know that I used to linger near the *parda* wall[233] to catch the sweet accents, though *amma*[234] felt curious to know what it was that kept me chained so long in the yard?"

"The beautiful eaves-dropper!' exclaimed Farhat, kissing her forehead "Didn't I know you must be near by? And so when your father rode out, I used to engage his *sipdhis*[235] in conversation and stay as long as propriety permitted'

232 Ben or *Mian* in reference to Zinat's father who was an *elder* cousin of the speaker's father

233 The lead wall that screens off the entrance to the female apartments.

234 Mother

235 House guard orderlies

"Tell me, my life! what has happened in particular today?" enquired Zinat. "*Abba-miàn* has been so morose and out of temper; and when *ammà* took the courage to ask him what had happened to ruffle his temper, he swore a big oath at your father, and said he had insulted him openly. Oh, how fierce *Abba mian* looked!"

"This accounts, I suppose," answered Farhat; "for the unusual hilarity of *Mian*[236] We were sure he had met with some rare good luck. But when he called me up to him, and said that the time was approaching when I ought to look to my weapons, as I was going soon to receive my first lesson in the practical use of them, I wondered what he was driving at?"

"O my loved one! O the darling of my heart!" and her voice quivered as she spoke. "*Farhat peyà è!*[237] my dream, it seems, is going after all to be realized. It was a dreadful vision. I cannot forget how a month ago, as I lay on my bed thinking of thee, I insensibly fell into a deep sleep; but soon starting up, felt as if I lay in a pool of blood. There were white women and men struggling to get out of the pool; little children clung to the breasts of their agonised mothers; whilst thou, thou, my beloved! and thy father, and my father, with a host of men with blood-thirsty faces and swords reeking in the gore of the slaughtered ones, stood on the brink of the pool, passing their swords through the bodies of those who rose above the surface trying to save themselves. Oh, the horror that sized my frame! My blood curdled in my veins, and I woke with a shriek,

236. Referring to his father.
237. Farhat, beloved.

who are our present masters and lords. Their crimes are great; they have heaped insults on us; and now they are endeavouring to make us all *firangis*, infidels like themselves, by forcing us to eat swine's flesh. They ought to be extirpated from the land, and my father or thine should rule over this fine country of Kathér. But why tremblest thou, my loved one?"

Zínat was silent; but, starting up suddenly, she seized her lover's right arm nervously, and fixing her black lustrous eyes on his face, said emphatically: "By the soul of Fátimá, the blessed![245] thou, my Farhat, shalt not lift thy hand, this arm which I now hold in my hand, upon the harmless and innocent! Promise me this before I relax my hold." And her grasp tightened so that Farhat winced with the pain.

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248 The great key stone upon which the arch of the Moslem's faith rests He who practices *shirk* is a *kâfir* The word is of Arabic or Hebrew origin It means literally to connect or interlace and therefore signifies company, society, partnership Metaphorically, it indicates polytheism or infidelity—the ascribing plurality to the Deity

because they believe not in the mission of the last Prophet,[249] on whom be peace? And ought they not to be destroyed for this?"

"Forget not," she argued; "forget not that, like us, they are '*Sahib-i-kitab*',[250] and that they are the *ummat*[251] of *Hazrat-Isà Rùhullàh*.[252] Such the prophet never commanded thee to destroy. Suppose for a moment that thy beloved was a believer in the faith taught by the *Ibn-i-Maryam*,[253] wouldst thou dip the point of thy steel in the blood of her who now looks so fondly on thee? Tell me, O tell me, my Farhat?" And she again rested her head on his shoulder, and sobbed.

This appeal was irresistible. "Allah forbid it!" said he—"that thou be like one of them! We, the believers, are the favoured of heaven; and, though Allah reigns over all, we are his special care."

"But the promise, my adored one, the promise!" demanded she, as she still pressed his arm. "Tell me, on my soul, that thou wilt hold aloof whilst the men

249 Muhammad

250 Lit men of the book So the Christians or followers of Jesus are spoken of in the Quran That is as Muhammad received the heavenly message in the Quran, so was the Injil or Gospel sent down to Jesus containing a revelation of the Divine Will It is needless to say that the Muhammadans hold the Christian s New Testament is not genuine but a spurious edition of the original, which was brought down from heaven by Gabriel

251 Sect or followers of

252 Hazrat (elsewhere explained) Jesus the Spirit of God that is the title which the followers of Muhammad give to our Lord

253 The son of Mary

calling on *Abbà-mian* to withhold his hand for Fatima's[238] sake!"

During this recital, the girl was agitated to such a degree that the feeling of horror which she had described seemed to overpower her again, and she fell back senseless Farhat caught her up in his arms; and, greatly shaken as he was himself, chafed her temples and hands, and fanned her with his handkerchief. Slowly she opened her eyes, and sat up.

"*Yâ Ilâhi*,[239] have mercy!" she exclaimed. "My father and mother," she continued: "were both at once at my side on hearing my shriek I clung round *Abbà-miàn* not knowing what I was doing,[240] while I begged him to spare the harmless and the innocent. He was bewildered, and could not make out what I was saying. 'What is the matter, Zínat?' said he, caressing my hand. 'What has troubled thee, *bétí*?[241] tell me'. *Ammà* wrung her hands, while Hulasiá stood with her mouth agape. At length I recollected myself, and told them that I had had a dream On my father and mother pressing me to tell it, adding *sab achhá hai*![242] I related what I had dreamt. *Mian* stood mute and motionless for a while; then

238 Fatima the daughter and only surviving child of Muhammad, who was married to Ali She was among the four perfect women spoken of by Muhammad. She is looked upon as the patron saint of all pious Muhammadan women.

239 O God!

240 This is an allusion to the extreme etiquette practised among the orthodox Muhammadans, and which forbids even a father embracing his daughter after she has attained the age of puberty.

241 Daughter An affectionate use of the word

242 All is right Such is the rule The dreamer will not relate his dream until this formula is pronounced by his hearer

gently disengaging my hands which were still clasped round his waist, he said: "*Allah* be praised! thou art my good angel, *beti*; thou hast saved me from a great crime. By the *tégh* of Ali,[213] I swear that this hand shall not be lifted up against the innocent and the harmless. So help me the Omnipotent!" The occasion passed away, and I thought no more of it until this moment, when the speech made to thee by thy father recalled it to my memory. Oh the desire of my heart, my Farhat?"

"My love! my life!"

Farhat was visibly affected by what he had heard; he was shaking from head to foot, while he still supported the trembling frame of her who was now dearer to him than she had ever been before. "What, my sweet! what wouldst thou of thy Farhat?" At length said he; and he took up and kissed her hand which was cold.

"Something tells me," said she: "that a period of great public convulsion is approaching. I have often over-heard the *sipahis* at the gate alluding to the '*kafirs*', and saying that the time of retribution had arrived. Who these *kafirs* may be I dont know. Thou knowest that these eyes have not yet rested upon any man's face except *Mian's*, and thine"[214]?

"The same I have heard too," said he, interrupting her; "and in more open terms than thou. When we speak of the *kafirs*, we of course mean the Firangis,

213. *Tegh* is the sword. It is a dreadful oath with the martial Moslem. Such an oath binds him irrevocably to the promise made.

214. Another reference to the rigidity with which the rule of seclusion is practised by all the high-bred Musulmans of India.

of blood are engaged in the direful mischief; or, drive thy keen knife into this bosom that would be wounded so that thy soul may be saved." And, with this she shook off his hand from her, and throwing aside the fold of her *dupatta*[254], stood with her breast bared before him.

"Thou hast conquered, my angel!" said Farhat, as he confusedly clasped her in his arms, and kissed both her cheeks passionately "Thou hast my promise. By the great Allah, I swear that I shall not imbrue my hand in the blood of the innocent and the harmless. And now bring thy *chanda sa mukhra*[255] near mine, and kiss me.'

"*Hah*, I adore thee! I praise thee! Merciful and Mighty, Power Supreme! thou Protector of the helpless and forlorn!" exclaimed she, as leaving Farhat's arm, and lifting up her eyes which were still suffused with tears, she poured forth a heart-felt prayer for the safety of her father, and her beloved.

"*Meré jan, abto hanso!*"[256] merrily broke in Farhat as she sat down. She laughed a forced laugh; for her spirit was still sad, and she said:

"*O méré piyaré!*[257] I am greatly concerned at the estrangement between *Abba-mian* and thy father. Would to heaven, Makhdúmpúr were another's, and nothing came between to separate us! It was poor relief as it was to hear thy voice now and again from

254 Covering The scarf with which the Indian female drapes herself

255 Your moon like face

256 My life! do laugh now by no means an uncommon expression

257. O my beloved!

a distance but to meet thee, can't I expect to find that pleasure again?"

"Of a truth, my love," answered Farhat; "of a truth our meetings must now be few and far between; for *Mian* has given a strict order to every one in his household forbidding any one to come to this house on any pretence whatever, on pain of his displeasure. So it behoves me to be very circumspect. The kind Hulasiá will be our go-between as before and, if we cannot see each other, we shall visit each other by letters."

'O my heart!' gasped Zinat as the door-chain shook, but she was re-assured on hearing Hulasia's voice say in a loud whisper "*Ají*,[258] the time is up!'

"So quickly?" said Zinat in amazement; 'we have hardly commenced to talk, when thou saidst the 15 minutes are over!'

"Good Hulasiá! let me beg of thee," pleaded Farhat, 'to let us alone for a while longer; say fifteen minutes more?'

"Why not the whole night, *chote mian*?[259]" answered Hulasia. "You are so eager! *Bi*[260] called me just now to hand over the *pikdan*[261] to her, and she asked where *chote bi* was? I told her she

258 A euphonious term which may mean anything. Among the lower classes, a wife will so address her husband and *vice versa*. Sometimes it betrays a familiar relation between the speaker and the person addressed. In this place it signifies an attempt at familiarity or banter on the part of the favoured domestic.

259 Young master.

260 Her mistress. *Bi* the abbreviated form of *Bibi*.

261 Spittoon, an indispensable article of personal furniture with *the pan-eating women of India*.

still sat upstairs with a headache Now *Mian*, cure her of her headache, and let her come down *soon* " and she retired down the staircase laughing

" How can we sufficiently repay the kind Hulasia for her good offices? Said Farhat " If not for her, I would never have been able to meet you to-day Give this to her to buy herself a set of *churis* [262] And, my loved one! dont let me find you low-spirited when next we meet Better days are in store for us, I hope Will you be in this place when I pass by to morrow evening about this hour? The signal will be *kafir* [263] "

"No, then I wont!' pouted she

' Will you answer to—my life! my love! tulip face[264]! ruby lips! " and the enamoured youth would probably have gone on multiplying the fascinations of his mistress as with the last epithet he imprinted a kiss on her lips, when the tormenter Hulasiá this time burst into the room, and, saying "Off, *mian*! will you squeeze the life out of my young mistress?" took up the *kamand* and threw it over the wall for him Reluctantly, and with voices trembling with emotion, the lovers parted, he saying,

262 Hand bangles. Maybe chiefly of lac or glass No woman whose husband is alive is seen without them Assorted sets of them are worn and when her husband dies the faithful wife will break them in token of her widowhood and will ever after allow her arms to remain bare

263 See *ante* A playful banter upon the partiality displayed by her for the infidel Firangi

264 An oriental figure

"Khudá háfiz[265], my life!" and she; "I commit thee to Khudá, my love!"[266]

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF A SNEEZE.

The *Id*[267] morning was ushered in by clouds of dust raised by a stiff westerly wind which shrieked and howled through the thick foliage of *nim*[268], trees now loaded with white blossoms. It was a weird morning. There was stir in every Muhammadan household, who, after a long month of fasting, rendered severer and longer because of its falling during the hottest season of the year, now dressed in new white garments issued from their houses. The females made preparation for the feast within the zanáná walls, while the men proceeded in groups of tens and twenties to the *Idgah* for public prayers, which commenced at ten o'clock. Prayer being ended, before leaving the sacred edifice, friends and acquaintances embraced, wishing each other a happy *Id*: '*id mubárik ho!*'[269]

Among others, there were Qádar Ali Khán and his son, whose acquaintance we have already made

265. 266 Both these expressions are Orientalisms The former means lit God preserver, or may God be thy preserver! These aspirations are used on the occasion of a dear one leaving home, to go on a far journey

267 The *Id-ul-fitr*: see *ante*

268 See glossary.

269 May the feast be blessed to you!

in the person of 'Farhat,' the lover of Ghulám Qádar Khan's lovely daughter And there were also Abdul Rauf Khán, Mangal Khan, Azzú Khan, Nizám Ali, as well as Mazhar-Karim, Qudrat Alí, Niáz Ali, Taríb Ali, and others These all embraced each other, and advanced towards another group which had not joined them The latter consisted of Ghulam Qadar Khan, Nizam Ali Khan Ráziqdad Khán, Shahnawaz Khan, and Hoshmand Khán But these seeing the others approaching, moved out of their way and went outside the building where they mounted and rode or drove home

Several knots of men still lingered, however, concealed from public view by the garden situate across the road Conversing earnestly upon some subject which seemed to interest every one alike Qádar Ali Khán and Mazhar Karim surrounded by their friends and adherents, were debating a question which evidently they had settled to discuss on this particular morning But Ghulám Qádar Khan's strange conduct had disconcerted their plan "What can be the reason of this conduct?' suggestively asked Mazhar Karím "The old difference between you and him, Qádar Ali Khan—has it revived again?'

"I dont know what that has to do with the matter in hand?" replied Qádar Ali Khán 'He is insolent and presuming, that is all"

"I knew that day," interposed Nizám Ali when you shot the black buck, Khan Sáhab, that Ghulam Qádar Khan would play us false"

"The shot which killed the buck was mine and not Qádar Ali Khan's," struck in Mangal Khan "but as to the rights and wrongs of the matter, I

thought the question had been set at rest by the Subedar.'

"I knew there would be disappointment," angrily remarked Abdul Raúf Khan. "for as I was getting out of my house, some one sneezed And I, fool as I was, instead of withdrawing into the house for a while, and engaging in something else before starting, strided out not caring to pause and think what heavy issues were involved this day, and which might be turned this way or that by a sneeze!' [270]

"Such a speech from you is remarkable," observed Mazhar Karim, addressing the last speaker. "It is remarkable I say, for you pride yourself on your knowledge of the Book Do you forget that omens are *shark*[271] to the true Muslim? For my part, my advice is—let us send to Ghulam Qadar, and invite him to join us at the appointed signal, but should he fail to do so, let him look out'

"Agreed," said several voices Qudrat-Ali undertook to carry the message 'And I would add to the Maulvi-Sahab's counsel' said he—'and suggest that somebody also go to the *lamps*[272] and warn the Subedar-major that we *rendezvous* 200 yards from Sundarlal's *shivala*[273], south, opposite Dundu-bágh"

"Well spoken!" said Qadar Ali Khan, "let Turab Ali be the bearer of this message'

"Who, I?' said Turab Ali, with a look of blank dismay on his face "Not I, Khán Sáhib, excuse me

270 See App XVII

271 See ante.

272 Camp Cantonment

273 A place where Shiv or Siva is worshipped a building of a pyramidal shape A Hindu temple

I must n't stay here any longer or I shall be suspected of being a participator in your plot. And, moreover, I have to go and meet the *Jant sahab*[274] who must be at the kotwali now."

"I see which way the wind blows," said Nizam Ali; "there spoke the Kampani's Kotwal[275]! Why shouldn't he? he eats their salt. But as to me, I have nothing more to fear. I will volunteer to go to the sepoy lines."

"There spoke the future Kotwal!" exclaimed Q'adir Ali Khan, patting old Nizam Ali on his back. "Go, and success attend you!"

When the two messengers had gone, it was proposed by Mangal Khan, and carried unanimously, that the whole party should first proceed to Rasul Shah's *takia*, and take the formal advice of Mian-Sh'ih before arming themselves. And so they all proceeded thither. When lo! what was their surprise to find Mian-Sahab shaven and cleanly dressed, sitting under his favourite *ber* tree. They all wished him a respectful '*Salam, Mian Sahab*!' and were still further astonished at his acknowledging the salute by a shake of his head. This man, usually so unkempt and extraordinary in his behaviour, appeared to be transformed unaccountably today into a person of ordinary respectable appearance and courteous bearing. When, however, Q'adir Ali Khan and Mazhar Khan acquainted him with the object of their visit, and desired to know if even now he would vouchsafe them a clear rule of guidance, he quickly rose from his seat; his countenance changed into a

274 Joint Magistrate.

275 Spoken sarcastically of the H. E. I. C.

wild frenzy, and, siezing his *danda*, he began at once to hammer the *bér* tree as before, and to shout "*mdr mar-mar s ilon ko-mar kafir ko*[276] !"

As the Miàn Sàhab persisted in his occupation of pommelling the *bér* tree, and would take no further notice of them, they resolved to leave. Mazhar Karim remarked that there was no further need to wait for a more definite answer than they had already received. Abdul Raùf Khàn observed that the *bisharat*[277] had come And now they eagerly looked out for the return of the messengers. Two hours had already passed since Qàdar Ali left. Nizàm Ali who was better mounted, returned before him : he wore a tell-tale face. His mission had proved unsuccessful. He had been refused admittance to the Subedár-major, but he had met Madeh Khàn Subedàr who told him that his comrades were not yet ready for them. On being reminded of their solemn compact and engagement, he replied that the scheme was still inchoate, and that the final reply had not yet arrived from Delhi.

"Did you not see Maulvi Sarfaràz Ali there to speak to?" enquired Mazhar Karim.

"O no!" answered Nizàm Ali; "but I know that he was there, closetted with Ghanshàm Singh."

Foiled in their expectations, the conspirators walked slowly home, not caring now for news from the other quarter. Qudrat Ali met them before they reached Bahàdarganj.

"The faint-heart! The traitor!" exclaimed he, grinding his teeth.

276 Kill, kill! kill the *salas*! kill the *kafirs*!

277. Message from heaven, glad tidings.

I must n't stay here any longer or I shall be suspected of being a participator in your plot And moreover I have to go and meet the *Jant sahab*[374] who must be at the kotwali now"

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374 Chief Magistrate

375 Spoken sarcastically of the British Government

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276 Kill, kill! kill the *salas*! kill the *kafirs*!
277 Message from heaven; glad tidings.

"What is the matter?" enquired Abdul Rauf Khán "Is the Khan ill, and cannot leave his house?"

"I wish he were ill, and worse, answered Qudrat Ali, addressing his questioner "It seems that thy faith which is the faith of women generally, is shared by many so-called men What do you think, Maulvi Sáhab?' now addressing Mazhar Karim "Ghulám Qádar too is suffering from the ill effects of a sneeze The dotard! He received me very coldly, and said he had not forgotten his wounded back And when I reminded him of the solemn compact which he was about to break, and the importance of the enterprize of which he was one of the leading instigators, he sneeringly told me to be gone, as, said he, 'engagements look well on paper but to translate them into action is a very different thing' I gave him one look of contempt, and came away'

Disappointed and discouraged, chafing under the scorn with which their messengers had been treated by their fellow-intriguers, and apprehensive of the proceedings of Turab Ali, who had so hurriedly left them to meet the City Magistrate, fearing detection, yet resolved not to abandon the enterprize, the conspirators now slunk each to his own house, out of humour with themselves at the failure of the plan which they had so sedulously formed, to signalize their great festival with a holocaust

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REGIMENTAL ORDERLY-ROOM.

That morning in the Orderly-room of the Regiment, Subedâr-major Ghanshàm Singh advanced to his Commanding Officer with a salute, and said; "Sir, you cannot be unaware of the rumours that are afloat?"

"What rumours?" enquired Captain James. "The rumour, sir," said he; "that the *badmashes*[278] of the city are going to plunder the treasury tomorrow."

"The Government Treasury! Why, and wherefore?" demanded he again.

"I cannot of course tell you why, sir," answered the Subedar-major; "for I do not pretend to know the secrets of the plot which some of the city people have hatched. Such a thing has never occurred before, and it will be an eternal disgrace to the *Mandru ki paltan* if they are not permitted to suppress the riot with arms in their hands."

"I hope the necessity for using them will not arise, Subedar," observed his Commander. "The Magistrate could have no information on the subject or he would have sought help of the military. I dont understand why it should be tomorrow of all the days of the month?" and he looked up enquiringly at him.

"Tomorrow will be the *Chinnaur kâ meld*, sir," answered the Subedâr-major.

278. Bad characters.

"Though I fail to see any connection between the *mélá*[279] and a rising of the populace," rejoined Captain James, "I nevertheless am glad you have apprized me of it. You correctly apprehend the duty of the chief Native officer of your Regiment."

"Why shouldn't I, sir?" replied the Subédar-major, bringing his hand to the salute. "Have I not eaten of the Kampani Bahádar's salt, and is it not my obligation to be watchful of the public weal?"

"Just so!" remarked his Commander. "And now, Subédár, what are your proposals for circumventing the intended mischief?"

Again bringing his hand to the salute the Subédár-major answered. "Since I am honoured by my Commander so far as to be consulted on the occasion, I would advise that the several station guards be increased, and the sentries at the Treasury doubled."

"I think that is a good proposal and I shall adopt it, Subédár," remarked his Commanding Officer. "Adjutant, put it down in orders that all the station guards shall be doubled early this evening. Alakh Singh Jamadár, 3rd Company, to be placed on special duty at the Treasury," added he, addressing Lieutenant Key, Adjutant of the Regiment who sat opposite him on the table. "And you, Subedár-major, see that these orders are carried out punctually. I shall drop a line to the Magistrate."

279 A fair

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHINNAUR FAIR

The Chinnaur fair was held at a village of that name distant a mile or so north from cantonment Originally a gathering of the Muhammadans, especially Pathans, for the purpose of commemorating a number of their clansmen slain and buried on the spot, it had in process of time become of the character of an ordinary Indian *mèla*, where a promiscuous gathering takes place of Hindus and Muhammadans alike, where goods and commodities are bought and sold, and where the people go to see and be seen,—the dancing girls to make a parade of their blandishments and their charms and the young bloods to air their feats of horsemanship, and make a display of their choicest attire It is held annually on the *bási Id*, that is the day following the Id which is the second of the month of Shawwal In the eyes of the orthodox Musalman however it is a day of solemn commemoration for it reminds him of the martial glories of the Pathan race

The generally-accepted account of the institution is that Chinnaur was the seat of an ancient Ahir kingdom. The ruins of a great city lie buried there under the hillocks and mounds round about which is the burial-ground where the fair takes place It is related that before the city of Shahjahanpore was founded by Nawab Bahadur Khan in 1647 A D, there existed an Ahir kingdom, the capital of which was Chinnaur The Ahirs a powerful race were a thorn in the side of the Pathans who were then gain-

ing the ascendancy, and because they could not conquer them in the open field, stratagem was used to effect the purpose

The month of Phâgun[280] had arrived, in which the spring festival of *Holî* takes place It is a season of general mirth and license, the ruler of Chinnaur was known to indulge freely at such times in the use of liquor, *bhang*[281] and other such intoxicating beverages and to receive all his friends with open hospitality It so happened that the chief of the Pathans called on him one day and expressed his desire to share in the revelry of the Holi festival, and, said he 'such is our desire to cultivate friendly intercourse with you that the Pathanis[282] will also come and play Holi with your females and ask *phagua*[283] of you The Ahîr was elated at the prospect of the alliance and assured his visitor that he would be delighted and honoured by the Pathanis visit

280 Corresponding with March April.

281 Hemp (*cannabis sativa*) of which an intoxicating liquor is made

282 Feminine gender of Pathân A Pathân's wife is called a *Pathâni*, in the same way as a Mughal's wife would be *Mughlâni* a Sayad's wife *Saiddni* and a Shekh's wife *Shékhâni*

283 *Phâgua* from *Phâgun* the month of the year in which the Holi festival takes place denotes the presents made on the occasion Such presents are made by a *dewar* (husband's younger brother) a *nandoi* (husband's sister's husband) or a *bahnoi* (sister's husband) and they are carried in the following manner The merry wife calls at her connexion's bringing with her a supply of red liquid known as *rang* or colour which she squirts on the latter through a syringe, a large metallic syringe made for the purpose He does likewise throwing the liquid at her and so they run at

From early morning of the 1st of Chait, which is the great day of the *Holi* saturnalia, *meànà*[284] after *meànà* began to arrive at the Ahir stronghold, bearing, as was supposed, the chief Pathàni and her train. The *meanas* were all taken and set down in the courtyard of the female apartments, when, instead of Pathànis, out jumped a select band of sturdy Pathàns, all armed to the teeth. A distressful cry was now raised by the females, their men rushed in; but enervated by heavy potions of *bhang* and liquor, without arms and thin in numbers, they could not resist the furious onslaught of their enemies, who slashed right and left and soon made a heap of the slain. On the alarm being raised, the retainers of the Ahir chieftain flocked to his aid, but the Pathan swords made a perfect *shappan shappa*,* and, though many of them fell under the vengeful arm of the Ahirs, the latter were completely overpowered and slain to the last man. The faithful who fell among the Pathans, received the honour of martyrdom *(shahíd)*, and their tombs are venerated to this day, the *fatiha*[285] being read over them when the Chinnaur fair takes place every year.

each other playfully until they are tired of the game, being by this time wet through and through. After which, she asks him for the *phagua*, which consists usually of a present in money, and returns home with it to her extreme delight. *Holi khélná* (to play the *Holi*) and *phagud mángná* (to ask for the *phagud*) are the terms used for expressing this annual approach to excessive mutual familiarity.

284. A kind of ambulance, a *dooly*

* Striking this side and that, and causing the blood to fly up at each stroke; carnage.

285. The first chapter of the Qurán is so called. Lit an opening.

Such is the origin which tradition assigns to the *mela* The name of Ahir is held in abomination among the Pathans to this day, they will not allow an Ahir to settle down in their part of the town for the country was theirs originally, and so favourable is the soil to their growth that whenever a new family takes up its domicile among them it multiplies rapidly, and the ground becomes unusually productive under their industry

It is said that a *kisan* [286] while ploughing the land one day, struck at a door-frame, He digged the ground opened the shutter, and descended into the chamber, when what was his astonishment to find a large hall fully furnished after the custom of the ancient Ahirs. Among other articles of value that met his astonished gaze, there was a gold *maur*[287] in a gold salver at one end of the room He was overjoyed at the possession of so much wealth and siezing the *maur* greedily, he came out and closed the shutter after him But his much-valued prize proved a curse to him He fell sick and died and his whole family perished soon after the possession of the *maur* did not prove propitious to him or the race to which he belonged Lest therefore the infection should spread further, the surviving members of the community restored the *maur* to the place from which it had been removed, and hid the opening, which since then has never been discovered

The Chinnaur fair is thus one full of associations of the past This year the assemblage was unusually

286 An industrious class of agriculturists

287 A coronet made of tinsel or gold which the Hindu bridegroom wears for the occasion.

large. Besides the usual frequenters of a *mela*, almost all the conspirators had made it a point to attend; as, it was proposed by Mazhar Karim to come to a clear understanding with Ghulam Qádar Khan and the Subedars as to their conduct of the past, and how far they could be counted upon for the future.

Mangal Khan and Abdul Rauf Khan were among the first arrivals,—the latter, a heavy man, rode in a palki, while the former caracolled a fine bay country-bred to the admiration of the beholders. Ghulam Qadar Khan and Nizam Ali Khan also came riding from the opposite direction. Presently there was seen approaching a *palankeen*[288] in which sat Qadar Ali Khan, escorted by Nizam Ali and a *posse* of attendants on foot. Their arrival seems to have been looked for; a crowd assembled round the *palankeen*, so much so that the bearers had to come to a stand-still not being able to proceed further. Some of the sepoys of the regiment, who apparently belonged to Qadar Ali Khan's train, attempted to make way for it, calling out *bacho, bacho! hato, hato!*[289] while Nizam Ali plied his cane this side and that in order to open a lane for the *palankeen* to pass through. Ghulàm Qàdar Khan and Nizam Ali Khan happening to come up at the same time, their horses were jammed in among the mob; and as Nizám Ali was swinging about his cane calling out 'make way for the Nawáb's *palki*[290]'! he recklessly caught Ghu-

288 A contrivance superior in build to a *mená*, used formerly as a conveyance of State.

289. Save yourself, save yourself! move, move! get out of the road or give way

290. *Pálki* is the vernacular for *palankeen* which is a conical word

lám Qádar Khán's steed a stroke on his haunches The high mettled animal unused to such treatment, reared, but his rider who had noticed the action on the part of Nizám Ali, swerved him round and gave such a tight cut on the latter's face with his *kora** that he actually bellowed through pain A commotion ensued, Nizám Ali, spurring his pony, advanced menacingly at Ghulám Qádir Khán, while Nizám Ali Khán put his hand to his sword But at this stage Mangal Khán interposed, remarking "Nizám Ali, you are clearly in the wrong, you have got from the Nawáb what you deserved for your temerity"

"Nawáb!' the other retorted, 'what Nawab? who dare assert pretensions here?"

"When I speak of the 'Nawáb' sir'—sharply answered Mangal Khan—"I allude of course to Ghulám Qadar Khán the hereditary Nawáb of Shahjahanpore"

'Hereditary turn-tail!" was the angry and contemptuous rejoinder of Nizám Ali

More stinging language like this was exchanged and would probably have been followed by blows had not Mazhar Karím arrived and thrown oil on the troubled waters He requested the parties to draw aside from the crowd to a quieter spot, as he had an important topic to discuss with them that evening Being a man of influence and good social standing which derived further force from his official position they were all induced to give up the strife for the present Ghulám Qádar Khán and Nizám Alí Khán, however, turned their horses' heads and would not

* Riding whip

go with them And when Qudrat Ali galloped his pony after them, and begged them not to make a breach in their ranks by so open a show of resentment, Ghulam Qadir Khàn turned round and spoke to him "Better go and tell your 'Nawàb' that I am a well-wisher to the cause under any circumstance, but that I disdain to be seen in the company of pretenders and braggarts The time will come when he will regret this second open insult to my person"

CHAPTER XVIII

The last Consultation

Mazhar Karim and his friends went and sat down in one of the enclosures which mark the Pathàn tombs at Chinnaur Abdul Rauf Khàn noticed the absence of Mangal Khan, when Qudrat Ali remarked "He too went along with Ghulàm Qàdar, as he said he would no longer have anything to do with people who did not know the respect due to birth and position!

Mazhar Karim observed "You see, *hazrat*'—addressing Qadar Ali Khàn—'our party has already lost two of its principal members, and dissension has set in among us Unless therefore we are quick and declare ourselves openly, there is fear of the whole scheme falling through, and what will be the result? We have reason to thank the Sarkar for its supineness!'

"Why '—said Nizàm Ali—'the result will be, Sarishtedar Sáhab, that Turàb Ali will hand us all

over to the Magistrate, and we shall get what we deserve for being unable to follow up a scheme which has been prepared with so much care, with the laudable object of subverting the foreign government, and restoring our national sovereignty It is all due to the pride of that puppy of a 'nawàb,' whom I would just now have castigated for his insolence if not for your unreasonable interference'

"That was just the way, answered Mazhar Karim—"to find yourself in the *Faujdari-Court*[291] And now our only hope lies with you, Subedár Sahib' addressing Ghansham Singh who, with Zoráwar Singh had just joined them

'If you all are so short-sighted," answered Ghansham Singh—"as to fall out on trivial pretences such is not our wont It will take a stronger reason for us to change our minds, which are made up to succeed or perish in the attempt Do you know the latest move of our oppressors?'

"What? asked several voices

"Why we are no longer trusted' rejoined the Subedar-major, "because we refuse to bite the cartridges, the Colonel Sahib to punish us for our obstinacy, has ordered all the station guards to be doubled'

'Why did you not tell him to his face—the *kafir* I observed Surfaraz Ali, who formed one of the conclave, 'you should have told him to his face that the treasury and all that is in it was ours

A foolish speech like that, replied Zorawar Singh—"would have caused us, for I was present

291 Court of criminal justice

when the order to double the guards was passed, to be arrested on the spot, and marched off at once to the regimental lock-up; do you know?"

"Then what are we to do now?" said Qádar Ali Khan in a pettish tone. "Had we declared ourselves two days ago, everything would have been done and over on the Sunday previous, and we might have kept up the Id with general rejoicing over the extinction of our foes. The Id too is gone; one side that faithless ally of ours—" pointing to the direction in which Ghulám Qádar Khan had gone—"one side he has grown unaccountably squeamish; while, on the other, you, Subedár Sáhab, became unreasonably cold, and wouldn't come out to meet us!"

"The fault is your's, not mine," replied the Subedár-major; "had we been sure you were all unanimous and ready, we would have kept our part of the compact. As it is, you see your right hand is already cut off by the secession of Ghulam Qádar Khan."

'I will answer," interposed Mazhar Karím—"for the good faith of Nizám Ali Khán and his friend, the Nawáb Ghulam Qádar. They wish us well and will assist us, though the Nawab positively declines to raise his arm against the harmless and innocent."

"You all are a set of law-abiding people, no doubt" said Zorawar Singh cynically, "your scruples go the length of cutting down the trunk and leaving the root in the ground."[222]

'What is the use of prolonging this discussion?'

222 *Jar katun aur bél barhdun* I cut the root and cause the creeper to grow up is a common saying in Upper India

struck in Ghansham Singh "I have made up my mind, whether you will or not, that we finish the work on Sunday, and March off to Dilli the following morning"

"Agreed, let it be Sunday then!" spoke Qadar Ali Khan decisively. "Let the *jihád* be declared against the *kâfirs* on Sunday, and may the prophet's curse be on him who withdraws or withholds his arm

CHAPTER XIX.

TARDY RESOLUTIONS

"The fact of the matter is, James" said Mr Ricketts, addressing the Commandant of the Sepoy Regiment, as they both, with Mr Jenkins, the Tehsildar, and the Kotwal were returning from a ride through the *melá*, 'the truth is, things have gone too far already The political air has electricity in it With the example set by Meerut, and the alarming news from other places, all of which the Tehsildar tells me are retailed and discussed openly in the bazar, it is hardly to be expected your men should remain true to their colours'

'My men will never, I hope, forsake their colours, they have been tried a dozen times over, and have never lost faith in their commander,' was the observation of Captain James a mixture of petulance and offended pride!

"What is it you told me just now?" asked Mr Ricketts

"Well," rejoined Captain James, "it is true the suggestion that the guards should be doubled came from the native officers."

"And which suggestion," remarked Mr Jenkins,—"they afterwards turned and twisted to the disparagement of their officers?"

"True," answered Captain James; "they had really the impudence to come and assure me this morning that the Sepoys had a grievance as they said that they had been prevented from attending the *melá* a privilege which had never been denied them before, because the guards had been doubled, and that my order to double the guards showed clearly that I had lost confidence in them, or that it was meant to punish them for refusing to bite the cartridges'

"It is perfectly clear to me,' observed Mr Ricketts—"that if the sepoys are in the plot which I am certain is brewing in the city, it will be all lost with us

"Your tone is unnecessarily gloomy, Ricketts" remarked Captain James And again in an offended tone "What is there to make you suspect my men are hatching mischief? There must be some misapprehension I am sure I have no doubt the city *badmáshes* have been at their ear'

"It is just possible" observed Mr Jenkins—' that the report made to you, James of the intention to plunder the Treasury was perhaps an exaggerated version of some half-conceived design, and may have been brought to your notice by some sepoys implicated in the intended mutiny"

"The report was made to me,' replied Captain James—"by the Subedár major Ghansham Singh, an officer who wears three war medals on his breast,

and whom I consider to be incapable of telling a *falsehood*"

"It is difficult,' suggested Mr Jenkins—"to place implicit confidence on the natives at present, be they in the army or not I hear of so many sedition-mongers at work among the people, as well as in the Sepoy lines, there can no longer be a doubt of there being a general upheaval of native society'

'I wonder," said Mr Ricketts reflectively, "suppose for a *moment* that the 28th *did mutiny*, I wonder if we could count upon any of them remaining faithful to their salt?"

'As to that,' replied Captain James, "though I could still maintain that I have no fear of my Regiment mutinying, as to that I would count upon say 500, *or half of the Regiment remaining faithful* to their officers This confidence of mine is strengthened from the fact that out of that number there are about 150 Sikhs'[293]

'You forget James,' struck in Mr Jenkins—'that the disaffection spreads as far as Umballa, which is in the Punjab

"I was thinking, James," remarked Mr Ricketts—"if the extra sentry could not be taken off?'

"The order cannot be cancelled,' answered Captain James—'as it has been entered in the Order Book, *but I shall take steps to remove the extra sentry* tomorrow or when the fair is over'

233 *Sikh*, properly so called is a name borne by the followers of Guru Nanak, and they all belong to the Jat tribes But when we speak of the Sikhs we mean the martial races inhabiting the Punjab generally

CHAPTER XX

IRRESOLUTION

We have brought down the reader to the evening of the 26th of May The following and the next day were days of anxious expectation to the Christian residents of Shahjahanpore There were some who, like Mr Ricketts, fully impressed as they were with the gravity of the situation, yet could not tell "how far these things would go" Others there were who, like Mrs Lavater, grown up in their Indian experiences, from which they had stored in lessons of prudence and foresight, could discern in the signs of the times the symptoms of a gathering storm which was steadily rising above the horizon, destined to envelop them all in a general cataclysm

Mr Ricketts had returned to duty at a period of extreme public excitement He had to grapple with a difficulty of the greatest magnitude He was convinced that tthe ominous rumours which were brought to his ears daily by the Tehsildar and others could not be all false He felt curious why Rae Harsahâe, his Revenue-Sarishtedar,[294] and others of his establishment, should seek a private interview with him frequently, and communicate to him all that had come to their knowledge, while Mazhar Karím, his Faujdari sarishtedar, was so entirely reticent He could perceive no signs of disrespect on his part, the same outward deference and obedience were paid to him and his orders as before, yet there was something

294 Superintendent of the revenue portion of a District Officer's establishment

sinister in this very marked behaviour of the man's He was a person of respectability from Bahruch, wore a venerable long beard, and clean shaven head (for he was a *hafiz*); no fault had ever been found with him for the performance of his official duties, he was the very personification of a grave-looking, staid native gentleman Mr Ricketts, nevertheless, could not but look upon him with suspicion If a conspiracy was brewing to subvert the present order of things through native agency, he, thought he, was the *man fitted to be its head* These whisperings of his conscience could nevertheless find no voice, he had need to be cautious, and not provoke a crisis which after all would perhaps pass off without leaving any indelible marks behind it Mr Ricketts revolved the *pros* and *cons* of the situation in his own mind without taking any one into his confidence, and he came to the resolution to await the course of events

There were misgivings also in the minds of the responsible military officers Captain James, for instance, could not get over the thought that it was his Subédar-major, his most trusted native subaltern, who had first proposed to him to double the guards, and had afterwards aired the step as a grievance which his men were inclined to father On the previous day before starting for the Chinnaur fair, *he had sent for the Subédar-major, and was informed* that he had gone along with a number of other native officers and men to the fair This circumstance taken by itself, had no significance But Captain James had of late taken to putting facts together, and weighing their probable effects It occurred to him today that Subedar-major Ghanshám

Singh, Subédar Zoráwar Singh and others had of late been oftener absent from the lines than had been their wont, or than was compatible with the rules of discipline recognised by the Regiment He was curious to know what possible connection there could be between the occupations and pleasures of the residents of the city and the men under his command And if it was true that a conspiracy was at foot in which they were engaged commonly, he wondered whether what he had so confidently told the District Officer that, in the event of a mutiny, he could count upon a large proportion of his men remaining true to their salt, was likely to prove correct The *tontas* or the new cartridges had been issued, and his men had refused to bite them with their teeth, but in doing so they had only done what naturally would be expected of men rigidly attached to their religious tenets And the native officers had once and again taken the opportunity to represent to him privately how strongly they were opposed to the new cartridge, and how utterly subversive it would be of their caste prejudices to be made to touch them with their lips Captain James had at such times told them that he would take time to consider their objections, and which seemed to satisfy them

Such reflected he is not the conduct of those who had made up their minds to use the cartridge grievance as the occasion of severing their time honoured dependance upon the Government or of throwing off their allegiance to the Company-Bahadur which had always dealt kindly by them as with their own children Whenever he addressed them

he called them "*bál á log*",[295] and he was sure he had often been spoken to as their "*mai-báp* [296]" Would men between whom and their employers there subsisted such affectionate relations, would such men be found to belie the past traditions of the Regiment, and raise the standard of revolt? Captain James dismissed the thought as a chimæra of his own brain, and dismissed it with disdain He arrived at the conclusion that he would not anticipate but wait for the issue of events

Thus it came to pass that both the civil and military authorities, in spite of warnings and visible manifestations of discontent, remained indecisive, and would take no step to either face the coming storm with decision and determination, or secure the means of making an obstinate defence against the enemy in some selected position The last idea though it had been mooted once, seems never to have been entertained seriously, the authorities being unaware to the last of the extent and magnitude of the crisis

An event occurred, however on the 29th of May which served to emphasize the state of feeling which prevailed among the troops

Sepoy Pitam Singh had gone into hospital two days before for acute bronchitis On the third *morning* after his admission, while Doctor Bowling, Surgeon to the Regiment, was on his rounds in the wards, he was informed by the native Doctor that a *dangerous* case required his immediate attention The Doctor went

295 Children A term usually applied to the children of the European residents in India.

296 Mother-father a *term often* applied by the servile Indian to his European superior

and sat down on the patient's cot, and, after examining him called for a bottle of medicine which he said must be given him at once. When the bottle was brought it was found to be so tightly corked that the Doctor had to apply his teeth to pull out the stopper. When, however, the medicine was brought to Pitam Singh, he refused to take it. Weak as he was, he sat up on his bed and declared that he had been polluted by the touch of the medicine that an attempt had been made to take his caste, and he called to the other patients to bear testimony that the Doctor Sahab had touched the medicine with his lips before giving it to him.

Every one present was dumb-founded. The native servants and the out-door patients of the Regiment all flocked round Pitam Singh's bed, who affirmed that he had been made *bhusht*[292] by the touch of the medicine and could not be purified without the prescribed *prâîshit*.[293] The Doctor found himself not only in an uncomfortable but an insecure position, he felt afraid of being mobbed and wrote off a hurried note to Captain Sneyd Commanding the 3rd Company, to which Pitam Singh belonged to send to him at once sepoy Ram Narâin who was known to be a high brahmin and well versed in the mysteries of the Hindu faith, to come and help him out of his difficulty. This note was sent off by an express in the person of sepoy Hanmant Singh who during his passage to the lines told every one he met that an open attempt had been made by the Doctor Sâhab to take Pitam Singh's caste. There was hurry and ex-

292 Sans. Polluted.
293 A purifying atonement.

citement all over the Regiment The men rushed out of their huts in the direction of the hospital the Musalmán sepoys called out 'dín, dín,' while the Hindus declared to each other excitedly 'Haré Rám! bhisht kar diyá!'[299]

When at length the Doctor's note reached Captain Sneyd who was then in attendance on the Commanding Officer at the Orderly Room, that gentleman ran in breathless haste to the lines in search of sepoy Rám Narain He found him taking his bath at the well (it was past 9 A M), and catching hold of him by his arm requested him to accompany him to the hospital Ram Narain protested he had no need to go into hospital as he was in the best of health, and tried to disengage his arm But his Company Commander would not let go his hold, and with a 'd your eyes', ordered him to do as he was told They both at length arrived by the bed side of the patient the crowd however continued to press against the doors, and would pay no heed to Captain Sneyd's order for them to keep the entrance clear Ram Narain being informed of what was expected of him took the bottle of medicine from Dr Bowling's hand and as the very first step to his method of curing the present evil, dashed it to the ground shivering it into atoms Dr Bowling was shocked He next put his *jánéo* or sacred string over his ear called for Gangá water which was at hand sprinkled some of it on the patient called on 'Sri Bhawáni' four times turning his face each time to the four cardinal points muttering a *mantrá* as he did so and finally pronounced the evil had been exorcised

299 O Ram! he has polluted me!

After Captain Sneyd and Dr. Bowling had gone way, the crowd still blocked the doors of the build- ıg. Pitam Singh was so exhausted by his efforts ı excite sympathy that he lay almost breathless ı his bed. It was now Rám-Narain *pandit's* turn ı expatiate on the wrongs he had sustained that orning. He informed his audience that he had ɔen dragged by the Captain Sáhab while engaged in ıe solemn occupation of performing his ablutions;[300] ıat while in that state, the Saháb had actually rought his fingers in contact with his skin whereby ə had been polluted; and, that if a *prakhit* was ecessary to restore Pitam Singh to caste, one of a ɔculiarly deep character was required to vindicate ıe sanctity of the Brahman caste which had been ısulted in his person: the most forward *pandit* in ıe Regiment. His hearers were fully in accord ith those sentiments, and, interlarding their speeches ith "*Hé Bhagwan! Hé Sri Bhagwat!*[301] declared ıat the Kampani-Bahadúr's designs were now com- g to the surface. "*Ab dharam kahán ɔaha?*" said ıoy! "*chalo bhaiá bhalle hue gai abto!*"[302]

They were in this inflammatory mood when the fficer Commanding arrived, on the report taken to m by Captain Sneyd of what he had seen and ɔard. He brought Dr. Bowling with him, who as- red the men present that in trying to open the ttle in the way he did, he had no intention of

300. The morning bath at the well or running stream has a sacred obligation with the Hindu He mutters his prayers while bathing

301. O Bhagwan! O Bhagwat! Both names of Vishnu

302. Where is religion now? Come brethren, this reaches the climax!

wounding the religious susceptibilities of his patient, who had misrepresented the matter in the wild speech which he had made to them ; but that nevertheless he was very sorry for what had occurred . "Now, *babá loo!*' put in Captain James "I hope you will accept the Doctor Sáhab's explanation and think no more of the matter Go every one of you to his hut, and let me not hear the subject mentioned again'

As Captain James and Dr Bowling drove off from the Hospital, some one shouted out "What have you done for the *prálishit*?' Another answered . "It will be paid two days hence!" A shoe was flung after them from amidst the crowd, and several of them spat on the ground [303] These incidents, however, were unnoticed by Captain James, who apparently thought no more of the matter after that moment.

CHAPTER XXI

RUSSELL'S HOUSE

SCENE—*JOINT MAGISTRATE'S COURT, SHAHJAHANPORE ACCUSED IN THE DOCK*

Magistrate—(Addressing the prisoner) "Now, say truly who fired Russell-Sáhab's bungalow?"

Prisoner — "What a funny question! What do I know?"

303 In token of contempt

Magistrate:—"Then tell me was it you who set fire to Redman-Sáhab's bungalow?"

Prisoner:— "Who says Redman-Sahab's bungalow has been fired?"

Magistrate:—"Not the bungalow in which he lives, but the one owned by him in *kampú?*"

Prisoner:— May-be. Sáhab, I want to know why I have been arrested and treated like a felon by the *bunqandázes?* Did any one see me fire either of the bungalows?"

There was considerable excitement that day, the 30th of May 1857, in the *kachehrí.*[304] A bungalow in which a Lieutenant Russell once lived before had been fired during the preceding night, as well as another owned by Mr. Redman, both situated in the Cantonment. The inmates had had time to escape but a good deal of their property was destroyed. No one saw the deed being committed, as the perpetrators went to work after midnight, that is, after the moon had set. Thus when the alarm of "fire!" was raised by the servants and others residing in the neighbourhood, though a couple of men were seen running away across the Parade-ground, and from the direction which they took were presumed to belong to the city, the real mischief-makers could not be discovered.

Suspicion, however, was directed to Azzu-Khan, whom we have once before known to have been suspected of arson; and for want of a more eligible subject, the Kotwál arrested him under the orders

304 Office

of the Joint Magistrate, and placed him for trial before that officer

Great was the excitement therefore when he was brought up For Azzu Khan was a personage of no mean importance in the city. He was a braggart, a bully, and a desperado With an iron-shod staff of ponderous weight he used to go about in the bazar prepared for any exploit which required pluck and daring for the execution of it He disdained to have an associate in his crimes The Authorities knew his character and had more than once run him in and on the present occasion too it was considered convenient to bring him to trial, and convict him of the offence of firing the bungalows

But Azzu Khan knew the ways of the Courts, he well understood by this what was the proper course for him to pursue when he was accused of an offence which could not be brought home to him by direct evidence He challenged the Kotwál to produce his witnesses One or two were examined, who however, could say no more than that they did perceive two shadowy forms retiring in the distance from the side of the bungalows but were not able to identify them The case had therefore to be adjourned for further evidence and the prisoner was remanded to custody When being removed from the Court, Azzu Khán made the Joint Magistrate a low contemptuous *salám* remarking *My* witnesses will be produced to-morrow, whether you will take them or no

CHAPTER XXII

THE EVENING BEFORE THE STORM

The flames of the burning bungalows had failed to rouse up the Officers to a sense of the seriousness of the position it had failed signally to bring them to a consciousness of the near approach of the catastrophe, which surely was nearer than ever before It had cast its shadow already across their path a shadow the significance of which they, however, preferred to ignore What was passing in the minds of the chief officers of the District it is impossible to determine, there was a vague fear no doubt of something coming which nevertheless would leave them scathless They neither showed by their conduct or behaviour distrust of the natives, nor did they move hand or foot to provide against possible evil The civil officers went to *kachehri* and the military officers to their daily round of regimental duty, as usual And they all met daily in the stereotyped fashion at some central place in the evening, which passed away in eating and drinking, in light chit-chat, in playing and dancing There was nothing to show they knew that the edge of the volcano had been reached, and that a trembling of the ground might rudely tilt them at any moment into the crater which had opened its mouth

This, the thirtieth of May, was passed as usual They all met at Dr Bowling's Mrs Bowling did the honours of the evening While Lieutenants Rutherford and Scott sang a duett, Miss Scott, the latter's sister, kept the accompaniment on her guitar

and afterwards gave "Shades of Evening" herself in her rich, mellifluous voice Captains Lysaght and Sneyd, Lieutenants Key and Pill sat down to a rubber of whist, while Mr Ricketts, Mr Jenkins and Captain James discussed the news of the day over a peg of Exshaw's No 1 Young Smith, the Assistant Collector, lay sick at home, while Lieutenant Robertson was orderly officer for the day Captain Salmon had one of his crotchets, and did not leave his house at all this evening The rest of the young men, namely—Ensigns Spiers, Johnston and Scott, including Dr Bowling, attended to the ladies Mrs Lysaght, Mrs Key, Mrs Bowling, and Mrs and Miss Scott Mrs Bowling's child, little Effie, flitted about here and there like a bright little fury playing hide and seek with the Padri, the Revd W MacCullam

The reader will thus perceive that as in the days of Noah people went about doing this and doing that, according to their usual wont, so did the good people of Shahjahanpore,—I mean those to whose care the destinies of the district were committed during the good old days of the Company's rule—meet this evening like any other evening of their life, to sing, and to laugh and to play, and—separate for the night.

We will now take a peep into the humbler dwelling of Mr Lavater Reposing under the shadow of old umbrageous, *Mhowa*[305] trees which formed a grove before it, the little bungalow of the Lavaters was the very emblem of peace, order and the domestic affections Mr Lavater had just then returned from office, and after a wash had sat down on the

305 See glossary

little terrace to the north of his house sipping his peg of XX Rum He was soon joined by his wife whose first enquiry was, what had been done to the incendiaries ?

"Nothing yet, my dear," he replied, "that scoundrel of an Azzu has again been caught but he denies all knowledge of the act I heard him jeering at Jenkins as the latter drove off, "Wait, *sale*,[306] we'll, see who will ride the high horse here tomorrow '

"Azzu is known to be a desperate man,' remarked his wife, "but I dont think it was he who fired Redman's house What could he gain by the act ? I have heard a good deal of what is going to happen tomorrow, has Mr Ricketts told you anything ?"

"I did go up and ask him," he replied "At first he wanted to know what were my grounds for thinking there would be a mutiny , and, when I told him that the world rang with the rumour, after a pause he said 'Well Mr Lavater, there is no understanding what all this *bazár gap*[307] means There is no cause to be alarmed, however, rest assured I will inform you should there be any danger With this answer I had of course to rest satisfied '

"A great deal of what we hear, rejoined Mrs Lavater—"is no doubt gup , but at the present time it is extremely important to note everything one sees and hears '

And I have no doubt Mr Ricketts does that,' observed Mr Lavater

'And I " said his wife—' have doubts that he does !

306 Wife a brother an insult and a term of reproach
307 Rumour idle talk

What has he done since the *malik* gave him warning? What has he done to apprehend the actual incendiaries? He merely gets a fellow brought to trial because he happens to have a bad name, and because it pleases the Kotwal to make a scape-goat of him All his conduct shows the man's mind is unhinged he is irresolute, he does not know what to do'

"What can he do my dear?" suggested Mr Lavater 'If evil is to come, he cannot prevent it'

"True, no one can oppose the workings of the Almighty," rejoined his wife, "yet the Authorities can and should have done something to provide a place of shelter for the helpless women and children. This would not show distrust, on the contrary, it would be evidence of prevision But his wife is I suppose safe so what does he care for others?"

"My darling you are too severe," again suggested Mr Lavater

"I have reason to be husband" said she "Why are warnings discredited? Why have they become wilfully blind? Instead of keeping close in their houses or entrenching themselves in some secure spot like Mehndí-kí-Kóthí, or the School for instance there they are laughing and giggling men dancing attendance on women and women cracking jokes with men A while ago some of them drove away from Bowlings'

If Richetts knew anything could be done to mend matters, he would I am sure do it,' observed Mr Lavater

"I doubt much if he will do anything at all,' resumed his wife, "he leaves things to take care of themselves This is the way with them all Did you read about the Cashmerian girl, Sophie at

Meerut? She was the kept mistress, it seems, of one Doctor Smith. She heard from a sepoy, an old paramour of her's, that the troops would mutiny and massacre the Europeans, and she told it all to the Doctor; but the latter pooh-poohed it! He was one of the first to be killed. Why his race is so self-confident arrogant, and conceited, is a problem. I greatly fear the fate of the disbelieving Doctor awaits them all, and we of course will be involved in the same disaster!"

Mr. Lavater thought his wife had the spirit of a Cassandra, and would fain have diverted her attention from a subject upon which she seems to have made up her mind to talk this evening. She resumed where she had left off:

"No, I cannot qualify my opinion of the seeming indifference of the Authorities. Even a servant-girl is not too insignificant a body to take warning from. Only yesterday Ládo was telling me that she heard at the Chunnur fair the sepoys had made up their minds to break out to-morrow. And Champá—surely, you will believe Champá, dear—assured me that as the native boys passed our house when the fair was over, they brandished the switches with which they had armed themselves, saying as they did so: 'this way we'll kill the *káfars*!' Now if these little things have no significance, what has, I should like to know?"

"What you have told me sounds marvellous," observed Mr. Lavater, "I wonder what it all means!"

Not seeming to heed her husband's remark, Mrs Lavater went on "What does Mr. Ricketts know or the other officers? Are they in touch with native society? Have they any knowledge of its under-

currents? There sits your Magistrate Sáhib to be sure, with his legs cocked on the table, expecting every one that approaches him to make him a humble obeisance, and to lick the dust off his feet All very well so long as things are going smoothly; but is this the time to put on mock-airs—for clean-faced striplings, hardly weaned from their mother's apron-strings, to treat contemptuously the signs of the times, sitting at the helm of an Empire? Who is there that will go and inform Assistant Sáhib that the city is going to mutiny to morrow and be called a 'bloody fool' for his pains? Have these men established any system of intelligence or espionage upon which they can rely? Yes, the Kotwál, the faithless fellow who once every morning goes and reports 'all's well!' and during 23, out of the 24 hours takes things at his ease, and truckles with those whose behests he will obey to morrow What is there to prevent the fomenters and leaders of this rebellion to receive and communicate news from and to distant stations? At such a time a sagacious and vigorous ruler would intercept all letters, and see for himself whether any of them contained inflammatory or dangerous writing But instead of that, what do we see? The Post Office is the channel of free, constant and unchecked intercourse between the disaffected of Meerut and Umballa, and other parts of the country"

And in this strain she would probably have gone on for another hour, for she could foresee in spirit what mighty grief was in store for her Like a bird shut up in a cage, she flapped her wings, seeking a door of escape but could find none Her soliloquy was interrupted by the arrival of her young daughter,

who came running up to her papa to announce that dinner was on table. It was a very quiet dinner, no one hardly spoke. When it was over, Mr. Lavater, as was his wont, went quietly to bed, and his family retired after him at 9 o'clock.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PRESAGES.

After a deep sleep of four hours, Mrs. Lavater woke suddenly, and called out to her husband: he was awake.

"I thought I heard a mournful dirge, and I started from sleep," said she. "Champa!" addressing the house-maid—"go and see outside who calls?"

Champá went out, and returned. "There is *sáen*[308] outside, Mem Sàhab; *rât bolti hae*":[309] a thing which it had never been known to do before! At the same time there was a disturbance in the tops of the high *khinni* trees, the rooks cawed and flew about in circles; the big horned owl which had of late been observed to sit and hoot in the dead of the night on the *pipal*[310] near Sundarlal's *shivala*, uttered his hoarse "*boom, boom!*" and was answered by his mate from the next *khinni* tree in a voice which resembled the moan of a baby in pain. The jackals howled persistently; and this at one o'clock, while

308 Dead silence, the whisper before the storm

309 The night is speaking, lit the voices of the night.

310 See glossary

the sound of *már, már* rose at intervals from the midst of Rasul-Shah's *tálá*.[311]

It was a weird night.

Mrs Lavater rose and sat up on her bed, and extending her right hand began to feel for her foot. She withdrew her hand with a jerk as if she had been stung, and putting it up against the light which burnt dimly in the next room began to examine it.

Her husband felt curious at the meaning of this action.

"What is it, darling, what are you looking for? Have you not slept?"

"Yes, I have," she replied. "O husband!" she resumed. "What a horrible dream I have had! I dreamt that my foot was cut and bleeding, and I started up to see what was the matter."

"I too was in a deep sleep," rejoined Mr Lavater, "I dreamt that a ladder was set up to heaven, and an appearance like that of a man ascended and descended from it. He was clothed in a white flowing garment which descended to his feet, and he looked at me with an ineffably bland countenance. A thought struck me that it was the Saviour. I immediately fell down and worshipped Him, and began to pray. It is strange that I and you should both have had a dream at the same time! What can all this mean? I have never had such a dream *before*."

"O husband!" exclaimed Mrs Lavater. "I am all in a tremor. Gloomy anticipations have seized my mind. O Saviour, help us! Endue us

311 See App. XVIII.

with strength sufficient to meet the future, and, whatever may be in store for us, give us grace to say 'Thy will be done!' The last sentences she uttered with her hands folded before her, while her husband prayed in spirit

After a few moments' pause, she seemed to grow calmer, a heavenly serenity settled on their minds, and they began to converse more freely.

"Sure I am,' she said, "to-morrow will be a heavy day for us all Nature addresses us in language which cannot be misunderstood Do you hear the persistent hooting of that owl? And I have observed how irregularly the jackals have been howling of late Does all this signify nothing? These are not the common voices of the night; there is a disturbance up in the air among the voiceless denizens of the trees which shall soon strike down to the earth'

Her husband was silent

She continued "The situation is brimming over with uncertainty and excitement. The period is one full of prognostics Not to speak of the comet, a phenomenon the appearance of which at this particular epoch can perhaps be traced to natural causes, what do you say to the sheet of blood seen at Agra, a meagre account of which the Moff gave the other day? To what causes are we to attribute that appearance? Does it not betoken that seas of human blood will flow not ere long?"

Her husband was still silent She proceeded "To be sure, servants are great story tellers Well, hear what they said when they returned from the Chinnaur fair At a gathering of the sepoys which contained also some of their native officers one of

them said that a giant shade had been seen at Benares standing in the dead of the night between heaven and earth, with his sword drawn in the act to strike The writer assured his friend that the apparition had been seen by several persons for three or four nights together, suspended in the air as it were over the thickest part of the city

"One of those present, hearing this relation, said that he too had received a letter which stated that at Sisata Ghât, Cawnpore, a European had been seen at night having on a tall hat and a long coat Suddenly his head seemed to rise from his shoulders, expanding in size as it rose This sight was witnessed by several men of the 36th Bengal Native Infantry stationed there and it so terrified them that they fell down senseless; but when they came to, the vision had disappeared

"The same vision was seen by another sepoy of the 36th now on leave at Benares He was standing at night in his courtyard, when he thought the door of his house was kicked open from within, and the same gentleman of the bell-topper hat and long coat stalked out of the house, crossing the yard where he stood

"These are all stories in one sense no doubt, yet it is curious that the natives should regale them to each other at this particular juncture, and still more strange that they should connect them with Europeans

"Ah me! The Lord only knows what is to befall us"

"I quite agree with you, my dear," at length spoke Mr Lavater "I agree with you that these are extraordinary stories and the voices of the night

are also very peculiar and strange Yet amid much that is apt to produce terror, I feel as if the look of my Saviour had infused fresh vigour in me and if I die, I shall die content, fully convinced that He will continue to protect you all more effectually than my human arm can do, 'yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil, for Thou shalt be with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me'!"

Mr Lavater grew quiet, and after this fell asleep for it was now between 3 and 4 in the morning Mrs Lavater fetched a deep sigh, being impressed visibly with her husband's spirit of resignation And meditating over the future, she too fell into a doze, and was soon asleep

CHAPTER XXIV

THE GHOST

A night of restlessness and feverish anxiety was passed by another man in the same station of Shahjahanpore, this thirtieth of May Leaving Dr Bowling's house at 8 P M where he had endeavoured to drown his heavy cares for a while in repeated pegs of Exshaw Mr Ricketts drove home in his buggy, and on alighting went straight to his bed-room His bearer followed him and offered to undress him, but he ordered him out and called out to his jamadar [318] When the latter appeared, he told him to bid the four orderlies be on the alert through

318 Head-orderly or head messenger

the night, and to be himself ready to answer to his call The jamadar *salamed* and went out, and did as he had been told Mr Ricketts felt his pockets, and walked up and down in his hall As he heard 9 strike, he entered his bed room and lay down not intending to sleep however He felt fatigued and somewhat exhausted The day had been one of great worry The Kotwal had been to him a second time—quite an unusual thing—and had reported that when Azzu left the Joint Magistrate's Court, fettered and manacled as he was, he was surrounded by a large number of his sympathizing friends, some of whom made an attempt to tear away his fetters

'Who ordered fetters to be put on him?" demanded Mr Ricketts

'It was no one's order, sir," replied the Kotwál, 'only as he is such a desperate character, I thought it better to have him well secured until he was locked up again in the *kavalat*' [313]

"Then you did a very unlawful thing, I can tell you"

The Kotwál proceeded

"A number of those whose names you already know, sir, gathered round him and there were some sepoys also in the crowd One of these went up and said to him in a loud whisper 'Wait but a few hours more, and you will be a free man again'"

'Why did you allow this demonstration?' again demanded Mr Ricketts

"Sir, I could not have prevented it, as the majo-

313 The Magistrate's lock up for under trial prisoners is so called

guard[314] whom I ordered to disperse the crowd, only laughed at me, and would not obey my orders"

So,' reflected Mr. Ricketts as he lay in bed, "here was an open manifestation of sympathy for a villain who of all others is the likeliest one to have fired the bungalow The Kotwal in whom I have trusted so long, is either powerless to enforce law and order or, what is more likely, he has been hoodwinking me all this while when disaffection is evidently prevailing everywhere, and has been cajoling me with his stereotyped story of 'all well! This scoundrel has too oily a tongue I shall trust him no longer To-morrow I must begin looking into things more closely myself'

Thus mumbling and talking to himself half audibly, he dozed off and was heard snoring by the jamadár and peon on duty outside But starting up when it struck 11, he got up all at once and ordered his favourite mare "Bardwán' to be saddled, and brought up to the house Meanwhile he began to undress, but when the mare was announced, he told the jamadár pettishly that he did not want her, and ordered her to be unsaddled at once He again laid down but could get no sleep Again he rose up, and, after walking up and down the room began to pull up his boots He put on a *shikar-coat*, and carefully put away a brace of pistols into his side-pockets Then he called for his mare and, while she was being saddled he paced up and down the room occasionally halting in a reflective attitude, and wiping the perspiration from his face When however the mare was announced he ordered her to be again unsaddled He now threw himself heavily into an easy chair

314 See Glossary

which stood near the bay window rested his head on his arms and began to sob, exclaiming now and again "O darling! I wish you were near by to witness the misery of your wretched husband!" There was a pause, he raised his head from his arms stood up, and looked out at the open sky which was cloudless and clear "Oh!" he exclaimed again "Oh! you are safe and that is consolation enough" Again he began to pace briskly up and down the room He sat down this time in an arm-chair near the toilette-table and called out to his *jamadar* to order up 'Bardwan He next proceeded to draw out the pistols from his pockets Then he opened his wife's wardrobe, and took out from it two jewel-cases One of these contained his wife's trinkets, and the other belonged to Mrs Johnston, an intimate friend of hers He opened both these cases and took out their contents, and after making convenient packets of them, he put them away in his pockets The horse being announced—it was past 2 A M—he replaced the pistols in his side-pockets, rose from the chair, paced up and down, and taking up a rifle from its stand went into his office-room When lo! to his horror he found already occupied the chair on which he had intended to sit down and write A stalwart form enveloped from head to foot in a dark cloak started up from the chair abruptly as he entered the room and, facing about looked him full in the face Mr Ricketts legs tottered beneath him, his lips were glued together, and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth He clutched nervously at the door, and the rifle fell from his hand The apparation turned right about and stalked with measured steps out of the room through the hall and disappeared The

ead of his boots could be heard distinctly outside; ıe orderlies rose from sleep expecting to see the *sáhib* ɔme out every moment, and wondering what all this range behaviour of his could mean.

They were still more amazed when all of a sudeı they heard his voice from within. He had hanged his mind again; he ordered the horse to be nsaddled and, going into the bed-room, began to unress. He felt his legs heavy under him; he looked ıto the mirror and felt an unknown dread creep over im. He immediately covered the glass as if frightend at his own reflection, and sank down on the easy hair. By and bye he restored the trinkets to the ɔwel-cases from which he had taken them, and, plaeg the pistols under his pillow, turned into bed. The rderlies could hear his audible whisper as, with ands folded over his chest, he prayed or seemed to ray for strength from Above.

END OF PART I.

MARIAM

PART II.

'PASSING UNDER THE ROD'

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAST BUT VAIN APPEAL

Sunday the thirty-first of May 1857 dawned and clear The Church-goers rose betimes, and dressed for the morning service, which began at half past six o'clock An unusually large attendance was expected today, because it was a Communion Sunday In the olden days the Holy Sacrament used to be celebrated only once a month—on the first or last Sunday of the month Mr Lavater's family was astir from early morning Mr Lavater was a regular attendant of Church, but his wife had begged him not to go this Sunday So he was going through his toilet leisurely, when a native rode up to the house, and, dismounting, walked at once into his dressing-room

"Well Mahtáb Khán, what has brought you so early today ?' interrogated Mr Lavater

"Sáhab, I *have come again to repeat to you* my offer of protection," replied he "Remember this is positively the last time I shall not come again for today the mutiny will break out and God knows who will survive it. I have brought an *angá* and *pajámá* for you doff your clothes at once and put on these, and come with me You will find a safe refuge in my house'

"And what is to become of my wife and child, and the other members of my family ?"

"Let them all come with me, there is room for all'

'The idea of the fellow having my wife and child in his power! Never, as long as Robert Lavater is alive! I shall never make over my dear ones to the keeping of a Muhammadan' All this was mumbled in an under-tone

"No, thank you," said he "Mahtáb Khan, it is very kind of you to show so much devotion to me, but I really dont think we shall need to hide ourselves"

"For the last time let me beg of you, Sáhib," urged Mahtab Khán, "come ere it be too late Even now the agents of destruction are preparing for the attack, and you will soon have to fly"

Mr Lavater was somewhat annoyed at the man's persistency, he heard his daughter's footsteps approaching his room, and so he bowed him out

'My dear papa!" burst in Miss Lavater "How is it you are not dressed? It is getting late for Church

"My child we had better not go today Mother thinks it is safer to stay at home"

"No, no papa dear!" pouted she You must really go with me See I have worn my new frock and I must show myself in Church before I can go out with it to friends

Mr Lavater was himself wanting to go and he loved his daughter tenderly, and was willing at all times to humour her as far as he could But not being able to give a satisfactory tie to his neck-cloth, he went up to his wife who sat out on the terrace, and asked her to knot it for him

"But what for my dear?' Queried Mrs Lavater, as she stood up to do the I not for him "You surely are not dressing for Church? I particularly asked

you to remain home today ?" She stared curiously at his neck, and drew back a step

"And so you did, dear," he replied, "but our little daughter will have me go, as you see she has worn a new frock."

"My darling child!" she began addressing her daughter But the young lady became naughty; she put on a stiff-neck air, stroked her mother's face, and then clung on to her father, as much as to say: "Go I shall!"

"My dear,' said Mr Lavater smiling, "you did not let me go last Sunday because you thought there would be trouble Then the people talked of a rising on the Id, and today again that hair-brained fellow, Mahtáb Khán, has just been to me, entreating me to change my dress, and go along with him with my wife and daughter!"

"Take his advice, I say, and let us flee;" and she stared anxiously at his face "I have a strange feeling on me this morning, could you not alter your mind, and not go to Church at all?"

"What peculiar notions have seized your mind, dear!' he replied 'Of course if you dont positively wish me to go, I wont But really I see no cause"

So he went into his room put on his coat and hat, and came out with his thick walking-cane He left by the east'gate of his compound which led straight to the Church Mrs Lavater stood gazing at the retiring forms of her husband and daughter, until they both disappeared under the tall leafy teaks of Buller's compound Then she returned to the terrace, and sat down in the seat she had occupied before "Ah, my stars!" she sighed "What does that red

circle round his neck mean? It was never there before!"

She turned about and noticed a native Hindu standing with some papers in his hand, before her husband's room. It was Lala Rámjimal, English writer to the Jail. He made her a low salám. "What has brought you today, Lálá?" she enquired.

"I came," said he—"to get a statement written by Sáhib. He told me to wait, and that he would soon be back from Church. Ah, Mém Sáhab! why did you let Sahab and Bábá go? The city is in a ferment this morning."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE STATION-CHURCH.

The sun rose with unusual splendour. Six o'clock! Presently the Church-bell began to toll, and Church-goers were seen wending towards the house of prayer,—some in conveyances, others on foot.

The little Station-church of Shahjahánpore, dedicated to St. Mary, is situated on the southern boundary of the cantonment, in an ancient mango-grove known as Dúndá-bágh. It has three entrances,—one to the south, overlooking the large compound known as Buller's, with a small portico to it; another to the west, below the steeple; and the vestry-door opening to the north. There is no other opening to the north except windows. A narrow staircase leads up to the steeple from outside the west face of the building. To the east there used to be at the

time of which we are writing, open fields sloping down to the river cultivated with the melon To the west there was an open plain bounded by the civil part of the station, while the parade-ground stretched away to the north until the barracks of the native troops were reached The bungalows scattered about on the sides of the parade-ground, were those occupied by the regimental officers, except Captains Lysaght and Sneyd who resided in the Mess, which was located in the large bungalow known as Buller's

The above description of the Church in its relation to the adjacent country was necessary in order to comprehend the events which we are about to narrate We have now reached a part of our history which can best be related by an eye-witness We shall therefore let Miss Lavater speak herself of what she saw and went through since the time she left home with her father, and tripped along by his side, while they both walked with light hearts and happy faces to Church, for as yet Mr Lavater hadn t the remotest conception of what his experience were going to be that day We have seen how up to the last he had been earnestly pressed to seek escape by flight, but had spurned the proposal with indignation

CHAPTER XXVII

MISS LAWTEE'S NARRATIVE

(The thirty-first of May)

Myself and my dear father had scarcely left the house, when several sepoys of the Regiment crossed the road, going for their morning bath to the river They looked so strange and fierce as they cast malicious glances at us that I pressed close to my dear father's side and drew his attention to them "See, papa how fierce they look!' Their appearance did not strike him particularly, however, as the sepoys usually passed that way of a morning in order to perform their ablutions at the Khannaut, and father used I suppose to cross them frequently on his way to office which was close by, and, moreover, could be seen from our house

We entered the Church, as was our custom, from the portico and took our seats in the pew which we had always occupied namely, the last pew to the right as you enter the Church from the south There were a number of people already arrived I did not notice them particularly as every one seemed to be absorbed in devotion We knelt down for the 'Confession" and were just in the middle of it, when on a sudden a tumult arose from outside as of many persons yelling and threatening, as the sound advanced in our direction Every one got up from his knees, some of us stood up others sat down Father came out of the pew and went and stood at the door, I

followed after him There now appeared to our view six or seven stalwart men They were muffled up to their noses, and wore tight *dhotis*[1] as if equipped for the gymnasium They held naked swords in their right hands, and targets in their left With heated blood and excited passions at the sight of us two, they at once commenced an onslaught One of them made a cut at us, but the blow missed us both the sword catching one of the side-posts of the door, and burying itself in the wood My father was resting his left hand on the door, so when this first blow was struck, I rushed out of the door passing under his arm which formed a kind of an arch for me, and so escaped

A second and a third cut were made at my father by the others both of which caught him on the right of his face My father now seized the weapon of one of his assailants, and with such a firm grip that in drawing it he cut off two digits of his right hand These were all the cuts he received, but though he did not fall immediately, his wounds bled profusely All this while I stood looking on from the portico I was quite bewildered I asked my dear father what had happened for him to bleed so He answered "Take the handkerchief from my pocket and bandage my face" I did so, using my own handkerchief also for the purpose Another piece of cloth was lying there, he told me to use that also I did so He now expressed a desire to go home I held him by his hand and endeavoured to lead him We came out a short distance from the portico, but the bleeding became so profuse that he began to feel faint and

1 Loin-cloth tights

said to me "I can't walk, my dear; take me back to Church" We retraced the few steps which we had taken, and re-entered the Church He sat down on the ground resting his back against the wall near to our pew

I must leave my father here awhile, and lead the reader through the other events which occurred simultaneously The armed men made one, and only one, rush through the Church, and finally went off through the vestry-door After wounding my father, they rushed into, and up through, the length of the building, cutting right and left as they went. The next person whom they cut at was Lieutenant Scott; but his mother bent over and threw herself over him, and in that posture received a blow on her ribs, but her tight clothes protected her from any serious harm Mr Ricketts, the Collector, and Mr MacCullam, the Minister, ran out through the vestry

The survivors of the first onslaught now climbed up the belfry I accompanied them While there, we saw Captain James riding up to the church, but before he could reach it, a shot fired at him by one of the sepoys who were scattered about the parade-ground, struck him and he fell from his horse Captains Lysaght and Sneyd now came running from the Mess, calling out *Bábá log bábá log kyá karta*[2] ? They tried to pacify and restrain their men, but no heed was paid to their words They joined us in the turret with their weapons in their hands

At this stage a phaeton was sighted coming full speed towards the Church it was Dr Bowlings, and bore him and his wife and child, and nurse They had

2 My children what are you about?

ful sights, had seen my own dear parent wounded an
fall, and the sword of the murderer flash as it fell o
the young and innocent, that I felt my head in a per
fect daze There wasn't a tear in my eye I migh
have shed tears of blood at the sight of the gapin
wounds which disfigured my noble father's face, bu
the very suddenness of the calamity which had befalle
me left me no time to think

I obeyed my dear father's command, and, leavin
him where he lay on the bare ground, never, oh, never
to see that dear face again! I proceeded homeward
I first went round to the vestry-side, I had no busi
ness to go that side, as my road lay in the opposi
direction I cannot tell why I went that side, when
ghastly spectacle met my gaze, which took me qui
aback There—just 12 or 15 feet from the vestr
door—there lay poor Mr Ricketts cut into two Hi
murderer had performed a marvel of expert sword
manship From the left shoulder the blow had d
scended diagonally cutting sheer through the trun
and separating the head and right hand from the rest
the body! Horror-struck I moved back involuntari
from the spot, and began my dreary walk hom
through Buller's compound I met nobody in th
way No one challenged me no one attempted
intercept or molest me A dead silence prevailed
round Just as I had reached the opposite end
Buller's compound I perceived my dear home w
in flames Mr Redman's house which was ne
to ours, was also in a blaze the destruction was ve
rapid On reaching the spot which was once o
peaceful home, I looked for my mother but in vai
Mother was not there, she had either perished
the fire or been cut down by one of the miscrean

who had wounded my darling father. I looked for my granny whom I loved as tenderly as my parents, but she too was not there. None of the inmates of the house was to be seen, except old Nablé, my father's bearer, Khushál *dhobí*, and Dhani gardener, and his two sons. I descried Lálà Rámjimal, also, standing some distance. Seeing me in such great perplexity, he came up to me and said: "Bábá, dont distress yourself, be calm; mother, granny and the others are all safe; I know where they are refuged, I will take you to them." He led me to a house situated some 30 yards from our old home. It was a mud house, and its entrance which faced the road, was closed. Lálá gave a push to the door with a foil which he held in his hand, but no one seemed to heed the call. At length Lálá whispered through a chink in the door: "*Missy bábá*[3] has come, open"; when the door was opened slowly by my mother. I rushed into her arms; she held me to her breast, and exclaimed but without a tear in her eye: "Thank God! at least one is spared to me."

I then said to her: "Papa lies wounded in Church; send some one to fetch him" Poor mother was prepared for this news; she cast a piteous look at Lálá as she said: "Who will go for us, Lálá, but you?" Lálá at once answered: "Yes, *sarkár!* I will go. Do you all remain close here until I return." I volunteered to go back to the Church with him, urging as a plea: "You dont know where he is; let me go with you and assist you to place him on a cot, and bring him away. Poor father! he is so faint with loss of blood!" But Lálá forbade me,

3 The Miss or young lady of the house quite an Anglo-Indian term

saying: "No, *Missy bábá*, you must not leave your mother now. If you are seen in my company, you are sure to be killed, and I shall not be able to defend you. I will go alone, and will do what I can to assist my *Sarkár*." So I had to remain back, while the noble-hearted Lálá ventured alone on his hazardous journey; that is, to bring relief to a Christian—a *káfir*, who to all appearance had been done for already by his murderers. He returned to us in the afternoon, several hours after he had gone, but only to tell us that poor father was no more. "*Sáhab to ho chukí*,"[4] said he. "I only arrived in time to see him die He did not speak; he evidently could not; his eyes were getting glazed; pools of blood lay around him; he had lost so much blood that it was impossible for him to survive. He did not speak, but he looked at me in a way to convince me that he recognised me. A tear trickled down his eye; he turned away his head, and expired That one look of his seemed to say: 'I leave them to your care'!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*The orphan and the widow*).

"And," continued Lálá, addressing my now widowed mother; "the trust which my *sarkár* has left me is a sacred one, and I will discharge it faithfully. Come what may—come dishonour or death, my life for your's, no one shall dare touch you

4. A Hindu term, and a polite way of saying 'Sahab is dead'

while you are under my protection Don't give way to grief, Mèm Sahab,' seeing my darling mother weep, 'God had so willed it, but let us face the present with courage Meanwhile keep still I pray you I go, but will come again in the night to take you all away to my own house In the meantime, I shall keep a sharp look-out that no one molests you here"

This happened, however, in the afternoon, after we had suffered breathless anxiety for seven or eight hours Dear mother had given up all for lost She did not expect to hear her husband lived, but I, never having seen blood before, and as my dear father was yet alive when I left him, I was *hoping* to hear that he had survived the wounds. Nay I was eagerly looking out for him to be brought in a *dooly* My first impulse on hearing the news of his death was to give way to the mighty flood of emotion which assailed me, but the distressed state of my darling mother proved as a strong buffer I restrained myself I was now an *orphan*, and my dear mother a widow I did not know the significance of the former term, I had yet to feel by bitter regrets and severe experience what a world of misery is comprised in that word 'orphan' I shall not anticipate, however

There was *no time for vain regrets or for* indulgence in private sorrow, for the interchange of individual experiences or even the expression of mutual sympathy Father gone, our lives were in instant jeopardy We had no longer a protector left, and no longer a place which we could call by the endearing name of 'home' Even from our hiding-place, we could here the crackling of timber in

our bungalow, and the flames leaping up now and again proved that the destruction was not yet complete The scum of Indian society had entered into the scenes of violence with demoniac relish The road from the town to the cantonment was in an uproar Occasionally we could hear the yells of the rioters, and the shrieks of the sufferers On all sides we heard the shouts and curses of some, the cries and lamentations of others We heard the tramp of men passing hurriedly before our hiding-place A sneeze, a cough a deep sigh or a moan might have betrayed us, and we would have become meat for the keen-edged swords which flashed here and there, and everywhere thirsting for the blood of the *kafir* With bated breath we sat in the little room, hardly large enough to hold us all There were eight of us, namely —dear mother granny, myself, Anet, my cousin, Cocky, mother's half-brother, and his mother, our old servant Champa and Lado *dai*, another servant, as well as Pincher and Fanny two black and white poodles, who would stick to mother after her flight from the house

It was a mud *haveli*, owned by one Tiloki, a mason, who had built our house and from mud taken from the same pit he had put up a dwelling for himself So the man was well known to us Days before the outbreak, when mother used to talk— O how prophetic were her words!—that a mutiny would break out, Tiloki being one of her listeners, made an offer more than once of his house, should mother ever have need of it And mother, full of prescience as she was, accepted the generous offer and took over from him the key of the house So when the fiendish yell of the bazar people approach-

ing through Bahádarganj announced to her the fatal truth that the city was in open rebellion, she thought of this house as a possible place of refuge

Mother afterwards told me that, as she sat on the terrace that morning, one of the sons of Dhani, our gardener, came running to her in breathless haste from Khagga Lál's garden, and cried out "Mutiny broken out, Sáhab and *Balá* killed! Hearing this dreadful intelligence, mother said that her first impulse was to go and throw herself into a well, but dear granny caught hold of her, and begged of her not to be rash, but rather to look about and take the lead herself, or, else, urged she, 'what will become of us, the survivors?' And so, rising precipitately from her seat she quickly went across the road, followed by the others, into Liloki's house, and chained the door from within

And thus we were shut up in this house all the day, hourly expecting to be discovered and killed No food of any kind had passed our throats all that day, nor did we feel the want of it We sat all the while in amazement the catastrophe which had overtaken us was so sudden and quick! In a moment we were rendered homeless and defenceless Our only protector gone the future appeared a perfect void to us The hot wind blew over us and the dry atmosphere parched our throats But amid all this desolation, we knew, we felt that a Providence watched over us Late in the afternoon a *chatty* of cold water was let down to us from a tree which shaded our hiding-place This was an act of sympathetic charity the credit of which was due to a *kisán* named Chintá who had worked in the past as a cooly when our bungalow was under construction We sucked

in the throat of each of us, which we could not remove We laid ourselves down for the night, some on beds, others on the ground And now the pent-up feelings which had been restrained hitherto by the necessity of our position, welled over freely, the flood-gates of grief were opened, and each one of us gave vent to her grief, and wept bitterly But when a certain degree of calm was restored, dear mother was weeping still And so, weeping and sighing, we passed the night Next day, at twelve noon *dal*[7] and bread were set before us, and we ate, giving praise to our Almighty Preserver that we had yet been spared and were under shelter, watched over by a man whose heart He had touched with commiseration for us

CHAPTER XXIX

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*A noble Kaith*)

The family into which we had been introduced consisted of the Lála, his wife, mother, aunt, and sister Our arrival was quite unexpected They of course knew who we were for Lala's mother and aunt used to come and draw water from the well, and offer *Nelpatrá* at the *shrala* before our house We, to be sure, were no companions to them, or they to us They were at first shy of us, and as for us, we were deeply immersed in our grief, and were in

7 Several kinds of pulses so called collectively by the poorer classes of natives

customary among Hindu women of those parts to wear a coat.

Ramjimal himself was a tall, lean man, with a sallow complexion. He wore whiskers and moustachios The faculty of veneration was highly developed in him; he was loyal to the backbone, both to us and the nation whom we represented His deportment was always respectful, and he had an air of determination about him which is not usually observable in the *káith* caste

It was the second or third day of our arrival that mother overheard his wife and mother speaking to him. "Láláji,"[11] you have done a very bad thing in bringing these *Angrézáns*[12] into the house. What will people say? As soon as the Musallahs[13] hear of it, they will come and kill us"

He replied: "Why, have I not done what is right? I have given shelter to my *sarkár*. Let people say and think as they please"

Failing, they used another argument.

"But have you no thought for your sister? What will her husband say to hear she has been in the company of strangers? Then there is that big boy!"

Lálá, however, seemed to care nothing for these curtain-lectures He had made up his mind to give us shelter, and he was resolved to do it He very sel-

11 A respectful form of address A Kaith is so addressed

12 Feminine gender of *Angrez* or Englishman.

13 Spoken contemptuously of the Muhammadans. The latter, by way of retort speak of the Kaiths and Hindus in general as *langotá* Lit *musalla* is the *ja namáz*, or bit of carpet upon which the Moslem kneels down for his devotions

things without falling into a hysterical fit of weeping. Dear mother was telling me how from her hiding-place in Tiloki's house, she saw the *ni ámat sawars*[15] setting fire to her bungalow, and catching her poultry and carrying it off. One Ghulam Ghaus Khan distinguished himself especially by applying a fire-brand to what a single spark might have ignited.

Lála sat down on the ground with a foil in his hand: this foil seems to have become his inseparable companion. How he came by it he now explained to us.

"You are aware, *sardár*, that after leaving you in Tiloki's house I went to the Church, but finding I could be of no service there, I proceeded from thence to the jail, to see how things were getting on there. I had only this foil in my hand, which I had run and brought from my house as soon as I found the bungalow had been fired. It seems that the sepoys after the murderous attack on the Europeans in Church collected together in groups, and, while a strong body of them marched to the Jail another detachment proceeded by quick step to the *kachéhri*. They set fire to the public records, and plundered all the treasure, which they loaded in tumbrils and brought away to their lines. There was some four lakhs in all. The other party broke into the Jail and set free the prisoners.

'When I arrived, they had already done all the mischief possible, and had cleared out. A few stragglers only remained here and there scattered about in search of *loot*.[16] I marked two of them

15 Mounted orderlies.

16 Plunder. A word which has been Anglicised

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"You are aware, *sarkár*, that after leaving you in Triloki's house I went to the Church, but finding I could be of no service there, I proceeded from thence to the jail, to see how things were getting on there. I had only this foil in my hand, which I had run and brought from my house as soon as I found the bungalow had been fired. It seems that the sepoys after the murderous attack on the Europeans in Church, collected together in groups, and, while a strong body of them marched to the Jail another detachment proceeded by *quick step to the kutchéri*. They set fire to the public records, and plundered all the treasure, which they loaded in tumbrils and brought away to their lines. There was some four lakhs in all. The other party broke into the Jail and set free the prisoners.

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especially, who from their looks seemed to be brothers. One of them, who had entered my office-room and was rummaging my desk, seeing me enter, accosted me thus 'Are you for the *káfars*?' I replied 'You are a *káfir*; you, and your father, and your grandfather! Son of the ...?.....' I was provoked beyond-measure at the fellow's insolence, as if, man to man, I was not his match in every way. An altercation followed In the twinkling of an eye I seized his sword which had been left standing against the wall outside, and, as he came threateningly at me with the intention of wresting it from my hand, I ran him through his heart, and, just as he was falling, I gave him a tight kick which sent him clear into the room He was stone-dead It was now my turn to search for *loot* I examined his body and found 19 Rs. in his waist. This I gladly pocketted myself, and I was just getting out of the room after wiping my sword on his *dhoti*, when the other fellow met me at the door, and put the question to me 'Where is my brother?' I put on a bold front The blood-smeared sword was in my hand, so I replied unabashed 'What do I know where your brother is? Look for him in the 'condemned cells,' he went that way;' and passing him defiantly, I fairly took to my heels and pulled up only on reaching my house That money has proved very handy to me, *sarkár!*'

"And are you not afraid of being tracked by the avenger of blood?" suggested I timidly.

"No fear, *Bálá*,"[17] said he, "in these days of anarchy and public commotion, who cares? And after all, had I not anticipated the fellow, he would

17 European children are so spoken of.

in all probability have cut short my career for me The sword I have in my possession still and I intend to use it should occasion demand it, for the defence of my guests"

"Do you think we are safe in your house, Lálá? How are things getting on in the outside world?' enquired mother

'As to your first query, *sarkár*," he replied, "you are quite safe as long as I have strength in my arm He who molests you must first make his way over my body' And his eyes gleamed with valourous pride "I shall nevertheless not disguise from you the fact, he continued—"that I am suspected of harbouring 'Firangans' More than one person has said to me 'How is it you keep such a close watch over your house? What can you be afraid of? To such questions the reply which I give is that it is necessary for me to be at my house constantly in order to protect my women-kind, and, if I am not to be at my house, what else am I to do, having no employment now? Then comes another question 'Why have you not been to the Nawáb, as every one else does'?'

'What Nawáb, Lala?" enquired mother

"Do you not know *sarkár*?' He answered 'After the sepoys entered the city, they were met by Qadar Ali khan of the *Qilá*[18] family, who saluted their leader Subedár major Ghanshám Singh with 'Salam General Sahab! The latter was so pleased with the greeting that he at once set him up to be Nawáb' and had the fact proclaimed throughout the city He also proclaimed Nizám Ali, a pensioner

18 Fort

sisted in his refusal to pay him any more, he tied him hand and foot, and legs foremost suspended him to a tree At the same time the Subédár siezed all his *bahi khátas*[19] and threw them into a well, saying as he did so Since *salá*, you wont give anything to us there go your *bahis*,[20] we wont leave you the means of recovering your money from others' Afterwards, when the party of sepoys had passed on, his servants took him down from the tree half-dead through fright and the rush of blood to his head When he came to himself he got his *kahár*[21] to go down the well and fish up the papers, but to prevent their being plundered again, he left them hidden away in in one of the niches of the cylinder"

CHAPTER XXXI

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(Some of the Martyred ones)

'But you have said nothing about the Rosa Factory? suggested mother

'I was coming to it Mangal Khan afterwards led Zorawar Singh's party to Ransar, a distance of 5 miles from the city, where they were joined by other *badmáshes* from the villages in the neighbourhood The Factory was set fire to and no less than 70,000 gallons of rum, together with a large quantity of

19 Account-books

20 Ledgers.

21 Bearer a special class of menials

loaf-sugar and other commodities, were destroyed The liquor and loaf-sugar carried away was immense; Mangal Khan's share of the latter was said to be a cart-load, equal to some forty maunds Next day he seized a number of carts belonging to the different *khárídárs*,[22] and made them over to the Subedar-major, who marched away at once to join the Bareilly brigade"

Another day when Lálá came in and sat down near us—he used daily to spend a couple of hours in our company,—he reiterated his wish to entertain us, as he said, good man! by narrating the events that were passing in the outside world Of these events we of course were quite ignorant, except what he chose to tell us With tearful eyes, I begged him to tell me if he knew what had become of my dear father's body

"I know, *Baba*," said he, "and I would have informed *sarkár* before, but I refrained from doing so in order to spare your feelings I went again the following day, that is, on Monday afternoon, and, to my astonishment, what did I see? There lay the body of my *sirkar*, of Collector Sáhab, and Doctor Sáhab, exactly on the spot and in the same position as I had seen them the day before Considering the exposure and the great heat they were neither decomposed nor had their features changed at all The jackals or the vultures had not touched them, but some fiend in human form had diverted himself by making cheeks on the soles of their feet with the point of his sword I particularly noticed that *sarkár's* shoes were gone

22 Persons engaged in the sugar trade

As I was turning round to go the emotions excited in my breast by the sorrowful spectacle before me having overpowered my nerves, I descried two persons who by appearance were Muslmans, bringing in the body of Captain James who had been shot about 300 yards from the Church; they brought it and laid it alongside *sarkár*[23] and Doctor Sáhib. On enquiry, they told me their names were Násar Ali Khán and Bá Iullá Khán, of Mahalla Tárn, that they had once been in the service of Government whose salt they had eaten, and had made the resolution to commit to mother-earth the mortal remains of the *Khab loos*, who had been murdered without cause by their countrymen, and that they were going to collect all the bodies, and inter them in separate graves before they were done with them I suggested that it was a very hazardous duty which they had imposed on themselves as, if they were discovered by the Nawáb's people, they would surely be called to account for showing sympathy to the '*kdfars*' They replied that they were fully aware of the risk they were incurring, but, they added, that something had impelled them to undertake the duty, and that they were willing to stand the consequences

I was so struck with the noble-mindedness of these Muslims that I too was inspired by their enthusiasm, and putting off my *angá* and *dupatta*, began to assist them in removing the bodies to the pits which were getting dug outside the Church They told me that three other corpses were coming and which, when they arrived, I identified to be Mr MacCullam, the Pádri-Sáhab, Mr Smith, the Assistant Collector, and

23 It is thus the Lala speaks of the Lawrence family Lit Government or Majesty A title of respect.

Mr Smith, the Head Clerk All these seven slaughtered ones we buried side by side, covering the hole with a masnory slab, on the surface of which e made parallel lines to indicate each separate grave ur mournful duty being thus ended, I felt a satisfaction within me which I cannot describe I swear y Bhagwán that *sarkar* had been very good to me ; lay his soul rest in *sarg*!"[1]

Our eyes suffused with tears, and a sob or two scaped dear mother's lips, but she restrained her notion As for me I thanked my Maker inwardly hat at length my sainted father's remains had found resting-place

We felt curious to know how Mr MacCullam had et his death, for I remembered perfectly his deending from the pulpit when the sepoys made a cut Mr Ricketts in his pew, and both of them running through the vestry pursued by their murderers, to the open air At the time, I thought the Pádri id taken an easterly direction through the melonelds, but I could not tell what became of him

"I could not tell you much," replied Lálá "All at I know is that, while the sepoys attacked Colctor Sáhab, the Pádri-Sáhab was able to reach a elon-field and conceal himself under the creepers, hen a gang from Lodhipur tracked him and destched him with their swords They left his body ll quivering and shouting '*din, din,*' went and ined another gang which had crossed from Lodhipur a different point"

"Poor MacCullam!" exclaimed dear mother What a fate! Tried sore in his domestic affections

1 Paradise

he put his whole mind to his sacred calling, and in the cause of the holy truths which it was his mission to preach his end was that of a martyr For he perished while in the performance of his duty, and with his sacred robes on Who can deny that he has joined the noble army above? You said, Lálá, that you buried Smith Sáhab also; do you know how he died?'

"Yes, Fajja of Lodhipur it was who killed him. When Smith Sáhib heard of the massacre in the Church, he got into his buggy, and drove first to the Church Finding it deserted, with the corpses of the murdered ones lying here and there, he directed his horse's head to Mr. Ricketts' house, and, dismounting at the gate, he ran up to the house But, seeing the plunderers engaged in looting the property, he managed to elude their notice and hide in the privy There he remained concealed till the evening, and would probably have made his escape in the night, but just about the time when the plunderers were dispersing, Smith Sáhib's syce brought up his buggy to the house, and began to ask of them where his master was This made them suspect that he was hiding somewhere in the house, and they set about searching for him Having traced him at last, they dragged him out of his hiding-place, and kicked and slapped him, treating him with every mark of contumely He begged hard for his life, offering his gold watch and chain as the price of it, but Fajja, who had his chaukidars' iron-shod cudgel in his hand, lifted it above his head, and yelling like a fiend that he wanted the *kafar's* life, and life he would have, dealt him such a crushing blow on his head that the poor man fell down senseless, and never spoke again"

"Poor Smith!' sighed mother "He had plenty of time to make his escape had he the wit to do so Ghulám Husein Khan *malik* warned him, and offered to find him protection, but though his *bibi* sent away some of her valuables to his house, Smith laughed at her fears, and would not be convinced there was anything to apprehend What wonder when better men than him were sceptical, but God's will must be done! What about Arthur Smith, the Assistant Magistrate, Lala?

"Assistant Sahib was murdered in the city He was ill with fever, and in his bungalow, at the time the mutiny broke out His idea was to avoid the Cantonment and make for the city He first attempted to get admittance into the house of Hámid Hasan Khan, Deputy Collector, but not succeeding, he went direct to the Tehsil, from which place he was taken by Mazhar Karim to the house of Muhammad Husein Khán, *Bakhshi*,[25] and left there by himself The latter would not, however, allow him to remain, and sent his nephew to turn him out Being thus forcibly ejected, he proceeded to the Kotwali, and concealed himself in a large trunk He was shortly after discovered, but a Hindu chaprasi belonging to the Munsif's Office, led him to Abdul Rauf Khán's house, at his own request. This was about the hour of sunset. It would seem that some kind of rejoicing was going on at Abdul Rauf's and Mangal Khan was also there He came out and rudely told the Sáhib to be gone, as his brother in law, meaning Abdul Rauf, was not at leisure to see him A mob now collected round him, and he was pushed from all sides Somebody prodded him with the hilt of his

[25] Pay master

sword, and spat on him, calling him a *Kafar*. The young man's blood boiled over under the insult, and, faint as he was with fever and hunger, he drew out his revolver and shot at the man; but alas! the cap snapped, and the charge refused to explode. He levelled again at the man, but this time the bullet failed to take effect; striking the metal-clasp of the man's belt, it rebounded and fell harmless. Utterly disgusted, the Sáhab threw away his revolver, and now the man cut at him and brought him to his knees. The mob set at him and hacked him to pieces, mingling with the murder a degree of ferocity quite appalling and unexpected. "Fate was against him *sarkár*," philosophised the Lálá; "the Kampani Bahádur's *iqbál*[26] has gone, for who ever heard of a revolver snapping or a bullet being resisted by a cloth-belt?"

"Your reflections are pretty correct," observed mother; "otherwise this is not the way a Britisher would die. Have you been able to find out what befel Captain Salmon? I should have thought that he had escaped with the others to Powayan."

"There are several versions concerning his death. One is that, when his bungalow was fired, he was burnt to death. This account I am, nevertheless, disinclined to believe, for I have since heard from his punkha-cooly that he came to a violent end. On the news of the massacre in the Church reaching him, he climbed up the roof of his house. He set a ladder against the wall, tore the ceiling, and concealed himself on one of the triangular supports, where he remained till sunset. When it became dark, he came

26 Prestige, good fortune. A very expressive word!

town but was discovered by the sipáhis, and killed Yet another account is that an Afghan-looking Officer was tied up to the cannon-wheels and taken by the mutineers to Delhi."

"The reference to Captain Salmon's personal appearance could not be mistaken," observed mother, "for he had been to the Punjab, and had taken to cultivating a long flowing beard I remember seeing him often riding past our bungalow, and I new him to be connected with the Forsters of Shekhawati,[27] a family with which I was personally acquainted From the discrepant accounts which you have given of his death, I should say that after all he was not killed here, but escaped with the party who, it is believed, have found refuge with the Rajah of Powayan

"It would not make much difference, *sarkar*, whether he was killed here or killed some-where else, but that he is no longer alive I can confidently affirm, for none of those that went to Powayan lives now to tell the tale!

27 The country of the *Shekhawats* a Rajput tribe in West India

CHAPTER XXXII.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(Some of the refugees and their fate).

Our curiosity was excited to hear more of the fate of the party, which consisted of almost all those who had escaped the massacre in the city and station So, when next day we saw Lala again, mother asked him to sit down, and tell us the story from the beginning

'You must know then, *sahib*," he began "You must know that, after Mr Ricketts was killed, Mr Jenkins, the Joint Magistrate, as the next senior officer, took the conduct of affairs into his hand He was in the Church, but though Mr Ricketts received a sword wound as he stood by his side, he escaped Having been joined by the Regimental Officers who had escaped, they first went up the turret, and began to talk as to what they should do in the event of an attack, but no such attack was made And even if an attack had been made, as they then *stood* there was not the slightest hope of successful opposition, for the whole party was in a panic and perfectly demoralised Some were for holding out, others said how could they having no ammunition, while the ladies called out to be taken to a more secure spot For they saw from the turret Subedár Ghansham Singh marshalling his men, ordering off one detachment to the Jail, another to the Treasury, and, having secured the post guns, he pointed them to the knot of Europeans assembled in the Church It was

resolved therefore to escape to Powayn where the Rajah Jagannath Singh would, as they hoped, give them his protection"

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Lala," said I "Even had there been a second attack, there were no means of resistance, as, except Captains Sneyd and Lysaght who had their guns, and who had come from the Mess, that is, from the side opposite Cantonments and therefore they met no sepoys or they too probably would have been shot—except these two gentlemen, no one else had any weapon of any sort There might have been some talk of opposing, but my observation was that every one thought of the best means of saving himself, and not of fighting My means of judging were accurate, I think, for when they all went up the turret, I too, at the desire of my father went with them Mrs Sheilds was the only person known to me among them, and she asked me to go along with her to Chitauna, but I refused to do so unless they could find means to take my dear father too I was still in Church when they all set off Chitauna side, skirting the river

Lala resumed "The whole party now set off the ladies in a carriage, while the gentlemen rode or walked Mr Jenkins got hold of the sawar's horse who that morning had acted as Mr Ricketts' orderly and galloped off to Chitauna where he took a horse from Mr Ricketts stable, and overtook the fugitives about two miles from the station The party consisted of 12 men, 8 women and 3 children Out of the 4 sawars on duty at the Magistrate's house, only one remained with Mr Jenkins Mr Jenkins gave some instructions to the Tehsildár who had arrived meanwhile, and galloped off at a tearing pace I

party reached Powayan the same evening, but were coldly received by the Rajah He said he was unable to protect so large a party, and, that in the event of the insurgents coming up, what could he do? But he offered to supply them with carriage, and an escort, who would see them as far as Muhamdí And so, after resting for the night in the Rajah's fort, they set off the following morning for Muhamdi, which they reached at 11 A M the same day Here they were received by Mr Thomson, the District Officer of Muhamdí The reprieve proved, however, of very short duration for the 41st Regiment, after the mutiny at Sitapur, arrived on the 6th of June, and shot and cut them down without mercy, and no one survived to tell the dismal tale

"Have you any idea what became of Carew, and the other people of the Rosa Factory?' asked mother

"You mean young Carew and Mr Brand, his assistant? They have for the present escaped, I believe, and have been refuged by a Zamindar near to the Factory"

What has become of Amjad Ali Khan?" asked mother again 'We knew him as a *hakím*, for, when Faujdari Sarishtedar, he used to visit at our house occasionally to prescribe for the sick"

"I know he has not joined the mutineers for he was the only Government Official who proceeded to the assistance of the civil authorities on hearing the noise of people shouting in the direction of the cantonment And when the *Muhamdi jhandá*[28] was set up on the 31st he refused to join in the *nára-*

28 Muhammadan flag

haidari,[29] of course he was jeered and hooted at as a *kafar* by the populace And, when on the following day, the Nawáb Qadar Ali khan and Nizam Ali Kotwál began to make arrangements for nominating the subordinate officers, and offered to retain him in his post of Tehsildár, he refused to take service The next day, when the news of the mutiny at Bareilly reached this place, the Nawab headed a procession through the town proclaiming the overthrow of the British rule Proclamations were put forth by order of Nizam Ali, stating that for the future the name of the English should not be mentioned, and that any one heard to do so should lose his life Amjad Ali Khán, considering his position to be now positively unsafe, prepared to depart for his home in Amroha but he met with ill-luck on the way On reaching the river Garra, some of the insurgents caught him and, having first stripped him of his clothes, they tore off a bit of cloth from his net coat, and tied it round his loins, and told him to go and show himself to his Firangi grandfathers in that state 'Such now-a-day is the fate of those who show loyalty to the British Government!"

"And Hamid Hasan Khan, the Deputy Collector?" inquired mother

"I cannot speak confidently of him, for his conduct has been somewhat equivocal hitherto I have already told you how poor Mr Arthur Smith was refused shelter at his house I think that had he chosen to give him protection, he could have done so, for he was, and still is powerful enough to be courted by the Nawab as an ally Then, it was by his advice

29 Muhammadan war cry

that the different arrangements were carried out for officering the city administration; and he, together with Ahmadyár Khán, Tehsildár, took possession of the sum of Rs 1,900 which was part of the amount which had arrived the day of the mutiny from the Tehsil of Jalálábád, and divided it among several of the Government servants as their pay for the past month. So you see, *Sarkár*, his conduct is not free from doubt, or above suspicion as Amjad Ali Khán's."

"Didn't another mutinous Regiment come two or three days ago on its way to Fatehgarh?" I asked Lálá, for I had heard the native women talk something about it

"It was the 41st Regiment, Bábá, from Sitápúr, the same which massacred the fugitives at Mahmúdi. It passed through the district only two days ago, that is—on the 10th, and encamped at Azizganj, on the other side of the Garra. A party of them surrounded the house of Hámid Hasan Khán, and demanded a sum of 5,000 Rs. The request was refused, and the Khán managed to muster on his side a large force of both Musalmáns and Hindus, and marched down to the Garra, prepared to prevent the entrance of the Regiment into the city. The sepoys finding the whole of the towns-people against them, went off in the direction of Fatehgarh, and did not further attempt to commit any depredations in the city. The Khán has shown pluck and resolution, but he has reason to dissemble his real feelings."

"And now please tell us something, Lálá, as to the fate of the Redmans, our neighbours," said mother "This much I know that their bungalow was fired at the same time as mine, and they had to

fly. Mr Redman took the direction of Bahádarpur, did he not?"

"And so he did, *sardár* There were Redman Sáhab, his Mém Sahab, daughter, and two sons The eldest, Edwin Sáhab, is at Agra They all took shelter at first in their cook's house, but were driven out from thence Fleeing towards the Khannant, they had to cross a deep ravine They had scarcely debouched on a field facing the *karbald*[30] east, when they were surrounded by a gang of rioters They stripped Sáhab and Mem Sáhab of their clothing, and, while two of the young people went off in the direction of Bijlipura, Nippo Sahib, the elder son, who carried a sword in his hand, was set upon by a second body of rioters They demanded his sword, but he refused to give it up Meanwhile some of the ruffians attacked him in the rear, inflicting seven wounds on him, namely —one on the nape of the neck, two cross-cuts on the left shoulder, one on each thigh, and two on the calves of his legs The young man fell weltering in his blood they had apparently done for him He lay all that day and through the night, perfectly unconscious When the parents found him, they carried him to the brink of the stream, where they helped to prolong his life by pouring water into his throat by means of a melon broken into two, and scooped out to form a cup At one time they proposed to tie a stone round his waist, and throw him into the river, as he was to all appearance dead, but they afterwards changed their minds as, though senseless, he still breathed Another strange remedy which the father had recourse to, is remark

30 The field in which the Muhammadan *tázias* or *Hobson-Jobsons* are interred is so called

able for its originality He filled up the gaping wounds with wet sand taken from the bed of the river, which seems to have lessened the irritation of the cut veins, and eventually stanched the blood

"After this, the mother went through several hair-breadth escapes, and found refuge at last in her sweeper's house The father succeeded in carrying his wounded son to the village of Bunni and he is now at Powayan I believe As far as my information goes, their lives are up to date saved, but they have gone through many hardships, and are still scattered about'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MISS LAWATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*Life in the Làlà's house*)

It thus seems that by the 13th or 14th of June, that is, about the period of which I am speaking, every European or Christian resident of Shahjahánpur had been murdered The only ones saved were ourselves and the Redman family Our perils were not over, however On the contrary they were only yet begun, as the further narrative will show By the outer world it was believed that we too had perished An incident which occured while we were still in the Lalá's house, will serve to illustrate this remark

A *mehtar*[31] woman, named Hatia, came once to sell fish Lálá's wife remarked to her

31 The *bhatiárá* caste.

"You have come after such a long time! And, moreover, you don't seem to have sold anything to-day?"

"Ah, Laláin!"[32] she replied. "Who is there now to buy? The good Firangis are gone Time was I used every day to be at Lavater's or Redman's, and never did I return from the former without my 4 or 5 annas Not only did Lavater's *Mém* buy from me, but she also used to get me to cook the fish for her, and which I did And she used to pay me 2 or 3 annas over, that is, as much again as the fish itself was worth"

"Then what has become of them?" Laláin asked.

"Why, the Sáhab and Bábá," she answered—"were killed in Church, while the Mém Sahab went and threw herself in the river."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Laláin

"Sure? Of course!" said she "There can be no doubt of it for my goodman himself, while fishing the next morning, saw her corpse floating, and identified it"

This story Laláin related to us afterwards as an instance of how things get bruited about, and the truth gets coloured when handed from mouth to mouth.

We had now been in Lálá's house for 14 or 15 days We owed our meals to him, but our clothes had become dirty and torn We fled with the one suit we had on our persons at the time There was no possibility of our getting a change, and moreover it was necessary for us to get into native dress

32 The female of a Lálá or Káith

So mother got us to tear up some of our under-clo
ing, and make *kurtis*[33] for ourselves And she p
chased a couple of *lahngás*[34] and *dupattás*, one
which she wore herself, and the other she tore
made two out of it, *viz* one for myself, and the ot
for my cousin One of the *lahngás* was *gangám*,
the other *múnga sári* a species of coarse stuff w
by *kathnis*[35] These we had to wash occasion
in the yard when they became insufferably du
and put them on again when half-dry

It was also necessary, as the means of conceal
our identity to take native names Mother's Chr
tian name being 'Mary," the transition from that
"Mariam" was a natural one I was given
name of "*Khursheid*[36] and my cousin, being a
of short stature, was called *Nanni*"[37] Cocky,
mother's half brother, was dubbed *Ghulám Husai*
His mother was known as Ghulam-Husain's mothe
and granny was '*Bari Bi*'[38] This nomenclatu
combined with our changed costume, converted
into a Muhammadan family, to all intents and p
poses, and, as every one of us could speak the Ur
language with fluency, and we readily fell in w
the domestic habits of a native household, it wou
have been difficult for one who had seen us befo
to know us again as the same Lavators

33 Coats

34 Petticoats

35 Female of Káfir

36 Persian for Sun.

37 Lit small. Both these are female names among the Muha
madans.

38 Old lady

Life at the Lálá's house was not without some
ouches of humour There lived in the same house
vith us a woman named Ratnà wife to one Imrat
Lal, who like Lálá was a Kaith He was a short,
tout man, and she a tall, ugly woman He had
laughters by her but no son So his longing was for
son and heir to his name and fortunes, which to be
ure were not considerable, for he only earned a
precarious living by following the trade of a petition-
vriter He was besides a star-gazer In course of
ime it so happened that he became intimate with a
aharin[39] who used to fill water for his family, and,
ike himself, was short and stout. He admitted her
o his bed and begat two sons by her But though
is longings were thus satisfied his peace was disturb-
d by the wranglings of his wives, and as his income
ell short of the increased demands of his household
e made up his mind to desert them and seek his
ortunes abroad And this accordingly he did His
vives thus left to their own wits made up their
lifferences for a time and continued to live together
s before The wife real used to earn a living by her
eedle, while her rival used to grind Neverthless
heir natural jealousies would break out frequently
Whereas formerly the *dhimarid*[40] used to taunt her
y calling her *man utri*[41] *Man utri*! why did you
ot get sons? Why envy my good fortune? she
egan now to throw taunts at her by referring
ontemptuously to her occupation of a seamstress.

39 Female of *kahár* or the bearer caste

40 Same as *kahár* They make nets and cultivate the *singhárá* nut

41 Lit out of favour with the heart a term of contempt.

"*Teondli*!"[42] she would say; "*Teondli*! why did you not keep Lálá, if you were such a good needle-woman?' The other could only grumble, and say: "Since this *chandál*[43] has come, even Lálá has gone away!" At other times she gave her a home-thrust: "When you drew water, you had corns in your hands, and now *grinding* has *given corns to* your fingers. Where next are you going to get corns?'

Imrit Lál turned a *jogi*,[44] and practised as a soothsayer and an exorciser of evil spirits. His services were held in great request, and he began to make a comfortable living. Being a Persian scholar, and having devoted particular attention to the study of astrology as taught both by the Arabic and Indian schools, he acquired skill in incantation, but as he had decided to throw off all his earthly encumbrances, he used to perform gratuitous services, frequently rejecting offers of money. Having got an inkling to his whereabouts, the *dhumaní* got a letter written to him, and brought it to me to read, as she knew that I could read Urdu. It ran thus —

"O thou who hast left me unknown, like mustard oil,[45] which absorbs in the skin leaving an agreeable odour behind! Thou with the rotund form which dances before my eyes like a globule in the air, and thy round owlet eyes which, were they near, would

42 Industrious. Used here as a term of reproach.

43 An out-cast, a wretch.

44 A Hindu devotee. One devoted to penance or meditation, and aspiring to union with the Supreme Being by means of religious contemplation.

45 Mustard-oil is largely used by the common sort of natives as an unguent for the skin. It is said to be a preservative against sudden chills.

stare at me vacantly while I am inditing these affectionate lines! Wilt thou still snap thy fingers at the variableness of womankind when this letter is evidence of my unceasing thought of thee? Why did you call me your *lálo*[46] when you had no love for me, and why have you left me to the taunts and jeers of that stick of a woman[47] whom you in your perverse fondness used to call *ratná*?[48] For had she been a jewel, why would you have given her up for me; or if I was a *lálo*, why would you have sported like this with my feelings? So who has proved untrue, you or I? Drown yourself then in a handful of water,[49] or come back and make my hated rival an ornament for your neck, or wear her effigy nine times round your arm[50] as a charm against my longings for you."[51]

But the only reply which she received to this gushing epistle was a couplet, which may be rendered thus:—

"When I have pronounced the attachments of the world to be worthless and good-for-nothing, then sorrow is nothing to me and grief has no longer a point. Kindness cannot affect, nor has oppression any terror for me."

46 Lálo is a female name, it means the loved one, one to caress or sport with from the Hindi *lár* or sport.

47. In reference to the tall, lean figure of her rival.

48. *Ratan* is a Hindi term for a precious stone or jewel.

49 A very common term of reproach 'drown yourself in a handful of water!'

50. A play upon the name Ratná. An armlet studded with the nine precious stones is called a *nawrata* or nine-gems.

51. It is impossible to convey through the English language the playful humour of the Káith dialect, which is full of fun and point.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE REBEL GOVERNMENT.

I have related already that on the 31st of May the green flag of the prophet was raised by the insurgents Unlike the British flag, however, it proved to be a symbol of oppression

One day it happened that a burly *kalwár*[52] from Bahàdarganj offered to buy some mangoes of a *kunjrá*,[53] but he wanted to pay for them at a rate which was absolutely below the bazar rate Said the *kunjra* "If you can get them cheaper elsewhere, you can do what you like with me'

"And so I shall" replied his customer angrily—"if thou wilt not count a hundred and twenty for the pice just now" And he lifted his club at him menacingly

The *kunjra* was awed, but according to the wont of his tribe, began to shout that he was being looted The *kalwár*, nothing abashed, now knocked him down, rode on his chest and bit off his nose clean A crowd had collected to—enjoy the fun! but nobody dared interpose or even remonstrate with the aggressor, who, after this cowardly outrage, carried off all the mangoes there were in the basket The *kunjrá* went and made a complaint to the Nawàb but no notice was taken of it

Another instance was related of unmitigated oppression on the part of the Nawàb himself

52 *A caste who deal in the sale of spirituous liquor*

53 Green grocer

Qàdar Ali Khan had pledged some of his jewels with a *sunar*[54] during the days of his insignificance; but now that he was supreme ruler, he called upon im to give them up. The *sunár* of course asked that e should foreclose the mortgage; but incensed at such request, the Nawàb sent a *tuman*[55] to his house, who entered it and, not only recovered the jewels ut, plundered it of all he possessed besides.

There was thus an end to all organised government. The common people trembled for their person nd their property. There was no appeal against the executions and the tyrannies that were practised daily. The only class that presumed to raise its head against the new regime, were the Rajpúts of certain villages, who not only refused to pay the revenue but prepared to attack the seat of power. A force was sent out against them under the leadership of Nizám Ali; they were attacked and defeated, and three of their heads were brought and set up on poles at the principal thoroughfares as a warning to others. But though defeated and despersed, they were up in arms again, and threatened to commit depredations even in the city.

The rule of the Nawàb Qàdar Ali Khan was daily becoming unpopular. There were several leading families who still kept aloof from him, and whom he had taken no pains to conciliate. And, what was more important, there was no money in the public treasury wherewith to carry on the government. All the money that was to be found in the District Treasury had been carried off by the rebel soldiery.

54. Goldsmith.

55 A detachment of soldiers, properly, ten thousand

and there was hardly any revenue coming As for the administration of justice, though tribunals existed in name, the people abstained from having recourse to them, examples such as those I have cited above having infused a salutary dread into their *minds* of the consequences they were to expect, if they carried their causes before the public courts

CHAPTER XXXV.

FARHAT TO ZINAT

"From him sayest thou, good Hulasia?' *'Ul! apné su kí qasam, Bí!*[56] why should I tell a lie?"

"Tell me then who has brought it that I may *know how to reward the messenger*"

"Dont be absurd, *chotí Bí*,[57] Qadrí *nain*[58] has brought it, and she slipped it in my hand behind the *ghungat*, but you will not be so incautious as to speak to her on the subject? And, why should you forget your faithful Hulasia, if you will be so generous as to reward any one?"

The reader will understand that this short conversation took place between Zinat and her mother s slave-girl Since the first interview which we have recorded, the lovers had met but once, and that under

56. *Ul* l is an extremely common interjection The rest of the phrase means I swear by my head miss!

57 Young mistress the usual manner in which the young lady of the house is addressed by a domestic

58 Feminine of *ndi* or barber A common servitor in a Pathan household

circumstances of difficulty. The letter which Zinat received was from Farhat. She ran up the stairs unknown to her mother, and with the faint light of the setting sun, read what followeth —

Farhat to Zinat

"Truly have I written this epistle,
But oh! I hesitate to deliver it into the hand of the messenger,
For hard it is that, while these longing eyes are denied a view of thee,
He who carries this should be privileged to behold thee, and not I!

"O thou ornament of the assembly of delight! O stealer of hearts! O thou mirror of beauty! Peace be to thee!

"When I call to mind our childhood days, I feel that it was the happier period of our existence, for it was not necessary for you to hide yourself behind brick-walls from my gaze, nor could any one suspect us of improper behaviour, for I was a boy just entering my teens, and you an innocent guileless girl Love had not established his seat firmly in our hearts Your raven locks were neither so dark nor so long as to form a net for captivating the hopes and desires of those who beheld you, nor did your luscious eyes possess the wanton beauty, the allurement and the fascination which they have since acquired Your rosy cheeks before which the pretentious *gul*[59] now blushes did not then tinge with passion nor did your style possess the taking power, the effect of which is now felt by one and all All that has changed Love

59 Lit a flower, but *met* the rose

now reigns supreme in your heart and mine, and the chief desire which animates us both is to meet and talk with each other, and while you hang on my arm and lift your eye-lashes which sweep the horizon of my ravished senses, my sole wish is to gaze and gaze on you until our souls blend with each other, and we feel as if there could be no separation on earth

"Ah! those halcyon days will never return We used to meet by stealth, but that very circumstance enhanced the pleasure of intercourse We can *no* longer hope for the same good luck any more, for while my *liberty has been restricted so* that I am unable to leave the house on any pretence whatever, the unhappy dissensions between our respective parents threaten to cut off all communication between the two families My father reigns, and he directs his absolute power in order to crush my hopes and my love The attempt is vain, however, and will prove ineffectual He *can neither dispel the one* nor kill the other On the contrary, my madness, if so they will call it, grows intenser daily Like a stream which gliding along gently before, meets with opposition gathers accumulated strength and overlaps the embankment thrown to check its course, and taketh its onward course with the velocity and rush of a torrent, so my desire to possess thee Zinat—to possess thee all for my own, grows stronger and fiercer daily

"I would take a step that would astonish every one, but my fear is that your reputation, if not your liberty, will suffer by it O thou lovely as the moon-beam of the fourteenth night![60] Thou lovelier than

60 The 14th of the lunar month, which is full moon night

the morning star! Must we then abandon the hope of calling each other by a holier name than we now bear? Does Fate deny us the privilege of standing side by side on the evening when our hopes and our desires will be consummated, or of walking hand in hand to accomplish the journey of life? No! I am resolved this shall not be! I swear by the love I bear thee, that this state of uncertainty must end! My malady, as they call it, grows worse daily, the pain in my heart ravages my very vitals, and will shortly stop the issues of life, if thou, my physician, will not come soon to apply the balm which alone can cure it There is no remedy provided for it by Nature, and Heaven cannot bestow a more efficacious one

"Art thou prepared my Zínat, to don the garment of resolution, to leave the parental roof, and trusting thy honour and thy safety to my keeping, cross the border with me, and take up thy residence with thy infatuated slave in some remote part of the wilderness where we may pass the remainder of our days in ease, contentment, and mutual happiness? Then we shall take our fill of pleasure, then we shall fear no interruption to the even tenour of our lives, then we shall defy the world who now frowns at our loves and seek the blessing of Allah, who will look benignly at the union of two hearts already joined by Him in Heaven, but which the malice and cruelty of our relations seeks ruthlessly to sever Thou trembl-lest! Thy nerves are shaken thou art amazed at the boldness of the suggestion! But, love, be calm! and let us be adventurous and bold, for daring wins the day

"O thou magnetized emblem of supreme love!

The sigh which I heave from my heart, carry this silent language with the electricity of love to the eye of her who awaits my coming!

THY DEVOTED FARHAT

CHAPTER XXXVI

ZINAT TO FARHAT

The reading of the letter occupied Zinat longer than she had thought, she covered the missive with kisses, and kissed each page as she turned it over The perusal of it thrilled her with emotion, and the last part of it filled her with consternation A train of reflections passed through her sorrow-striken breast, and, while musing upon the past and the future, she fell asleep on the step where she had sat down The voice of Hulasi roused her "Where are you, *choti Bi*?' she called out "Haven't you been able to remove that insect yet from your coat? *Bibi* wants to know when you are coming to bed She concealed the precious bit of paper in her bosom, and went to sleep with it, mentally wishing that she had grown a rose-bud so that *she* might always be near *his* breast.

Her slumber was short and agitated She opened her eyes suddenly, fancying it was her beloved bending over her to kiss her to asleep 'It proves but a dream," said she 'I had but grasped a shadow But O gentle sleep return often with the like appearance! No witness is there in sleep and yet there is the resemblance of the delight How great

the joy I experienced how substantial the transport that affected me! How I lay dissolved in delight throughout my whole marrow! How pleasing to remember it although short-lived was that pleasure, and the night speeds on rapidly, and is ruinous of my attempts at bliss!'

She rose with a heavy heart before it was yet day, resolved that, if circumstances restrained her lips, a reply on paper shall confess her flame and her determination. So she quietly retired to her room and with trembling hand she put together the words. Her right hand held the pen, and the other a clean sheet white as the unspotted surface of her own innocent heart. She began and then she hesitated, she wrote and then corrected what she had written, she marked and then scratched out, she altered, and condemned, and approved, and one while she threw it down when taken up, and at another time, she took it up again. What she would write she knew not, the sentiments came to her lips but she found a difficulty in expressing them in apt language. Her wounded heart—her pale complexion—her falling away—her down-cast looks—her eyes often wet with tears—her sigh too fetched without any seeming cause—frequent embraces—kisses, thoughts welled up—but she must be quick, or the house will be up with the first dawn. At length she began —

Zinat to Farhat

"To whom am I to relate the story of my love—the pain that gnaws at my heart, for I have no confidante and no friend?

My companion is the memory of thee' and my attendant is this sore heart within!

"O the delight of my stricken soul! Thou sun of the hemisphere of my joy! Thou pole-star that guidest the frail bark of my existence over life's tempestuous sea! Thou star of my night! Thou gem of my morning!

"Thy letter has reached me carrying solace like a message from heaven. Would that I were with thee,—every day, every hour—nay eternally! For then would this aching heart be warmed by thy touch, and cease to palpitate. Thou canst have no conception, love, of what I suffer for thee. Every moment my actions and my words are watched, and the expected arrival of my father from his voluntary exile gives me greater concern, for when he knows the relations which subsist between us, he will be furious, and will interdict all intercourse between us. I would have anticipated the proposal which thy letter contains, but was restrained by a consideration of the risk which my character, my reputation, and my personal security will run. But my fainting heart is now weary of my present existence. I cannot bear thy separation any longer. I am a captive, captive to my love for thee. But I hug the chain with rapture. Therefore, O zephyr! take me like the scent of the early rose whithersoever thou wilt, for I commit myself, and my all to thy guidance!

THINE TILL DEATH,
ZINAT.

She folded up the letter and sealed it, and as Hulasia was coming in to tell her that her younger brother was already up and had ordered his horse she slipped it into her hand, and went back to her bed.*

* Some of the passages in this Chapter have been adapted from Ovid's Metamorphosis.

CHAPTER XXXVII

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*Domestic economy*)

I think I have mentioned that our meals were cooked by the Lalain This is a domestic duty which in a poor, or middle class Hindu family, devolves upon the house-wife And, especially when her *sás* [61] or *nand* [62] are in the house, her duties in the kitchen denote her subordination to her elders though she retains the epithet of *buhu* [63] or *dulhan* [64]

When engaged in this occupation, she puts off her ordinary clothes, and dresses up in a *sárí* The *sárí* consists of one piece of cloth, 4 to 12 yards long, by 1½ yard broad The manner of wearing it is, to take it round the waist and fasten it in a knot in front then bring the rest round the body and throw the end of it like a scarf over the shoulder In the eastern parts of India this is the only garment worn by the women Some of the better classes wear it with inimitable grace, so that the whole of the person is effectually draped The *sárí* is either cotton or silk, and costs from one to fifty rupees The embroidered *sárís* of Benares cost as high as 500 Rs each

61 Mother in law

62 Or *nanad* husband's sister both of whom hold a higher rank in the order of family precedence than the son or brother's wife.

63 Daughter in law

64 Bride

The paraphernalia of the kitchen consist of the *chauká*, the *chulha*, and the utensils. The *chauká* is a small area say four feet square, marked off at one end of the verandah or room, and sometimes enclosed with a low ornamental ridge, 5 or 6 inches in height, made of clay mixed with cow-dung by the house-wife with her own hands. The inner surface of the enclosure is similarly plastered with mud and cow-dung mixed together, and it is white-washed every day, before the process of cooking begins, with *pithí mattí*[65]. The mud being dissolved in water in an open salver, the house-wife takes a bit of old cloth, dips it in the solution, and passes it over the surface.

By the time she has arranged the pots and pans, and cut up the vegetables, or cleaned the *dál*, the ground is sufficiently dry to be trod upon. She now enters the *chauka* bare-foot, and lights a fire of chipped wood or *kandá*[66] in the *chulhá*[67], which is a mud erection in the form of a *U* with the open base fronting the operator. She puts on the *dál* on fire, meanwhile she kneads the wheat-flour in a pan, and leaves it for a while, stirring the *dal* occasionally with a brass or wooden ladle. *Dál* is cooked in water only, heated *ghí*[68] being poured over it at the time of eating. The vegetables are chiefly prepared in oils, though some people with a nicer palate prefer *ghí*. Goats' meat also is a common luxury in a Káith household but we seldom, if ever, got a taste of it. The *dál* being ready, the pán is taken down and an iron *táwá*[69] placed

65 A kind of soft earth.
66 Cow-dung cakes used for fuel.
67 Oven.
68 Unclarified butter.
69 An inverted metallic round pan used for baking bread.

on the *chulhá* on which the bread is baked. It is without any leaven as a rule, though the cakes are sometimes lubricated with *ghí*: but this is a luxury.

The master of the house having eaten, the females were served out, and we among them. We of course eat our meals in our small room, but the other females entered the *chaulá* attired in *sárís*, and there sat down and eat in metal plates. After the meal is over, it is customary to wash the hands with mud or gram-flour, which effectually removes the grease, and renders the skin perfectly clean of all impurities.

Once there was a *rat-jagá*[70] in one of the neighbouring Káith families, and a basketful of sweets was also sent to Lálá's house, of which we of course had our share.

A *rat-jagá* is essentially a female observance. In some localities, it is called by the name of *Khoriá*. On the occasion of a son's marriage, for example, while the male portion of the family are away with the *bárát*,[71] the female friends of the family gather together for the purpose of offering their congratulations to the bridegroom's mother. A *rat-jagá* or night-watch is observed, and they all are supposed to spend the night in singing and feasting. While the greater number of them sit round in a circle and sing, one of them keeps time on a *dholak*, a monotonous measure being kept up on both sides of the drum. The *dholak* is a round wooden cask, both the openings of which are covered with goat's-hide called *puras*; the edges of the leather are pasted down to the wood, and connected together by means of a cord

70 Lit: a keeping-up-at-night, a vigil

71 Bridal party.

The paraphernalia of the kitchen consist of the *chauká* the *chulhá*, and the utensils The *chauká* is a small area say four feet square, marked off at one end of the verandah or room, and sometimes enclosed with a low ornamental ridge, 5 or 6 inches in height, made of clay mixed with cow-dung by the house-wife with her own hands The inner surface of the enclosure is similarly plastered with mud and cow-dung mixed together, and it is white-washed every day, before the process of cooking begins, with *pothí mattí*[65] The mud being dissolved in water in an open salver, the house-wife takes a bit of old cloth, dips it in the solution, and passes it over the surface

By the time she has arranged the pots and pans, and cut up the vegetables, or cleaned the *dál*, the ground is sufficiently dry to be trod upon She now enters the *chaukí* bare-foot, and lights a fire of chipped wood or *kandá*[66] in the *chulhá*[67], which is a mud erection in the form of a U with the open base fronting the operator She puts the *dal* on fire, meanwhile she kneads the wheat-flour in a pan, and leaves it for a while, stirring the *dal* occasionally with a brass or wooden ladle *Dál* is cooked in water only, heated *ghí*[68] being poured over it at the time of eating The vegetables are chiefly prepared in oils though some people with a nicer palate prefer *ghí* Goats meat also is a common luxury in a Káith household but we seldom, if ever, got a taste of it The *dál* being ready, the pán is taken down and an iron *tárá*[69] placed

65 A kind of soft earth.
66 Cow-dung cakes used for fuel.
67 Oven.
68 Unclarified butter
69 An inverted metallic round pan used for baking bread

on the *chúlhá* on which the bread is baked. It is without any leaven as a rule, though the cakes are sometimes lubricated with *ghí*: but this is a luxury.

The master of the house having eaten, the females were served out, and we among them. We of course eat our meals in our small room, but the other females entered the *chaukí* attired in *sárís*, and there sat down and eat in metal plates. After the meal is over, it is customary to wash the hands with mud or gram-flour, which effectually removes the grease, and renders the skin perfectly clean of all impurities.

Once there was a *rat-jagá*[70] in one of the neighbouring Káith families, and a basketful of sweets was also sent to Lálá's house, of which we of course had our share.

A *rat-jagá* is essentially a female observance. In some localities, it is called by the name of *Khoriá*. On the occasion of a son's marriage, for example, while the male portion of the family are away with the *bárát*,[71] the female friends of the family gather together for the purpose of offering their congratulations to the bridegroom's mother. A *rat-jagá* or night-watch is observed, and they all are supposed to spend the night in singing and feasting. While the greater number of them sit round in a circle and sing, one of them keeps time on a *dholak*, a monotonous measure being kept up on both sides of the drum. The *dholak* is a round wooden cask, both the openings of which are covered with goat's-hide called *puras*; the edges of the leather are pasted down to the wood, and connected together by means of a cord

70. Lit. a keeping-up at-night, a vigil.
71 Bridal party.

made to run triangularly from one side to the other Metal rings are passed through these triangles, and by means of them the *yuras* are tightened to the required pitch Then a double cord is fixed to both ends for the purpose of either hanging the instrument round the neck, or holding it to the knee The knee resting on the barrel, the first two or three fingers of the hands are brought into requisition to play the two sides The right hand plays *the right purá* which answers to the treble, and *the left* hand the bass To make the left *purá* give a hoarse sound, it is either lined in the centre with a preparation of rosin, or a lump of moistened wheat-flour is pasted on it outside This, however, is usually done to the *tablá*, and not the *dholak*

The songs sung on such occasions are well known to the women They are songs which are seldom, if ever, sung by the men they are called *rat-jagá songs* simple village ditties, gay and mirthful, ending in a refrain which is taken up by the chorus The sounds are far from pleasing to the cultivated ear, they are nevertheless apt to excite pleasurable emotions in those who understand rustic music, or have lived in the country so as to enter into the domestic recreations of a native household

While the singing is going on some of the guests assist in making *gulgulás* which is the principal dish cooked at a *rat-jagá* A large *karhái* or frying-pan is placed on fire, *ghí* is poured in, and, when it is sufficiently heated, a lump of wheat-flour mixed and beaten up with sugar is dropped into it It at once forms into a ball which sucks up the *ghí* When sufficiently fried, it is taken off with a perforated ladle, and another lump dropped in As a rule, several lumps are drop-

ped in and taken out at a time. The *gulgulás*, when ready, are kept in a basket well covered up, otherwise they would harden by the action of air. Next morning, portions are sent to friends' houses and partaken of greedily, for it is not always that such a treat can be had.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MISS LAVATER'S NARATIVE, (*Continued*)

(*Domestic Customs*)

As I have described the Hindu *ratjagá*, I may as well, before I proceed further with the narrative of my personal experiences, give a brief description of the ceremony as observed among the Muhammadans.

It is held usually on the occasion of child-birth, the second *khushi*,[72] or a marriage. When a son is born, the female friends of the mother or *jaccha*[73] come to the house, and keep up the *chatu*[74], which is a period of six or seven days following the event, at the end of which the mother leaves her bed, and bathes. A *ratjagá* on the occasion of a marriage is held on the night previous to the marriage, and one in celebration of the second *khushi* on the night following the performance of the rite.

As described before, the women sit round in a circle, and sing to the music of the *dholak*. The Mu-

72. The rite of circumcision.

73 Or, more correctly, *tacha* : the young mother.

74 Lit. Sixth day, the sixth day after child-birth.

hammadan female sex has a keener appreciation of sounds than the Hindu Though dancing is looked down upon, and is not generally practised, a young sprightly member of the chorus will sometimes stand up when pressed, and take a few steps Encouraged by her example another will stand up, and say 'You are not right, this is the way how the step should go" and so on Of course their attempts at the 'light fantastic' are clumsy and crude, and are productive of risibility among the spectators, for the art of dancing in India is reserved exclusively to the professional or *kasbi*, be he man of woman In wealthier families, however, the dancing part of the *ratjagá* is performed by a *domni* The *domni* or *domin* is a professional dancer and singer She differs from the ordinary *kasbi* in that she dances only in the presence of a female audience, and within the *zanán-khaná* walls, and unlike the other has female musicians to attend her The musicians are four in number,—two of them play the *sárangi* or fiddle, one the *tallá* or drum, and another the *manjira* or bells Unlike the men musicians these sit down and play, and as to the performer on the drum, she plays the *bánlá* for the bass, and the right half of a *dholak* for the treble The dancer passes round the whole circle of the audience and, when she sits down to sing, as she does, taking the audience in groups of four or five to sing to at a time, then the musicians just move up to give her the accompaniment more effectually, otherwise they sit and play at the end of the *farsh* or floor

While the singing is proceeding, *pan* is handed round at irregular intervals, and the spectators applaud the singer now and again, whenever they are more particularly pleased with her performance, and,

may-be, some of them will give her a rupee or two in token of their satisfaction This, which is known as *bel*, she receives and hands it to her chief musician, while she makes a low *salám* to the donor

The viands cooked at a *rat-jagá* consist of *gulgulás* and *rahm* The quantity is regulated by the rule of *sawáyá* and *dhuyá*, that is to say—the flour may be 1¼ seer or 2½ seers 1¼ maund or 2½ maunds it cannot be the equivalent of a whole number or any other fraction of a whole If the quantity to be cooked is small, the cooking is done usually by the women themselves, assisted by a *náin* But when it is in maunds, the master of the house comes to the rescue, and gets a *nát* to do it in the *mardaná*[75] The *gulgulás* are sometimes as large as a cocoa-nut, but, as I have described this dish already, I will not repeat the description here As to the *rahm* however it consists of ground rice kneaded in milk and sugar Raw *ghí* is poured on this, and cut dry fruit is added afterwards namely raisins, pistachios almonds and *chuwárá* namely, the whole being mixed up together, and formed into clods as large as the hand can hold It is, you may say, a kind of thick paste formed into irregular lumps

These viands are not partaken of until a quantity is first sent next morning to the nearest mosque The direction given to the carrier by the mistress of the house is I have observed *Khuda ka rat-jagá*[77] take this in the name of Allah, and I fill up the *tags*[78] with

75 The part of the house reserved for the male portion of the family

76 Nut of the *chilgoza* pine

77 Lit Cold vigil

78 Niche

it' The carrier does so, placing in as much as the niches will hold The *mullah*[79] of the mosque then takes it, and uses it up in his own house And he may also give some to the poor, who generally throng before the mosque on hearing of the treat awaiting them This duty discharged, the guests partake of what is left and portions are also sent to friends' houses who have not attended

Rat-jagás are held also as thanksgivings for special favors bestowed by Heaven For instance a vow is made,— if Alláh gives me so and so, if such a request of mine is granted, I will hold a *rat-jagá* to His name'—the request being granted, in payment of the vow, a *rat-jagá* is held as above described

A *rat-jagá* is always an occasion of rejoicing, and it is held only to mark some special event in the family Celebrations of the kind never take place in a Muhammdan family on a frivolous pretence, or as the means of gratifying the desire for company, or to hear music, or indulge in greater social intercourse between the females of one house with those of another

The reader will observe that a *rat-jagá* partakes of a *quasi* religious character It is made the occasion for a charitable distribution of cooked food But there are other forms of charity appertaining to the female members of the house, which I shall now proceed to describe

79 The resident minister so to speak.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*Other domestic observances*)

There is another kind of distribution known as *Bibí ká kundá*, called also *Bibí ká sainak* or *Bibí ká dánt* This too is a thank offering for some special favor granted by Alláh or a token that a vow once made has been fulfilled The mistress of the house has a quantity of sweet-rice cooked, which when ready, is poured out into a *lorá kunda* or new earthen-pan *Ghí*, cut dry fruit, and a quantity of milk and cream are poured on it, and, *Fátiha* being read, the whole is covered up with a clean basket and put aside Invitations[80] have been sent already to guests, who of course are women The *kundá* is not meant for ordinary guests at all it can only be eaten by the friends and relations of the hostess or by *saidánís*[81] It is served before 5 women or 7 or in excess of that in odd numbers, and the guests must be the legitimate single wives of their husbands *sohagans*,[82] that is, given to the strict observance of the *parda*, never been seen by a stranger male above six years of age,

80 The invitation is an oral one and is couched thus "I have held *Ha rat Bibi s kundá* come!

81 Fem of Saiad *met* a descendant of Hussain who was the grandson of Muhammad by Fátimá his daughter

The term *Bibi* in such cases refers always to Fátimá

82 A woman beloved by her husband or a married woman whose husband is alive *Suhág* is the affection of a husband

and given to performing the *namáz-i-panjgáná*[83] In the absence of friends or relations—and so many as 5 or 7 are very seldom found among them—their places are supplied by the same number of *Saiad* women, able to fulfil the specified conditions The guests come well-dressed having gone through the bath during the day, and the *kunda* is placed before them They are supposed not to have taken any food for twenty-four hours, so they sit down to it with keen appetites, every one eating out of the same plate When dismissing them it is customary to give them some *chirágh*[84] or a dole in cash It may be either a *dupattá* in the corner of which a rupee is tied up, or a rupee, together with a complete suit of clothes consisting of the five garments

The institution of *Hazrat Bíbí kí kunda* dates from the reign of the Emperor Jahángir It is related that when his attentions to the wife of Shér Afgan became decided, and the belief gained ground that she was going to be the future queen-regnant, the queen that was, namely the legitimate first wife of the emperor, formed the design of making an open show of contempt for her rival by inviting the ladies of the Court to a feast in which she could not join, She accordingly promulgated the conditions, one of which was that her guests shall be virtuous and chaste, and such as, except their husbands, had not set eye on any man Whatever Mehr-ul nisá's[85] other

83 The five hours of prayer inculcated by the tenets of Muhammad, and at which every orthodox Musalmán bends his knees in adoration to the Almighty

84 Lit something to light a lamp with

85 That was her real name. Lit it means the sun of womenkind

pretensions might have been, she of, course could not presume to appear at the feast, for, besides having to face the resentment of the injured queen, she had to count upon the consequences of casting a slur upon a feast held in honour of the *Hazrat Bibi*.[86] If a woman who cannot meet all the conditions required of her, yet dares to join in the feast, she is attacked by various deseases or suffers otherwise from the wrath of the offended saint. It is related of a mistress of one of the Nawábs of Rámpur that, having set down to a feast which she herself had given with the full consciousness of her own deficiencies, she was soon after troubled with an ulcer on her face, which refused to be healed, but eventually made a perforation through her cheek; and from the effects of which she died Women who find themselves debarred, are therefore chary not to accept an invitation to the feast.

Similar in character are the celebrations called *Paighambar ká kúndá*,[87] held on a Friday during the season of *Bárah-wafát*,[88] and the *kúndá* of Saiad Jalál-Bukhárí, also held on Fridays during the month of Raj'ab.[89] There is another called *Mushkil-kushá*

86. Fátimá.

87 The "prophet's offering," which means of course Muhammad.

88 The third month of the Muhammadan canonical year, properly called Rabi-ul awwal, in which the festival of the Bárah-wafát, commemorative of the death of Muhammad, takes place It is observed on the 12th of the month.

89. The seventh month of the Muhammadan canonical year.

Alí ká kúndá[90], consisting of *réorts*[91] of the value of 5¼ or 5½ pice, or as many annas. All these may be partaken of by men; but the last is meant correlatively to *Bíbí ki sainuk*, and can be partaken of only by *Súfis*,[92] or by chaste husbands; though *Alláh ki núz*,[93] yet another form of the same institution, may be eaten by any male.

90. Lit. The cup of the difficulty-solver Alí. Alí, the son in-law of the prophet, and the chevalier without fear and without reproach of the history of early Moslem conquests *Daund* is a cup stitched from green leaves

91. A kind of sweet meat made of coarse sugar. Drops rolled over in *til* or the seed of the *sesamum*

92 A sect of philosophers in Persia, and who have also their followers in India, from *sáf:* pure Also, *sáf:* wool, from the professors of the doctrine being clothed in woollen garments.

93 Lit God's offerings. When such an offering is going to be made, the *Fátihá* or opening chapter of the Qurán is recited over the viands, and which thenceforward are considered to be sacred and consecrate.

CHAPTER XL.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*Continued*)

(*Remember the poor.*)

A custom prevails among the Méwátis, and the weighmen and butchers of Brij-land,[94] which bears a close analogy to the *Bhát lá kandá* described in the last chapter: it is known as the *Kánduri*.

These several classes, all Muhammadans, are generally well off. The Méwátis are thriving agriculturists, the *taulás* follow the profession of weighmen, while the *qassábs* or butchers I am speaking of, are either wholesale or retail dealers in cattle or sheep. They purchase young stock and make it over to the *ahirs*[95] or *gadariás*[96], and after they are grown, they drive them to long distances, even as far as Calcutta and Rangoon, where they sell them wholesale and realize handsome profits As to the weighmen, at a period when the *halambhá* or *khári* salt[97] used to be manufactured, their profession was to weigh the salt before its removal from the *sars* or pits. Now that the manufacture of that species of salt has ceased, they pursue their trade as weighers of cereals.

94. The country bordering on the Jamna, and which was the scene of the amours or eccentricities of the Hindu god Krishn (or Krishna), is known as Birj or Brij. Muttrá and the Native State of Bhurtpore are chiefly included in the name.
95. Grazers of horned cattle.
96. Grazers of sheep and goats.
97. This was a manufacture peculiar to the Bhurtpore State The salt was made by solar evaporation.

A cart or carts are brought to the market laden with grain, it is the business of the *taulá* to weigh it out to the wholesale purchaser For his trouble he charges a fee of one anna a maund, more or less He sometimes commands the rate by refusing to begin until a higher fee than ordinary is paid him Rather than allow the consignment to lie over, therefore, for a day or two, the former agrees to his terms At other times, he is bribed by the purchaser to give him a liberal weight And in this manner the *taulá* makes a few rupees over and above the usual fee

These classes are therefore very well off But in their prosperity, they do not forget the tithe which the precepts of their religion require shall be paid, in the name of the Giver of all good things from the profits which they make And, accordingly, it is their invariable custom to put aside a certain proportion of their earnings, to be applied to some charitable purpose

The manner of banking the same is as follows A hole is dug in the ground into which the nave of a wheel is fixed, below the aperture is buried a *hándi* or earthen vessel The money being thrown in, it passes through the aperture into the *hándi*, where it is safe for the aperture is only just large enough for the coin to pass through And no thief will touch the deposit, as it is considered sacred From time to time the deposit is made, and the mouth of the aperture covered up with a vessel When the period comes round for making a pilgrimage to Mádár Sahib or some other shrine, *pakwán*[98] is made, and being filled

98 See App XX

up in a blanket or *khanta*[99] bag, on their way to the shrine they make a slight repast over these sweets, as they will not cook anything fresh until the halting-place is reached in the evening. The vow being paid, on the return of the party from the pilgrimage, the *kandum* or bank is opened, and the deposit is then taken out and spent in making a feast to the brotherhood

CHAPTER XLI.

MAN'S AMBITION, AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

Zinat lay awake till long after every one had retired, and was fast asleep in bed Every five minutes she rose and sat up in her bed in wild bewilderment, and held up her head, and pressed her throbbing temples between her hands She was in a fever of excitement, her nerves were strung Once her brother asked her why she was so restless, and Hulasia offered to press her head and shampoo her to sleep, but she excused herself, alleging that she only felt hot and would soon be asleep And once Nature overpowered her will and she was heard to be breathing hard as if in deep sleep, but it proved only a disturbed slumber, for she started up suddenly as it struck two of the morning, and felt about her bed for something It was her *dulái*[100] She drew it over her head, for she felt chilly The sky was dark and cloudy, not a star was visible There had been heavy showers a

99 A kind of coarse red stuff very strong and durable

100 A kind of light quilt

week before, and, as it was the period of the
moon, everything betokened the setting in of
monsoon in full force

It was Monday, the 22nd of June She had
thinking of this Monday ever since the last few d
She thought it was going to be a memorable da
her life It had been a short life, for Zinat had o
seen fifteen summers And as soon as she reac
the stage of adolescence, *Hazrat e Ishq*[101] had set
mark on her forehead The roses had left her chee
and she was no longer the same sprightly girl as
used to be before Her father marked the change
her appearance and her manner, but he was ab orl
in his own speculations, he was ambitious of politi
power, so he cared little how matters went on w
his family For are not our lives controlled by q
mat[102]? And our destinies, we cannot change th
as we would? We may rub our feet against the fl
or place our foreheads low in supplication, all
same for whatever is written in our foreheads, t
will surely come to pass Where then was the
of his diverting his thoughts from matters of gre
moment to his schemes of self aggrandisement
the minutæ of life in his zanana?

Being a man of the world however, he had su
cient acumen to perceive that an attachment h
sprung up between his daughter and her cousin F
hat the arrow of love had pierced the hearts of bot
no human skill could extract the barb or cure t
wound It must cure of itself, or fester indefinitel
until the fates grew propitious to the lovers He h

101 Cupid, the god of love
102 Fate

privately consulted an old astrologer on the banks of the Khannaut whose conclusions he could rely upon, and the latter had assured him that the phœnix's[103] shadow had passed over him. Further, that both the young people,—his daughter and her cousin—had been born under the conjunction of the planets *Mirrikh*[104] and *Zohra*[105], and which circumstance accounted for their being of an amorous temperament! Facts in nature are perpetually repeating themselves. He too had been a gallant in his time, but the Sun happened to be at a distance at the period of his birth, and so his indiscretions were not discovered. His child's case was analogous to his own, but he could trust to her natural instinct of honour not to commit herself too far other than prudence dictated. Personally he had no objection to Farhat becoming his son-in-law, he rather liked the lad, who had been a favourite with him until that open rupture between him and his father in the brushwood, by the banks of the Khannaut. And then the estate of Makhdumpur! That bone of contention existed still, and to which had been super-added the intolerable mortification of having been outdone by his rival in the race for the Nawábship. He could never be friends again with Qádar-Ali-Khan, and as to his son, why, an alliance with him was now impossible.

The times had pretty well done up for Qádar Ali

103 The fabulous *Humá* which is believed to have his home on the summit of Koh i Qáf (the Caucasus). It is supposed that the head which he overshadows in the course of his flight will in time wear a crown. The creature is synonymous with the *unqá* and the *símurgh*.

104 The planet Mars.

105 Venus.

Khán There was disorder within his *nizámat*,[106] there were frequent commotions in the city; open acts of tyranny were overlooked by the Nawáb nay, he fraternised with the perpetrators of them There was a concurrence of circumstances favourable to the advancement of his own claims to the *nizamat* And he was not the man to let slip the opportunity Amid jarring elements and conflicting interests therefore, he left his retreat in Oudh and appeared suddenly in Sháhjahanpore His adherents, who were influential and powerful, gathered round him, and, in a general council, it was resolved that they all should proceed to Bareilly, and obtain the Názimship from the Nawáb, Khán Bahádur Khan [107]

This night he was resting under his own paternal roof, intending betimes to start for Bareilly He had called up and kissed his daughter before going to bed—an unusual proceeding with him, but not wishing to commit himself to an open admonition of his child, he repeated as her steps retired, an ancient line, the purport of which was "Why should the wise commit an act for which they shall be sorry afterwards?' 'Those are weighty words,' reflected Zinat—'and Abba Mián evidently meant them for me I wonder if he knows all about it! If he does, then farewell to life, farewell to hope! I shall have no future Parhat must possess some knowledge of Abbá's thoughts, or why should he have fixed on this very day for the commencement of an enterprise which probably will be attended with disastrous conse-

106 Government h s provincial charge the province ruled over by a *názim* or governor

107 The hoary headed rebel who ruled at Bareilly and who arrogated a higher office than the *názim* of Shahjahanpore

quences But———,'—and she sat up again in her bed—'but I have promised to be true, and I swear by my head that I will keep to my word. *O Hazrat Bíbí*, be thou my counsellor and my guide! Monday is not an auspicious day for going a journey to the east[108]: so the ancients have said. But why should I fear? Will he not be my constant companion wherever our *qismat* may take us? So, Zínat, be not a craven! No, I shall not abjure my promise for fear of unknown dangers Alláh will watch over us!'

Thus she argued and resolved mentally And in the midst of these cogitations, she lay down again and fell asleep. Suddenly she started up as mentioned before, and drawing up her *dúlál* over her face, was again lost in reverie. "O the darling of my heart! where will this passion lead me? How many wells deep and dark have I to peep into, and explore their illimitable depths![109] O Wonderful! O Merciful! Did my eyes really delude me, or was it a dream? I thought, for surely it could not be a reality; I thought I was far from home, had crossed rivers and mountains in pursuit of Farhat who still eluded my touch, when lo! I am caught by a whirlwind and lifted up in the air. I feel about with my hands I look below, when, O horror! I am enveloped in flames, yet am I not burnt! I weep, I sob, I pour forth my heart in sighs I call on Farhat. Farhat! O Farhat, the delight of my soul, my longed for, where art thou? Behold these flames, the fire of sorrow that circles me round! Why comest thou not to release thy Zínat from this *jinnat-ul-*

108 See App XXI.

109. An orientalism

nár—this paradise of fire? Another face now peers into mine, it laughs and invites me to laugh and smilingly leap into his arms Can I, the heaven-made bride of the matchless Parhat, I who have sacrificed my all on the altar of his love can I give that which is his to another? Never! I despise thee! I spurn at thee, foul, malicious spirit begone! The fire glows with intense heat, it eclipses the glory of the sun now rising with effulgent beams in the gorgious orient, now the country all round is scorched, yet am I not burnt My sighs are caught up by the sparks which fly about the chariot-wheels of my captor now sailing in the sky, they are carried by the four winds of heaven to the palm tree where———" Suddenly her eyes opend, and she started up

CHAPTER XLII.

LOST IN THE DEEP

There cannot be a doubt but that Zinat's mind was unhinged, yet she know perfectly well what was expected of her The lightning-flash revealed to her that every one was asleep,—her mother and aunt, and her father and brothers outside—all were fast locked in deep sleep, and the faithful Hulasa, her fast friend and the repository of her secret, she too lay snoring in the porch The gong struck three, no more delays, the hour had arrived, the step decided on already must be taken, for good or for ill Wrapping her light quilt round her, she gets up from the bed, and, treading lightly as if on eggshells, she steals into the garden by the back-door Her step is firm,

though her heart beats fitfully Not a lingering look at her dear old home, at the dear forms wrapped in unconsciousness which made that home so dear The passion that devours her inside, the fever that dazes her reason, impels her onward The gentle *pardá-nashín*[110], the tenderly-reared *nárí*[111], to whom the four walls of the *zanánkhána*[112] had been all the world hitherto, steps forth dauntlessly to behold the open face of nature It was gloomy, fearfully appalling, this night The thunder grumbled in the sky, the lightning flashed from one end of it to the other By one of these flashes she perceived, as she passed the garden-wicket, that a *mídna* awaited her in the street. The *kahárs* were ready there with muffled-up faces, and a tall, manly figure, also muffled, stalked about near by awaiting with anxious expectation her arrival Without question or any explanation, Zinat takes her seat in the *meana* the *kahárs* lift it on to their shoulders, and with steady but quick step carry her along northwards Now Bahadurganj is passed, then Bijlipura and Bahadarápur, past the school and Gulabbári, the *kahárs* make a half left turn, and dip into the melon plantations on the right bank of the Khannaut The river has been rising slowly during the past few days but is flowing with a sluggish course, and is still fordable in some places The *kahárs*, without the least hesitation, plunge into the stream, feeling their way on with long poles in their hands It is only a matter of 200 yards, the opposite bank is soon reached, they keep up their old

110 Lit the sitter or dweller in *pardá* or seclusion.

111 A delicate woman a belle

112 The female apartments

rot, and, tired and exhausted with the rapidity of their march, they set down the *méáná* at length on a sandy plateau, and retire a little distance to rest awhile

Half an hour passed The tall figure who has been noticed before, and whom we shall for our present purpose call by the name of Tíroz, as if he was the guardian angel of the *méáná*, now arrived at the spot he had found it impossible to keep up with the nimble-footed *Lal dás* After taking a pull or two at their *chilam*, he desired them to get up as the dawn was now appearing in the east "Be quick," said he, "and if you can reach the *sawárí*[113] beyond the border before daylight appears, your reward is secured Be quick" They all rose up being somewhat rested, and, putting their shoulders to the poles, lifted the *méáná* off the ground "*Bhallé bhai!*"[114] exclaimed one "The *méáná* is lighter than before What can be the reason? Rest is wonderful!" "It feels as if there was nobody in it," said another "*Kée bhaiá, báp kí saugand!*"[115] there is some mystery here, said a third "Let us set down the *méáná*, it is a feather-weight!" exclaimed the fourth They set it down accordingly One of them tried it again, and declared there could be nobody in it, as it was perfectly light Probably the *bíbí sáhab* strolled out while we were resting and *mián* hurried us on, so she was left behind They all agreed that that was the only hypothesis upon which they could account for the lightness of the *méáná* "Could we but peep in, we should make sure"

113 Lit conveyance but *met* the one in it
114 Well done!
115 Well brothers I swear by my father!

Meanwhile came up Fíroz, who had lingered behind to make *wuzú*,[116] and say the *fajar ki namáz*,[117] and felt annoyed at the *méáná* being still on the ground, and the *kahárs* engaged arguing among themselves. "O *náláiqo!*[118]" said he, addressing them in anger; "did I not plainly command you to set off at once, and here you have again put down the *méáná*, and are wasting precious time in idle talk?" "We are in truth in a precious mess, *mián*," said the foremost of them; "for we truly set off when you told us to, but where is the use of going further as there seems to be no one it? We were all in a dream!" "O *mardúd!*[119] O *béwuqúf!*[120] what art thou chattering? *Káfur!* hast thou dared to peep behind the *pardá?*" "No, *mián!* how could your slave presume to do such a thing; but come you and try to lift the *méáná* yourself. Now, does it feel as if there was any one in it?"

Fíroz wondered what it could all mean. The *meáná* was truly light, light as a feather; what could have become of its occupant? It would be an unpardonable breach of etiquette for him to peep into it; he would not violate the sanctity of the *pardá*, and his friend would never forgive him for doing so. Yet here was a strange pass. He must for the sake of that very friend break the rule and look in, for if Zínat was not there, dead or alive, the mystery of the empty *méáná* must be traced to preternatural causes. And so he lifted the *pardá* and threw it up; he put his head in and took a careful survey of the interior, but there

116 The ablution of the hands and feet, etc before prayers
117 Morning prayer
118 O worthless!
119 Reprobate, rejected
120 O fools! Lit without discernment.

was no one in it. Not a trace, not a vestige of Zínat or of any one having but recently sat in it! He let down the *pardá* and turned a fierce look on the *kahárs* "This mystery must be solved, or, *maládino!*[121]" hissed he between his clenched teeth; "I shall knock off the head of each one of you;" putting his hand to the hilt of his sword as he spoke.

"*Mídn!*" answered the *kahár*, who had first spoken. "We are at your feet, kill us if you like; but we are unable to explain this mystery. We ourselves are at a loss to account for her disappearance Believe me, *hajúr*,[122] we are all amazed to discover the *méná* is empty. The only suggestion that we can make is that while, like you, we were resting on this side of the *naddí*,[123] *bibí sáhab* probably came out for some purpose; and before she could return and resent herself, we took up the *méná* at your command and started off!

"This, or she is drowned," observed *Firoz*, mentally; "fell out of the *mèdnà* and was drowned; what else could have become of her? And now what explanation can I give Farhat, he who had trusted his most precious treasure to my keeping? Will he for a moment accept the theory that she was drowned while crossing the *naddí*? Will he not rather be inclined to question my honesty, and impute the worst of motives to me? And who would not? Things look so suspicious against me? *Wàe qismat!*[124] where

121 O accursed!
122 Vulgarly pronounced for *huzur*, which see.
123 A small stream
124 O my fate! A common exclamation

has retribution overtaken me, when the adventure had nearly proved so successful!"[125]"

So soliloquised he, scratching his head meanwhile, and casting his head-dress to the ground.[126] He was in a great state of mind. After a pause, he began again. 'But what is the use of mourning in this fashion? If she has truly been left behind, as these fellows surmise, she will be found. I will go this instant, and search every spot of ground. Or, if she have fallen into the stream, I will have the bed dredged though the current be ever so fast. I will bring up her lifeless body, and, presenting it to Parhat as mute but irresistible evidence of my innocence, will stab myself thus, and die!' He had nearly acted in character the last part of his speech, and had actually drawn his knife from his girdle, and was in the act to strike himself when his hand was arrested by the strong arm of an unknown person, who begged of him to come to himself, and rather than fritter away time in useless lamentation, accompany him back to the spot where he had crossed the *riddi*, and make a thorough search all along the bank.

125 A Persian proverb used occasionally for all but won.

126 A sign of deep sorrow.

CHAPTER XLIII

FARIAT IS MAD

Both these, therefore, started with this object, while the rest of the *kahárs* remained with the *méáná* It was now daylight The sun, obscured by clouds, was just peeping above the horizon, when a young man with his face muffled up, rode up to where the *méáná* was set, and demanded of the *kahárs* whose *méáná* it was, and what they were doing there at that early hour? Was not there another person with them, dressed better than they, and taller than them all?

The kahárs were perplexed. They apparently did not wish to answer any questions, but, on the other hand, the man on horseback was in evident alarm, noticing their tell-tale faces Not waiting for their answer, he hurriedly dismounted, and staggered up to the *méáná* He flung aside the curtain, and looked in Dismay, amazement horror seized him Struck all of a heap, he demanded of them where the *bibi-sáhab* had gone, and what had become of the tall man? "Answer, O for the sake of *Khudá* [127] answer me quickly!"

The kahars had sagacity enough to discern the nature of the business in which they had been engaged In a few words they informed him of the mishap, how everything had gone on well until they crossed, and how the *bibi sáhab* had disappeared suddenly from the *méáná* In conclusion, they told him that the tall man had gone back to search for her

127 For God's sake

'O the traitor! the false friend! the serpent in disguise! Did I trust thee for this day with the care of the object I held dearest to my heart? Oh, thou hast given me a fatal cut! Where shall I look for her—where shall I look for thee, to bury this sword in thy false bosom, into the breast that could harbour so much deceit against thy friend? Thou art gone, O Zinat! thou art gone against thy will, I know, but my peace of mind, my honour, my life, all are gone with thee. Henceforth I shall wander like an outcast from my paternal home from my friends, from the land which gave me birth! The world will lift up its finger of scorn at me. I have deserved it—for tearing thee from thy own loved home, from thy devoted parents and fond brothers—in order that I may flee with thee? No! Fate forbide that, in order that thou mayest be made to taste the forced embraces of one whom I called by the sacred name of friend! O forlorn! O wretched! the wrath of Allah has overtaken me! O thou blue-vaulted frame above! fall on me, hide me from the sneering world from the agonised look of her parent, and the retribution of her brothers! Oh I shall run, run far away from this spot I shall bury myself in a strange land,—in obscurity in darkness in forgetfulness!'

And having poured forth the agony of his soul so far, the young man threw himself down on the ground and seemed to relapse into a state of insensibility. The blow was too much for him he had fainted. But a while after he opened his eyes wildly, and in a transport of rage he began to tear his hairs, and catching hold of his head he sprang from the ground, exclaiming "My head! my head! Zinát, I see thee! Thy arms are spread out as if thou wast imploring

my aid to rescue thee from an unwilling Pralaya! Thy harrowing voice I can hear! Weep not! I come! I come, love!' And saying this he rushed as if he was going for some fixed object, his scimiter drawn in his hand, with which he slashed in the air at some imaginary object while all the time he was shouting I come! I come!

'Parbat was mad!'

CHAPTER XIII

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*Poor Lado's fate*)

Every one of us slept in the yard and so did Lala and the female members of his household. We had become like so many members of the same family. Every one used to take good rest, except dear mother, who, as a rule, used to take a nap during the day but made a point of keeping watch all through the night. It was distressing to see her sit up night after night. She might have dozed off now and then, but her watchful spirit never slept. Her instincts of present evil, or, of coming danger were as keen as before. Lala used to fold his hands to her and say 'sarkar do sleep, and I will watch. I am no *mathur kath*[128] if I ever shirk the duty. My life will go before yours is attempted." But she used to reply 'No Lálá! sleep has left these eyelids, I will watch and you all sleep. But have you no knife or some such weapon

128 One of the many septs into which the Káth community is divided

at hand that you can give me ?" He brought out an old rusty knife and gave it to her Mother took pains to clean it and sharpen its edges, and secreted it on her person

And so days and nights passed, and, except for our daily and hourly fear of being discovered and murdered, nothing eventful occured to break the sad monotony of our existence But on the eighth or tenth day of our sojourn, there occurred the incident which has been related in Chapter I Every one had retired to bed, the only vigilant eye not closed in sleep was mother's It was 10 or 11 o clock I lay half awake, when mother remarked that she got the smell of *chameli*[129] flowers At the same time, a clod of earth fell down Mother's attention being drawn to the well, she perceived in the dark the figure of a man lying stretched over it, another and then another They were concealed by the shade of a *kaith*[130] tree that grew at the end of the yard and consequently their outlines could not be perceived with distinctness But my heroic mother was equal to the occasion She drew the knife from her bosom, and exclaimed audibly that she would pierce the heart of the first who attempted to lay hands on me Awed by her intrepid aspect, the miscreants leaped down the well, and decamped

This circumstance proved to us that our present security was bound to be short-lived, and that our hiding-place had become known to those who thirsted for our blood

Another incident occurred later on, which still further excited our apprehensions Out of our ser

129 Jasmine.
130 See glossary

vants, two had followed us to our hiding-place, namely Ládo *dai*, and Nable, my father's bearer This faithful servant had been my grandfather's bearer in the olden days, and had afterwards taken service with my father He was implicitly trusted When trouble came upon us, he refused to leave us, so Lalá permitted him to occupy a corner in the house We had of course no use for him now, but the old man used to eat and sleep in the yard, and his presence was a kind of comfort to us As to Ládo, she was a woman from Pihani,[131] (in the district of Khiri Lakhimpur) When mother fled, she followed her, and refused to leave her These two faithful servants together with two of our dogs, were the only mementos left us of our dear old home

Ládo had only one daughter, married to a *sqligai*[132] of Pihani, this man had been going about in search of her ever since the outbreak He had been once or twice to Lála's house before, having received information that some Firingis were refuged there but had always been told that he was misinformed About the 23rd June he came once again, and spoke to Lálá, "My mother-in-law is here I am sure she is I have enquired everywhere, and people tell me that she was seen to come only as far as this, and beyond this the tracks will not go So Lalaji you had better let me take her away, or I shall bring trouble upon you' Lala replied that he might go and do as he pleased but that he knew nothing about his mother-in law But the man became persistent —

'I tell you man, said he—'that the tracks do not go beyond this house, and have her to day I

131 Noted for the excellence of its blades.

132 A sword-cleaner or sword grinder

shall. I wouldn't care a bit about it, but my wife has been tormenting me ever since the outbreak, to go and fetch her mother. Give her up, I say, or take the consequences of your refusal."

Lálá again told him the same thing as before. "Then will you allow me to search your house?"

"I will allow you to do no such thing," angrily replied Lálá. "Go away, you insolent fellow. How dare you propose to enter my Zanáná?"

Thus foiled, the man went away in great anger, threatening to inform the Nawáb, and to bring down a *tuman*[133] to the house

After he had gone, Lalá came in and told my mother all these things, and he advised her to let the woman go. Mother of course said that she was not in the way at all, and that she might go by all means. Ládo now came and fell down at mother's feet, and bid us all farewell

"*Aré méri Mém Sáhab!*"[134] she said "It costs me a pang to leave you all, and at a time when such a step on my part looks like defection of my kind mistress. But I swear by my eyes, no! I would rather have shared your good or ill fortune than desert you, and I would never leave you, but that boy of mine is a violent man If he goes to the Nawab as he threatens to do, it will be all up with us! and then—that is my only child! Don't be afraid, however, *Mém Sahab*. I will never tell on you Though a knife be passed over my throat, I swear by Allah! even then Ládo will not reveal your

133 See glossary

134 O my mistress!

luding-place May Allah be with you, and my *Mushkil-kusha*[135] soon end your trials!"

She blessed me and my cousin, taking our *baldien*,[136] and left the house in tears Poor Ládo! she had been many years with us, and we had all got to like her, and her attachment to us during the period of our calamity had further won our affection

In the evening, when Lalá came again, he related to mother what had befallen poor Ládo She met her son-in law in Bahádargunj, and accosted him "*Ai è maia!*"[137] said he, 'where have you been? I have searched high and low for you, where do you spring up from today?"

"*Bèta!*"[138] replied she—'I have these many days been knocking about and now I am returning from Fatehgarh"

'Why *máia* what took you to Fatehgarh? What has become of the Firangans whom you were serving?"

'Now, how can I tell you what became of them? They were all killed I suppose"

News having reached the Nawáb, he sent for them both and he closely questioned Ládo as to the whereabouts of the Firangans, with whom she had been employed She said she could not tell, she did not know

'Now, this *murdár*,'[139] swore the Nawáb, this *murdár* tries to bandy words with me She knows

135 The solver of difficulties a reference to Ali

136 Literally Calamities sorrows The process has been explained in Ch XIV

137 O mother

138 Son

139 Lit One dead or carrion Used to express utter contempt

full well where they are, but will not tell *Khuda ki qasam!*[140] I will have your head chopped off, unless you tell me everything regarding them Do you hear?"

"*Khuddwand!*"[141] tremblingly answered Ládo "How can I tell you what I do not know myself? I certainly fled with them, but what became of them afterwards I do not know"

'Where did you part company with them?"

"Somewhere near the culvert but beyond that I dont know'

"This *shaitanni!*"[142] again swore the Nawáb

This *khwarí*[143] will cause me to commit a violent act She prevaricates *Quran ki qasam!*[144] let her be dealt with according to her deserts"

And at a signal from the Nawáb, two men rushed up, and, seizing her by her hair, placed a naked sword across her throat And now the poor woman writhed and wriggled under the strong grasp of her captors She protested, she swore she declared that she knew nothing and entreated that mercy might be shown her, as she was innocent

Mián Khudá kè wastè, for God s sake, and for the sake of His *Rasul*, dont torture me I really know nothing, or why should I hide it from you? *Hazúr kè su ki qasam*,[145] I know nothing"

140 Lit God s oath
141 Lord. My lord
142 She-devil
143 Lit refuse, riff raff
144 Quran s oath
145 I swear by your head my lord

"Why swear by my head, you *murdár* ?" raged the Nawáb "Well, since you are not afraid even of the *tegh*,[146] I suppose you really know nothing Let her go"

"And thus," concluded Lálá—"the poor wretch was let off when half dead through fright"

CHAPTER XLV.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE *(continued)*

(*A change of Governors*)

There was a great beating of drums on the 24th of June and the sound of *naubat-nafir*[147] came to our ears very distinctly, as we entered the yard later on These sounds were of course not unfamiliar to us, but they had not been heard of since the outbreak, and, attended as they were with the shouting of the multitude, and the tramp of horses we fancied there must be something unusual astir abroad Our curiosity was soon satisfied, when Lála came in and told mother

"A change of Nawábs to-day, *sarkar* !"

"Indeed, what can it mean, Lálá ?" she enquired "I thought that Qádar Ali Khan still reigned ?'

"He did until this morning but has been superseded since by Ghulám-Qádar Khan Of course there

146 Sword

147 The fife and drum, usually played in a balcony on the royal residence It is also known as *roshan chauki*

is much of a muchness between them; for they both belong to the same ancestry, and each claims the hereditary title And, both of them are inimical to our Government. There is this difference between them, however, that whereas Qádar Ali Khan is a man of a dissolute and sensual character, tyrannical and indifferent to the cares of government, the other possesses greater energy, and pretends to piety, yet would extirpate the káfars root and branch"

We all trembled, he proceeded——

"When the mutiny first broke out, Ghulam Qádar Khan was absent in Oudh, at a place called Bánsi He had, nevertheless, been inciting the rustic population to throw off the British yoke, and, but for an open rupture between him and Qádar Ali Khan, they both would probably have acted in concert, and Bhagwan only knows what greater atrocities would have been committed But it was ordained otherwise He refused to have anything to do with the murder of women and children, and as the sepoys for this very reason showed a preference for his rival, he withdrew for a time to a safe distance, from where he has been watching the course of events Mazhar Karim has thrown in his lot with him, and Nizám Ali Khan, Mangal Khan, Abdul Rauf Khan, Sital Singh, and a host of others, belonging to good and influential families

"On the 15th June he arrived at Shahjahanpore, and the following day he proceeded to Bareilly, in company with his followers and supporters, and presented himself before Khán Bahádur Khán, the hoary-headed traitor who now calls himself the lieutenant of the faithful, and laid before him his preferential title to the *Nizamat* of Shahjahanpore. On his

presenting a *nazrana*,[148] his request was granted. Yesterday he returned to Shahjahánpore, and commenced at once to make arrangements for organizing a government. The *Hafiz-Khels*[149] are believed to have fraternised, so much so that Hámid Hasan Khán has been appointed one of the Náib-Názims.[150] This morning, the leading rebels attended the *darbar*[151] of the new Nawáb, presented *nazars*,[152] and received their different *sanads*[153] of office. At this time the Nawáb holds a night entertainment; do you not hear the sound of the *roshan chauki*?"

"Do you think we are likely to be disturbed, Lálá, in this retreat of ours? What would he gain by killing the harmless and innocent?" anxiously enquired dear granny.

"As to that, no one can say anything certain, *Bari Bi*,"[154] he replied. "I expect, Muhammadan as he is, he is as cruel and vindictive, and as desirous of signalising his reign by the murder of 'kafars,' as was his predecessor. I have, nevertheless, heard a rumour that some deep grief has fallen on him, and, which far from subduing his spirit, makes him look wild, and more like a wounded tiger confined in a cage than a sagacious and politic ruler, just gathering into his hands the reins of government."

148 Present, gift

149 The *Hafiz-khels* are one of the numerous Pathan clans on the North west frontier They are distinguished by keeping their heads shaved

150. Deputy-governor.

151. Court-function.

152. Present offered to the Ruler on State occasions Compare 148

153 Credentials

154. Old lady.

"What are you alluding to, Lálá," enquired mother "Is it a private grief—wife dead? He can get another, and half a score more, now that he is a ruling Nawáb But what has that to do with our ultimate fate?"

"I think it is likely to influence his conduct," he replied "Rumour has it that his daughter, a young and beautiful girl, has been abducted, but by whom, or where she has been taken to, no one knows."

"It must be a love-tale," suggested mother

"It looks like it," continued Lálá; "for Farhat-ullah Khan, one of the sons of Qadir Ali Khan, disappeared at the same time, and the suspicion is that he has eloped with the damsel"

"Aha! exclaimed mother "That young sprig, who used to be so frequently passing before our bungalow, showing off the paces of his pie-bald nag? I, however, still fail to see how these matters can affect the question of our future security"

"I was coming to it, *sarkár* replied Lálá 'No sooner had the Nawáb taken his seat on the cushion than some tell-tales informed him of the circumstance of Ládo's story, and proposed that a *tuman* be sent to surround my house, and search it for the females of Lavater's house, who the *sikligar* told the people were hiding here'

I turned white through fear Every one sat up, and craned her neck toward the speaker, who continued —

"Well, the Nawáb enquired what had become of Lavater Sáhab, who, he remarked, was always thought to be a harmless and inoffensive man Those who had proposed the expedition, said eagerly; 'As to that *kafar*, the sepoys have despatched him, with others, in the church'

"Then, I think," observed the Nawáb; "we need not go out of our way to apprehend his females, or seek to do them any harm. By the memory of my lost Zinát, *Quran majid ki qasm*[155]! I will have nothing to do with the cold-blooded murder of the harmless and innocent" And the Nawáb turned his eyes wildly about the room, suffused as they were with tears, as if he had uttered a maxim of State policy which he would rather have withdrawn.

"But it was too late," went on Lalá "People, who were ignorant of it before, now came to know that Zinat was the name of his daughter, that she had somehow or other left his protection, and that thereby hung a tale It has also oozed out that Qádar-Ali Khan's son had been paying clandestine visits to his house during his absence from Shahjahanpore, and today the Nawáb has passed a sentence of outlawry against the young man and his father's whole family He has, moreover, set a price on his head, and has offered a reward of 10,000 Rupees to whomever will bring back his daughter to him"

"It is all very interesting as far as it goes,' observed dear mother, "it nevertheless fails to improve our position How far can we trust to the present mood of the Nawáb, and his open declaration not to molest us?"

"I have been told by one of Nizám Ali Khan's men that the Nawáb who was extremely fond of his daughter, was once surprised into giving her a specific promise—and which promise he sealed by placing his hand upon the hilt of his sword—that he would not lift his hand on the women and children of the

155 I swear by the noble Quran

Firangis It all sounds very romantic to be sure, but I think I can trust to my information proving reliable"

This was re assuring Mother observed —"I wouldn't be surprised to know that this determination of his was partly the effect of Nizam Ali Khan's influence in his counsels, for the latter knew my dear husband very well We held from him the lease of Buller's compound for many years, and we paid the instalments of rent regularly"

'I dare say your surmise is correct The Nawáb trusts in him, and has given him orders to begin casting guns in his private manufactory With men like him and Mizhar Karim whose daughter has been married to one of his sons, the public affairs promise fair to be handled more vigorously than they have been under the sepoys tool, Qádir Ali Khan"

CHAPTER XLVI

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*Continued*)

(*Led away Captive*)

I have said before, that we were entirely dependent upon the Lálá for our means of subsistence, for, though mother had a little money in her jewel-case when she fled she was obliged to use it very sparingly, and carefully to husband the small resources left her One day Lálá said to her —

"*Sarkar* I am ashamed to acknowledge that I have no money left All this while I have managed to get along with the 19 Rs which I looted from that

sepoy whom I slew at the jail, but now that too is all over"

"Don't distress yourself, Lálá," answered dear mother "Here is some gold"—taking out some leaf-gold from her jewel case, and which she gave him—"take it to the bazar, and sell it for whatever it will fetch

Lálá was overjoyed at this unexpected help He rejoined "*Sarkár*, I have your *amanat* [156] I shall go this instant, and see what I can get for it And if you will permit me to suggest, let us all go to Bareilly I have my brother there, and some of your relatives are also there I hope we shall get on better there, for we will at least save house-rent, which I have to pay here I will also arrange to hire two carts, which I think will accommodate us all

He went to the bazar that day, but could not dispose of the gold, he was offered less than he had expected to get, and so he returned and informed mother She said "Why did you not give it up for whatever you can get? Is it a time for us to pick and to choose?"

So he went to the bazar again the next day The day proved an eventful one to us We had resided with the Lálá 27 days, this day was to be the last We were, as was our wont, huddled together in one little apartment looking at each other in amazement at the change which had come over us, and wondering how much longer we would be permitted to live, when our attention was drawn abruptly to the sound of several men's voices outside

"Open the door, will you?" And there was a loud bang on the entrance door

156 Something placed in trust or deposit

herself over me—"Dont kill my child for Allah's sake, but if you will take her life, take mine before hers I adjure you by the *teqh* of 'Ali!" Her eyes were blood-shot, they were ready to start out of their sockets She presented a magnificent, yet a dreadful, spectacle of a voluntary victim proffering her own life in order to save the life, nay more than life, the honour of her child My devoted mother! As for me, wincing under the nervous grasp of the man's arm I was completely stupified and felt as if my brain was in a whirl I could not have offered any resistance The man's countenance fell under the stern gaze of my intrepid mother, while she clutched at me, and tried to wrest my arm from his He dropped the point of his sword, while he commanded us both, as we valued our lives to follow him quietly Casting a look of agony on dear granny who, with the others, sat wringing her hands in helpless trepidation, dear mother and I left the house walking behind our captor with drooping heads and faltering limbs

It was the 26th or 27th of June No rain had fallen till then to speak of The sun at 10 o'clock forenoon, shone with an intense heat, the ground was dry and parched Bare footed and bare-headed we followed the man without a word, without a murmur, like two lambs going to the slaughter He walked immediately before us, with his naked sword in his hand, the others surrounded us, and hemmed us in, all with drawn swords the brilliant surfaces of which glinted in the sun We of course knew not where he was taking us to—whether to the river to behead us there or to a captivity worse than physical death

Having walked a distance of half a mile or so, we were so faint as likely to have dropped on the

road through exhaustion Our feet were blistered, and our throats parched We reached a *Masjid*,[157] our captor halted under a tamarind tree, and told us to sit down We were asked if we felt thirsty, and, on our putting our hands to our parched lips, some water was brought us in a *katorá*,[158] with which we slaked our thirst A crowd of idlers collected round us "These are the Firangins who were hiding with the *Kathiatol* Lala! What faded-looking things! But one of them is young" These were the remarks which our appearance elicited!

A Saiad[159] was of the number of the band, he addressed our captor thus —'Mangal, you have brought away these *kambakhts*[160] to please yourself, and I have obliged you so far that I have become a sharer of your act But before we proceed further, you must give me your word of honour that you will not ill treat or kill them

He replied, bringing his sword to a slant before his face 'No Mir Sahab![161] what makes you think so? I swear by this *tegh* that I will neither kill nor ill-treat them"

'Have a care for thy soul Mangal,' rejoined the first speaker, 'thou hast sworn a dreadful oath, an oath which no Pathan dare forswear and survive Let not these whom thou hast taken under thy protection, suffer harm, or *Wallah*![162] thou hast a short lease of life

157 A mosque
158 A metalic cup
159 One of the three chief divisions of the Muhammadan world a descendant of Imam Husein R.
160 Unfortunates Opposite of *nekbkht* see 180
161 A title of respect for a Saiad
162 By God

"*Qasam Quran ki!*" he replied "Trust me for that!"

And now, at a signal from our captor, we rose from the ground, and began to walk after him as before. The crowd of gazers thinned gradually. After leaving the high road, we turned off to the right, into the populated part of the *mahalla*[163] of Jalalnagar. Passing through several narrow lanes lined with brick houses the male occupants of which turned out to gaze at us, we at length reached a kind of a square, at one end of which a horse was picketted, and there was the entrance-door of a house, into which we were requested to enter. We at first hesitated, but having walked a distance of two miles or more, under conditions which we had never experienced before, and seeing the naked swords round about us we were fain to reach a shaded place, where we might at least find shelter from the sun. Our captor entered with us, and desired us to proceed into the courtyard. There we saw a young female sitting in a *palnâ*,[164] whom he accosted thus: "This is that Firangan," pointing towards me with his sword. She seemed astonished. We were quite faint and exhausted. Looking at us, our captor having retired meanwhile, an elderly female spoke to mother: 'Nekbakht,[165] sit down dont be afraid, but rest awhile before you speak.'

163 Street or ward of the town.

164 A cradle or swing.

165 'Good woman.' Lit. good fate or fortunate but used as a respectful address to a woman.

END OF PART II

MARIAM.

PART III.

'PERSECUTED BUT NOT FORSAKEN

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE ZILLAH-VISITOR'S SON AND HEIR

We must go back awhile to the 31st of May again. There was *khusht*[1] in Abdul Rauf Khan's house a special day of rejoicing, for he was celebrating the birth of his son, whom the fond parents had named Dhumi[2] It was the son of many vows[3] Just two years before, the father had been to Bále-mian's[4] shrine, had tied the thread of promise to the fretwork of the wall mentally resolving to offer an *atlas ki el addar*,[5] if, by the saint's intercession, a son and heir was born to his house Before the first year had expired, the desire of his heart was granted *alhamd allillah*[6]! It proved a healthy child, prosperity had shined upon him, and the child having completed his first year, he went again this time with the child and his mother to pay his vows at the shrine The mother worshipped from a distance, but the proud father carrying in his arms his name-taker[7] of the future appeared at the door of the shrine and, having waved

1 Lit rejoicing a *gala* day

2 Lit one who makes a great noise A nick name usually given to a child whose birth has been the occasion of great rejoicings and a lavish expenditure of money

3 Expressed in the following phrase "*Bard inchha muradon dá!*"

4 The vulgar name for Ghází Mían's shrine at Bahraich Ou th

5 A silk sheet

6 Praise be to God!

7 Or *Adm lena* a term first italized by Anjir Khusro in his tale of Bedár bakht commonly known as the Eight-sahár

the infant before it, caused a sheet of rich silk, bordered with gold-lace, to be spread over the tomb He, at the same time, made an offering of 50 Rs in cash, handing over the money to the *mujawirs* or caretakers of the *maqbara*,[8] who, chuckling among themselves at the rich gift, placed it on the tomb as one of the accepted offerings of the faithful This great obligation having been discharged, the family returned to their home in Shahjahanpore, and the seventh day from the Id was fixed, when friends and relatives were to meet for the purpose of formally congratulating him and sharing in the festivities which were to signalize the occasion

A gruesome tragedy had been enacted early in the morning The scheme laid for the destruction of the '*Káfirs*' had succeeded beyond all expectation, the Firangi Government had been overturned a son of the faithful now held the reins of power, under the style and title of the Nazim of Sháhjahanpore Abdul Rauf Khan had had his full share of labour in bringing about the change He was essentially a man of the pen the sword or the pistol were instruments with the use of which he was unacquainted He, therefore, discreetly stayed at home, while the work of slaughter went on outside Ten A M His guests were dropping in slowly Some of the women had already arrived and among others Mangal Khán, his wife's brother Smith the Assistant Magistrate had just been killed, as described elsewhere A thought struck Mangal and he exclaimed "I too will go and bring a Firingan"

'What Firangan are you going to bring? asked Umda his aunt

8 A mausoleum

"I know, *mausí*,[9] whom to bring," said he 'The girl with brown eyes and a perfect contour! I spotted her years and months ago"

"Instead of that, *bhái*,[10] why not bring home some *loot*[11] from the Firangis' houses?' suggested his aunt

"*Apnè su kà qasam!*[12] I want neither silver nor gold, but her I must obtain"

And so off he went in search of his object He presented the appearance of a *bàrah-singha*,[13] the animal with twelve horns, armed from head to foot—sword, knife, pistol and target—he was a veritable walking arsenal In person he was strongly built, of a middle stature, short neck,* broad full face, an irregularly-shaped head set between broad shoulders, a narrow forehead, small bright eyes and a full brushed-up beard There was a broad furrow clean shaven on his head, lined on either side by a bushy growth of hair which fell in *patthas*[14] over the nape of his neck Inclining to *embonpoint*, he was nevertheless brisk and active It was a face and a person far from handsome but by no means ugly, yet a face which it was difficult to fall in love with It was a face marked with craft and cruelty, by sensuality and unbridled passion.

9 Aunt a term peculiar to the Shahjahanpore Pathans In other places it is pronounced as *waun* the mother's sister

10 Brother This is an address affected by Muhammadan females, in general when speaking to a person who holds a doubtful status in the family

11 Plunder booty

12 I swear by my head a very common oath

13 The rein-deer

* See Appendix XXX.

14 Flat curls so to speak

He first went to Lavater's house, but not finding the object of his search there, he went to the Church; not finding her there even, fretting with disappointment, he rode off to the Sepoy lines. We have seen how he was received by the leaders of the rebel soldiery, how he was instrumental in getting the Rosa Factory sacked, and in facilitating the march of the mutinous Regiment to Bareilly.

He was engaged to dine at his brother-in-law's that evening His aunt Umdá was curious to know what glorious deeds he had performed during the day. "*Kyún bhaiá*," she asked; "well Mangal, what about that Firangan? Have you brought her?"

"No," he replied; "some one else has walked off with her. I have not succeeded in finding her yet, but I shall not give up the search until I have found her; and, by Alí! I will surely get hold of her, if she can be found anywhere in the universe."

"Glad your wishes have not been gratified in this respect," she remarked drily. "*Apní qasam*,[15] I wouldn't care to have one of them."

"I suppose not, but what do you women know? O *mansí*, if you could but see her! Such transcendent loveliness! A veritable *parí*,[16] believe me!"

"*Nauj, bhaia*[17]!" She exclaimd in horror. "Keep your *pari* to yourself when you do find her. As for me, I wouldn't so much as pollute my fingers with her touch. *Their* fingers are tipped with poisonous nails, are not they? But tell me have you brought

15. I swear by myself.

16 Fairy. This is the correct spelling of the word, and not *peri*, as it is commonly spelt.

17. Pish, or God forbid . a very feminine term.

any *loot*, any of those lovely rings the Firangans wear ?"

"Couldn't find any," he replied, "but, *chachi*,[18] you should hear of my exploits which I performed to-day."

"That is precisely what I want to know," said she. "Begin"

Several others came round him, including his wife, who all this while had been working her mouth animatedly, as if the palate in some way could not accommodate the large *bira*[19] which she had managed to stuff into it, in order to stifle her vexation at the recital of his amorous expedition by her husband. She also came forward to hear of his 'exploits.'

"Let us know," said his aunt

He first of all twirled up his monstachios with his fingers, then passed the back of his palm over his beard, which of course curled up, opened one *band*[20] of his *anga*[21] to let off a little of the redundant steam from his breast, and lustily throwing himself into a gallant attitude, thus began

"O you should have seen how proudly *Tez-raftár*[22] arched his neck, as I placed my foot in the stirrup, and how he swayed about his front quarters when I put him to the *dogám*[23] The vulgar gazed

18 Paternal aunt

19. A *pán* or betel leaf made an I all A *bird* is generally a large *pán*, or several *pans* folded together

20 *Ang* band

21 Long coat, which is worn with a button, and two sets of bands called *band*

22 Lit fast goer

23 A species of amble in which the whole force of the withers is thrown upon the front legs of the horse, is so called, as distinguished from *shekgám*

with open mouths in admiration of my consummate horsemanship, and, as I drew my scimiter from its sheath, prepared to strike down scores of *káfars* in my way, they recoiled from the very brilliancy of the blade. I was elated. I was resolved to perform valorous deeds. My fingers itched through the passion for fame which pulsated through them. Well, to begin with, I have polished off the head of a Firangi. O what a clean stroke I gave him, just as he had dashed his revolver from his hand. I next hacked at the *káfars* that wanted to show us fight in the Church, and have brought away their clothes as a trophy. Then I hung up a *sálá langotá*[24] on my way to Rausar, where, hear aunt! I looted the factory, and have brought away lots of *qand*.[25] *Chachi*, you shall have a taste of it."

His auditors were highly interested at this recital of his exploits. His wife was particularly struck at the prowess of her husband, who could at one stroke chop off *the* head of a *kafár*, just like the blade of a *bhutta*[26] falling to the sickle of the husbandman.

Her admiration was shared by Abdul Raúf Khan, who now came in, and embraced him: for since some time there had been a coldness between them. This *khír chattan*[27] of his nephew was a happy occasion, for it was the means of reconciling them after a long

24 As explained before, this is applied as a term of reproach to the writers and mercantile classes, in reference to the spare loin-cloth which the Hindus wear at times.

25. Loaf-sugar.

26 A blade of Indian-corn or the *Zea mays*

27. Lit to lick the *khir* or porridge. The ceremony is described in the text.

estrangement The baby was brought out by the *mámá*[28], and shown to him, as well as the other male relatives of the family It was now old enough to be weaned, and could sip a thin porridge specially prepared for it in milk Being served on the flat of a rupee, the mother holding baby in her arms, and dipping her little finger in the porridge, put it to its lips The infant made the wriest faces in the world, and so manifested its gratification at this agreeable change in its diet Father, mother, aunt every one was delighted to see it smack its lips "See what fine arms he has, and how lustily he beats his little legs ! I ll be sworn he is going to take after his uncle!" The uncle was evidently satisfied with the day s achievements, and this flattering reference to his physical proportions

And so three weeks or more passed Not caring to hold office under Qádar-Alı-Khán, Mangal Khan kept to his house as much as possible, but he was in constant communication with Ghulam Qadar Khan and his adherents he was one of them himself On the 23rd June, when the Nawáb returned from Barielly, holding in his hand his letter of appointment, and superseded Qa lar Alı Khan in the high office of *Názim* of Shahyahánpore, Mangal-Khan was one of those who appeared among the chief supporters of the new regime He received the command of 1000 Infantry, while his brother-in law, the chief builder of the revolution, was appointed commander-of-all the-forces

28 Nurse The word has no reference whatever to maternity

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE : *(Continued)*

(The first day of our captivity)

We were of course received very coldly by Mangal Khan's wife. He came back to the Zanáná, after taking a wash and getting into his undress. "Qábil," said he self-complacently; "look at my Firangan," pointing to me. "Didn't I say I should go over all the world, and down even to *áfáq*,[29] till I had found her? Admit that it was a brave man's work; a man of ordinary courage and capacity would have given up the attempt long ago": and, he chuckled, and sat down to his breakfast, which was served to him by his wife on a *takht*.[30]

His aunt, to whom I have once alluded before, and who, we afterwards learnt, was related to him on his father's side, and bore the epithet of *kothiwáli*,[31] addressed dear mother: "*Nekbakht*,[32] do tell us something of your history,—who or what are you?"

Dear mother replied: "You see us what we are,—weary, afflicted, foot-sore, dependent for our bread on the bounty of others, captive and in the power of this your relative, and momentarily expecting death at his hand"

29 From *ufuq* the horizon *Alet* the world.

30. A wooden settee or low platform, upon which the Muhammadans sit down to meals

31. Lit. she of the flat roofed house, in reference to her place of residence

32 A polite form of address when speaking to a respectable woman Literally, it means fortunate or of good fortune

He interrupted her "Who is going to take your life?'

Kothiwáli again asked "Don't lose your self-possession, *nèkbakht!* You are safe while I am here Speak to me without fear What is your name, and who is this girl with you?" '

"My name is Mariam," replied dear mother. "I am from Misri-Khan-ká-ghér, well known in Rámpur, where my father was *minister to the Nawáb*"

"What Rámpur?" interrupted the *khanam*[33] "Rohelon-ka-Rampur," replied mother

"*Ai hae!*[34] that Rámpur"! 'Our nationality was never doubted after that Mother continued

"This girl is my daughter, my only child, and the offspring of an Angréz Who does not seek the good of his own? He was massacred on the day the outbreak took place, in Church I have thus become a *widow*, and *my child an orphan* *Our lives* have been saved hitherto through the kindness and pity of a Káith, from whose house this your relative has brought us away with great violence My mother, and other relatives, are still there Allah only knows what will become of us, as we have no more a protector left' And darling mother's feelings overpowered her, she wept, and I hid my face in her *dupatta*, and wept too

Kothiwali was touched Extending her hand, she placed it on my head, and said 'dont weep, child — in a motherly tone

Mother lifted up her head, and, while her eyes rained tears, said beseechingly to her "Trouble is

33 Feminine gender of Khan the wife of a Pathan is so styled

34 *Ang* Oho!

upon us, Pathán![35] Spare our lives, and dont let us be dishonoured, I pray you"

Mangal Khan, apparently affected by our distress, now exclaimed. "Be easy in mind, *nékbakht*; no one is going to kill you not I, I can assure you On the contrary, I have saved your daughter from dishonour at the hands of another. But I intend to marry her honourably, whenever you will"

The plate dropped from the hands of his wife as he uttered the last sentence, he gave her a fierce look. "Dont be such a fool, Qabil!" said he.

Before mother could make him a reply, Kothwali interposed

"O Mangal, you ought not to have committed this deed This woman seems to be of honourable birth, and they are in calamity Look at them! How faded and care-worn they are! Dost not thy heart relent? O be kind to them, I pray thee, and insult them not in their present helpless condition'

"Depend on it, *chachi*, he replied, "at my hands they will receive nothing but kindness O what a fall for them from their former greatness! I know what they have been before'

"I should like to know how you became acquainted with them?" enquired his aunt "Is not thy Khan Begam as good a wife as any other thou couldst have got? Mark her small nose[36]"

"Who insinuates to the contrary? But, O *chachi*!" he added 'How can I describe to you the fascina-

35 Fem a ne gen ler of l atl an.

36 An allus on to the proverb *Choti nāk sul dg kā purd* A small nose is as it were the compen lumof a husban l s love

tion which this girl possessed while in her father's house! The very first time that I saw her I was struck To my enraptured fancy, she was all that could be beautiful she shone like Zohra, the morning-star I was spell bound, she seemed to be lovely like the fresh-blown rose Viewing her now, I can realize the truth of the adage which says that a flower never looks so beautiful as when on its parent stem, break it and it withers in the hand Would any one say that this was the same angelic creature whom I saw, and longed to call my own a month ago?

Every word that he uttered pricked me like a thorn To be the object of love to such as he! But destiny had crushed me, my resentment could not find vent in words Pressing closer to my mother, I cast on him a look of ineffable scorn a look which he must have been too obtuse minded not to interpret as the index of my feelings

"The greater fool you, Mangal, for depriving her of her father, and breaking the flower from the stem on which it flourished!" remarked the Khanam

"What did you say, chachi?" he interrogated sharply "Please dont repeat it again The demon is only slumbering in my breast it takes but little to rouse it"

We were startled as from a lethargy at the Khánam's speech We stared at the last speaker, and scanned his countenance The look which he gave me in return was scorching I felt like the doomed bird fascinated by the gaze of the rattle-snake Mother's eye was however, bent on him as if she would survey his dark soul to its inmost depths, he quailed under that stern gaze, and his eyes fell I *felt* relieved

"Dont put me down,' he continued apologetically, "dont put me down for a common murderer If I have taken life, it was the life of a káfar not worth a shell now-a-days, the act deserves your encomium rather than blame Should I have done otherwise?"

"No, *bhaiá*, dont excite yourself,' said his aunt, endeavouring to lay the storm which seemed to be rising on his brow "What I wanted to bring home to you is that, if you were an admirer of beauty, your Khan Begam is not ugly or black I should have thought Firangi women had blue eyes and a fair complexion, but these poor things—how scared they look!"—struck by our pallid faces from which the colour had all fled "Poor things, they would pass off like one of ourselves!'

"You, *chachi*," he rejoined in a hoarser voice than before, 'you are perpetually harping upon the old string What occasion is there to prate of Qábil's beauty, as if she ever possessed any? Let us drop that subject But, *chachi*,' again softening as he glanced at me, '*chachi*, you should judge of that girl as she appeared to me when I first beheld her A sylph-like creature—a rose just blown by the zephyr "

"When will you cease that jargon? said the Khánam interrupting him in the mid career of his eloquence Look at her now,' added she "and say if she answers to your description of her'

"A change has come over them *wallah*!'[37] he observed pathetically I doubt if he ever possessed

37 By God

sentiment or heart enough to discern what must have passed within us during the course of this conversation "The hot blast of affliction has passed over them She is not what she used to be before Within a month she has aged 20 years And as to her mother, why, I could never have thought she was a woman 50 years old! When I seized the girl by her arm at that fellow the *likhiardas*' [38] house, she was like to have fainted through dread But, O how can I describe the terror which seized me at the sight of that dare-devil,'—pointing to darling mother the impious wretch! "Like an enraged tigress, whose side has been pierced by the barbed arrow, she hurled a look of defiance at me, and stood forth to be the food of the *tégh* in the room of her daughter Murtizá Ali[39]! that look I cannot forget With an action as sudden as it was irresistible, she thrust away my hand from the girl's arm, her blood-shot eyes, her bold attitude, the pluck and daring with which she addressed me blinded as I was by a passion which I was unable to control,—all combined to awe me I was cowed, I was subdued, I was unmanned At that moment had she but said '*háú*,!' the sword would have fallen from my nerveless grasp Though physically I was master of the situation, the moral victory remained with her Surely the blood of a *bahádur*[40] runs in her veins! Surely she is no common female!'

He took breath after this lengthy peroration, he bestowed a kindly smile on me, and greeted mother

38 Writer used in derision of the class

39 The name of Ali

40 Lit brave a hero

with "*sad rahmat hae tujhko, aurat!*"[41] A tear trickled down dear mother's cheek.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*Continued*)

(*In the lion's den*)

"I am deeply affected by your narrative," spoke Kothiwáli, addressing her nephew "But what do you know, how can you realize the feelings of a mother Nor can you yet that of a father You have seen only the rough side of life, its tender side is foreign to you This woman's conduct was courageous and noble The great points of her character stood forth during a period of severe trial, and she has come out of it triumphant O Mangal! there are poems unwritten and songs unsung, yes, and this is what reconciles us to life I think I and she will be great friends I already love her daughter Come, *béti*,[42] come nearer to me," said she, caressing my head

Then turning to Mangal Khan, who viewed this exhibition of womanly sympathy with a bland countenance, she said "But you have not yet told me what put the idea into your head to possess yourself of an encumbrance in the shape of these bereaved and afflicted ones?"

41 Lit hundred mercies to thee woman! But the expression is applied to a brave action the English Well done! strongly emphasized

42 Daughter

"O that story is soon told," he answered "It was Alimullah, *one of the najibs of the jail, one of* those whose duty used to be to escort under-trial prisoners to the court He is a low, sensual fellow I once heard him prate in the bazár of his intention to carry off a Firangan I had been on the look-out for one particular Firangan I looked for her on the day of the massacre, but she was not among the slain Said I to myself If this vile fellow can carry off a Firangan why am I wasting time? Why should I not go again in search of my Firangan? This fellow says there are some hiding in the jail *lálá's* house, I shall go and see for myself And so I gathered a band of my friends, among whom were the artizans of my *muhalla*, and some of whom I knew to be desperate fellows, and that would give a good account of themselves if opposition was shown, and I went this morning to the *langota s* house and the rest I have already told you

"Did you meet with no resistance at all? Was not the master of the house present when you arrived'? she enquired

"No, he was not, he answered pettishly "Had he been present, his head is the first I would have cut off But the fellow has taken of late to carrying a sword, and so to prevent the shedding of blood, and also to prevent the matter gaining notoriety I *timed* the adventure so as to avoid a rencontre with him

"Who gave you information that they were hiding in the Kaith s house?' again enquired she

'I came to that conclusion from what I heard Alimullah tell his companions It seems that he once attempted to carry off the girl at night when every

one was asleep, but the plot was discovered; and this *Bibi*,"—pointing to mother—"made such a demonstration with a gleaming dagger she held in her hand, that siezed with terror he lost all his wits, and jumped down the wall and ran for his life, because, as he afterwards told his friends, a demon held watch over the *pari*."

"On receiving this intelligence," continued he, 'I set my spies and took a confederate in my pay. A *dhumaniá*, fat and ugly as a *churail*, occupies quarters in the same house. She was heard once to say that since the Firangans had come, she had been evicted from her apartment, for she had had to give it up to them and rough it out in the verandah. She thus split unconsciously upon them. I was informed of it, my plan was soon formed, and I went and brought it at once to completion. *Wallah!* it has been a perfect success.'

This conversation was carried on between Mangal Khan and his aunt, while the former was taking his morning meal. After he had done, he went out into the *mardaná* when his wife and aunt sat down to eat, and invited us to do the same. Hungry and thirsty we indeed were but could we have the heart to eat dear granny and my cousin who was as good to me as my own sister, being far away? Being pressed, however, we joined them and took something enough to keep up our strength. Mangal Khan came in again and seemed glad to find we had partaken of food. "Having tasted salt under my roof," said he, addressing dear mother, "you are no longer strangers in the house. Henceforth you are my guests, and you must make my house your home for the future."

'It is very good of you to say so,' replied dear

mother "We are of course houseless and homeless, and we know not at present where to go to If I have food, others who are dependent on me must have it too Anything I eat tastes bitter in my mouth without my dear mother And my niece too, whom I look upon as my daughter"'

"They shall join you, dont fear, *nekbakht*," he continued addressing mother still "I had seen your daughter a long time before the outbreak, and became enamoured of her A *badmásh* had intended to carry her off, and would perhaps have done so had I not anticipated him I have brought you with good intentions As soon as I can obtain your consent, I propose to marry her, and will give her a wife s portion"

"How can that be?" remarked dear mother. "You have a wife already"

"Why, what is there to prevent my having more wives than one? Our *shariat*[43] allows it, and the prophet, on whom be peace! had nine

"That may be," rejoined mother, "but how can you being a Musalman, marry a Firangi girl?"

"There can be no impediment I am sure We Pathán can take a wife from any race or creed we please, and as many as we please And—" observing a petulant "oh!" which his wife let fall—"dare my wife object to any such proceeding on my part" and he cast a furious glance at her Did not my father take in a *chamár* woman for her pretty large eyes, the issue of which union is this brat Saifulláh—a plague on him! And this Hiria *Buá* whom you see here, was a low-caste Hindu whom my uncle admitted

43 Law

to his bed. So what harm can there be if I have a *parzat*[44] for a wife?"

Though he thought these arguments were unanswerable, they failed to carry conviction to my mind. And mother had her quiver full of arguments. But in our present situation it was necessary to dissemble. So she replied:

"I trust you will not expect an immediate answer to your demand, which is both unexpected and extraodinary. I am not in a position to consider, much less entertain, such a proposal. I have but recently lost my husband, there is none left to guide or advise me. And my mother has been separated from me. I will speak to you on the subject some other time."

"O yes," said he; "I am in no hurry. A matter of such moment cannot be settled in a day. Take time to think by all means, but dont forget that the idea is not a new one. I have had it in my head for months, and now that the means of satisfying my long-cherished passion have been placed in my hands, *alhamdalillah*[45]! I am not Mangal, the Emnezai, if I let it slip. Meanwhile be easy in your mind, *nekbakht*"

And so saying, he went out again into the *mardáná*.

The events which had befallen us in the morning, and the proposal made subsequently to provide me with a husband and a home, formed food for reflection for the rest of the day. A bed was spread for us in the verandah, upon which I rested my back, while dear mother was engaged in conversation with

44. One of a different caste or creed.
45. Praise be to God!

Kothiwali. Her perfect Hindustani, her finished manners, her high sentiments, her unblemished morality, our present distress : all took Kothiwáli by storm. She was in raptures over each and every one of the first, and she repeatedly expressed sympathy for the last. She had come over this particular day as it was the *khir chatna*[46] of Mangal Khan's daughter. A very different *khir chatná*, however, from the other which I have elsewhere described. For the master of the house had chosen to be absent all the morning, on an adventure of which his wife or guest had no conception whatever, until he returned and marched his captives into their presence, introducing one of them to his wife as her future rival in the favour of her lord !

Kothiwáli was in transports; she said to her niece over and over again : "You must let Mariam come and spend some days with me."

"And what is to become of her daughter ? Is she to be left here alone ?" she asked maliciously.

"Of course not; she too must come with her mother. And, *dulhan*[47], dont let this matter distress you. Mangal's head is turned now-a-days, but he will be all right soon. As for these poor things, they are in no way to blame. Mariam, you will come, wont you ?

"I will, with pleasure, if I am allowed to," said she. Her assent was a matter of course.

46 See Chapter XLVI.

47 Lit Bride, so the newly-married girls of the family are addressed.

CHAPTER L.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(The lost jewel-case).

And thus the afternoon passed. Evening came. Our hearts yearned for dear granny and the others. How to know what had become of them? In the meantime, the sound of an altercation reached our ears, between our captor and some one else at the *deōrhí*. It was our generous protector, the Lálá, who having tracked us here, had come to say good-bye to mother

"Khán Sáhib!" said he to Mangal Khán. "You did very wrong to enter my house during my absence, and to bring away my guests without my permission. Had I been there, you could only have done so by making your way over my body. I am not begotten of a *mathur* if my life had not gone for them Well, what is done is done; but let me be permitted to see and *salám* my *sarkár*."

Mangal Khán came into the Zanáná and said to mother: "That *lukhádáe* fellow with whom you were residing, has come and wishes to make you a *salám*. You may go out and see him, if you like."

So, when dear mother went and stood near the *ghungat* wall, I following close after her, Lálá came up, and addressed her thus. "*Sarkár*, what *Parmés-war had*[48] ordered has come to pass No skill of ours could have prevented it Be comforted, and dont let your faith in the unseen stagger for a moment. Bet-

48 The deity One of the names of Vishnu or Narain

ter days are in store for you I have brought your jewel-case with me"

Dear mother kept silent as our captor was present throughout the interview, and we could not therefore have given expression to our feelings before him She took the jewel-case from his hand, and examined its contents, her wedding-ring and a few other articles of small value were missing, but mother kept quiet Lalá was above such a meanness as to steal a thing which had been left with him in trust, but the theft was perpetrated by some of those in his house, no doubt

"What is to become of your dogs?" enquired Lala, referring to poor Pincher and Fanny

'Take them yourself Lalá, or do whatever else you like with them

He said moreover "*Sahib* I have sold the gold you gave me, and I have brought the price of it *Rs 30*'

"O Lálá!" said mother "How can I repay all your kindness to me and mine! God will reward you for your benevolence and generosity to the distressed and persecuted Keep the money, do—and oblige me I wish I could have quadrupled the amount."

Lálá's feelings were overcome He made a low *salám* put up his handkerchief to his eyes, and sobbed like a child That was the last we ever saw of him

We heard subsequently that he went away soon after to Bareilly, taking old Nablé, our bearer, with him

One more service he had to perform for us,—the last, namely to bring down dear granny and my cousin to join us where we were staying An hour

after sunset, Mangal-khán entered the Zanáná again, leading the way to both of them. I was overjoyed to see granny, and put my head on her shoulder and wept. In accordance with the laws of hospitality, food was set before them, and they refreshed themselves with a copious draught of cold water.

Our party of eight was thus gradually thinned to four. Cocky and his mother, and Champá were left still at Lálá's house What became of them after granny and Anet came away, we did not know until long afterwards.

When that night we lay down our weary limbs to rest—rest? Yes, the kind of rest left us—and oh! how much there was to be thankful for to our Almighty Protector, who had preserved us through so many dangers, and had caused us to meet together again!—dear granny said something as to how they felt at the rude parting of the morning's. They thought we had been killed, and that the next turn would be Anet's, and next Cocky's When Lálá came home and found we had been carried off, he beat his head and swore vengeance on our captor. He said the man was noted through the town as a daring bad character, and that his object in taking us away was not to kill but dishonour me He swore on *Sri Lachmanji*,[49] and the martial Debi,[50] that he would be revenged for the outrage and that he would go that very instant to Mangal Khán's house and rescue us, no matter what consequences befel him. He next poured his vial of wrath upon his wife and mother for permitting us to be taken, and was

49 The heroic brother of Rám Chandar

50 Begla Debi

near smothering the *dhamaá* for opening the *deorhi* door He refused to eat anything until he had seen and begged of mother pardon for the past, and had discharged the trust which she had committed to him But when he returned home in the evening, and told dear granny that we were safe, though in the power of a Moslem, there was a feeling of relief among the refugees Dear granny and Anet preferred to join us where we had been taken to, the former declaring that she would rather be with her children and even die with them if it came to that; while it was considered prudent to let Cocky and his mother, and Champá remain still with Lálá, as obviously Mangal Khan had no fancy to introduce in his household a Firangi boy 14 or 15 years old Indeed the occasion as will appear farther on, proved the boy's salvation, for otherwise he would surely have been killed by the cut-throat Muhammadans who occupied houses round about our hiding-place

CHAPTER LI

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*Cocky's catechism*)

In order to preserve the chain of events, it is expedient to revert just for a little to what befel the three members of my dear father's household who were left at Lalás house, before I go on with my personal narrative

No sooner did Lálá leave his house late in the evening together with granny and my cousin, than

it was beset again by another band of Moslems, headed by one Akkan-Khán, of Mahalla Tárin. He forced his way into the house, the Lálás' women retiring to the roof as before, while the refugees shut themselves in the little apartment they had occupied with us. He shouted: "Where is the Firangi lad? Let him be brought out, so that we may deal with him as we have dealt with the others?" Seeing no means of escape, Cocky's mother came out, and fell at Akkan-Khan's feet, begging him to spare her son's life.

"Your son!" said he, eying her from head to foot. "Let's see what sort of a fellow he is.

Cocky now came out dressed fantastically:—pantaloons and shirt; no socks or shoes, or coat or headdress; a perfect caricature of a Káith lad; all but his face and complexion, which of course could not be disguised.

"This fellow does not come up to my shoulders even; observed the Khan, going up and standing near him. "How old are you?" he asked him with a stern voice.

The boy was trembling all over; he could not answer the question, but looked at his mother. She folded her hands, and replied for him; "Your *ghulam*[51] is not more than 14 or 15 O Khan Sáhib! I beg of you, spare his life for *Khuda-Rasúl's* sake[52] Here I am, do what you like with me, but spare him." And the distressed mother rained tears, and fell at his feet again, exclaiming: "For Hazrat Bibi's sake, spare my only son!"

The Moslem was moved by these repeated appeals

51 Slave.

52 For the sake of God and the prophet

to his feelings She was devotedly fond of her son, and would willingly have given up her own life to save his, I verily believe

"Get up, get up!" said he "I see the boy is young, and can do no harm Will you go with me? Remember that if you dont, there are those at my beck and call who will make you

Of course she was only too glad to accept the alternative And, moreover, she could not have continued to reside with Lalá, the house had become unsafe as a hiding-place So off she was marched, together with her son, and Champa, mother's old slave girl, to Mahalla Táran, another Mahalla inhabited chiefly by Patháns, where they were received into Akkan-Khan's house

It seems Akkan Khán was at heart a generous man, and a prudent As far as our information goes, once he received the refugees under his roof, his behaviour towards them was ever afterwards considerate and kind After setting food before them, his first care next morning was to give Cocky a name, he dubbed him Ghulám Husain, his mother being of course known, according to usage, as Ghulam Husain's mother Champá was of course Champa, as before She was a Hindu girl from the west, and spoke the Rajput dialect, so there could be no mistake as to her nationality

The same afternoon, as the fame of his exploit became general he called together several of his clansmen and apprized them of the circumstances under which he had brought a Firangi lad and his mother into his house, and concluded by assuring them that as a true follower of the prophet, he had no intention of being outdone by Mangal, whose

aim and object in possessing himself of Firangans were selfish, but that the step which he had taken was inspired by a desire to advance the interests of Islám. The lad and his mother, he continued, would receive shelter in his house only on condition of their embracing the true faith, and abjuring the pernicious doctrines of the *Nisáris*.[53] To prove to his friends that what he had told them was the truth, he called up the lad, and, making him stand in the centre of the ring, catechised him in the following manner :—

Allan Khan :—What is your name?

Cocky :—Ghulám Husein—the slave of the sainted son of Hazrat Fatimá.

Allan Khan :—When did you receive this name?

Cocky :—Yesterday, on my becoming a Musalmán.*

Akkan Khan :—Are you a Musalman now?

Cocky :—Yes, I am; try me and prove me.

Akkan Khan :—What is your profession of faith? Repeat the *kalmá!*

Cocky :—'*Lá iláh illal-láho Muhammad la rasúl Iláh!*'[54]

"*Wah! Wah! shábásh!*"[55] shouted the assembly; "that indeed is a triumph for Islám! Mashá-Allah![56] what a correct accent the boy has!"

53. Nazarenes

* One meaning of the term 'Musalman' is, 'firm of faith'

54. The Muhammadan profession of faith "God is God, and Muhammad is the prophet of God."

55. Well! Well! Bravo! Excellent!

56. Lit whatever God wills, but the term is more generally used as a eulogistic exclamation in the sense of 'wonderful!

Jáhils or mostly illiterate as they were, they fai ed to apprehend the negative profession which th lad had made, but carried away by the ardour of th moment, they at once concluded that they had foun in the Firangi captive an excellent convert to the tru faith

"And now," said Akkan Khan, calling for *katorá*[57] and *sharbat*,[58] "here is the *sharbat*, boy, o your communion with the faithful Drink a *katorá* ful, will you?"

Cocky was only too glad, I suppose, to quaff th cooling beverage, after which he was permitted t sit down among them—a full-fledged Muhammadar Then the *sharbat* was circulated round to every on present, the assembly exclaiming with one voice a they all dispersed *As salám alai kum!*[59] To whic salutation the reply of Akkan Khan, and his youn convert, was *Wálaikum as salam!*"[60]

And so Cocky and his mother continued to resid under the protection of their large-hearted friend Four months after their arrival good old Champ took ill and died, and was buried according to th Muhammadan ritual the expenses of her funera being defrayed out of the value of the silver trinket which she possessed—something like 40 or 50 Rs

What the fortunes of the mother and son were we came to know only after our troubles were nearly over I shall not, however, anticipate the future by many months, but will proceed to relate what befe ourselves in our new home

57 A cup
58 Syrup or sweetened water
59 Peace be unto you!
60 And on you be peace! The usual salutation among Muhan madans it sounds so patriarchal and *Christian*

CHAPTER LII.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE: (*Continued*)

(*Making ourselves at home*).

And that it was made a home to us, I readily acknowledge. To be sure we had to accommodate ourselves to our altered mode of life, and for the present at all events *to forget that we had a home, and a far* different one of our own, in the long past. And we were reminded day after day that we must trust entirely for the future to the goodwill and generosity of our captor, who also was now our earthly protector, and assimilate ourselves in outward appearance at least with the interests which he held dear. We had to forget that we were British subjects, that we had European blood running in our veins, and that our best interests lay in the return of that Government to power. And we had, above all, to *seem* to forget that the Christians' God was our God, and that we hoped for salvation through His Son's merits alone. Now that I review the past in my memory, I can confidently say that, though we allowed it to be believed that we were Musalmáns, never did the verbal profession of that creed pass our lips Nay, often and often was the kind offer made to us to teach us the *kalmá* and the form of prayer, but dear mother as often replied that we knew them already, and needed not to be taught. This was perfectly true in fact. And when it was proposed to us to stand up for prayers with the others, her excuse used to be: "How can we? Our clothes are not clean, and we haven't another change."

Indeed the only clothes that we had consisted of the *lenhad dupattá* and *kurtí* which we had on when we left Lálá's house So next day Mangal Khán said to mother

"Marium, it wont do for you all to be wearing Hindu clothes in my house 'You must go into a *pajámá*'

'That we are willing to do she replied, "but where have I the means to make them?

The same day he went and brought some black chintz from the bazár, and some *khasa*[61], which he made over to dear mother, who cut out a complete suit for each of us She made the *pajamas* of chintz, and *kurtí-dupattas* of the *khasa* Myself and my cousin set to and sewed them, having borrowed needles and thread of our hostess She was not a little astonished to find dear mother could cut, and that we all could ply our needles without having to seek the help of another, to sew our clothes

Before we could get into them, however, dear mother proposed to our hostess to be so good as to place facilities in our way for bathing I think we had not bathed for a month for all during the time we resided with Lalá we were in hourly peril of our lives, and moreover there was no water close at hand Their supply of drinking water used to be brought from a distance so it was a valuable thing and a liberal supply of it was not procurable

But in Mangal Khán's house the well that supplied water for all domestic purposes was situated within the four walls of the Zanana, so it was quite

61 A Manchester fabric answering to what of old was known as Jacquenot

practicable to gratify our desire for a cold bath. We had, however, to supply ourselves with some indispensable toilette requisites before we could do that. But of that presently Mother told Zuban, the *nâin* of the house, to draw water for us and help us bathe, and that she would reward this service by a largess of 4 pice, that is, one pice for each person. The woman was overjoyed at the prospect of a *douceur*—quite a windfall to her. She set up a couple of beds at rightangles to one another in the yard, covering them up with sheets: thus formed a temporary bath-room, and she performed the other menial offices besides. The first day that we met Kothiwah, she had asked our hostess to send word to her when we were going to change, and that she would be glad to assist us at the mysteries of the bath. So when on Friday, the 2nd July, a day memorable in our lives from a hygienic point of view,—it was announced that our new suits were ready, and that we were going to purify ourselves previous to putting them on, she arrived in the morning in a *mêánâ*. She expressed herself greatly pleased to meet us again, and was especially struck at our skill with the needle. She was further pleased to make the offer that she would pour the water over us with her own hands. To this however, mother decidedly objected. She pointed out that it was not customary among the people to which she belonged, for females to be seen in their undress by another, even though it be a member of the same sex, and that she would not therefore give her that trouble. "But," urged kothiwah; "how can you take the *shan ti*[62] bath and be purified, until at least three *lotás* of sanctified water are pour-

62. Legal Carronical

ed on you?" Mother's reply was however ready. She said that every one of us knew the *kalmá*, and that doubtless we would remember the last three *lotas* when we came to them And thus this very serious difficulty being overcome, each of us had the great satisfaction of laving our bodies with fresh water from the well, and afterwards donning our new costumes, which fitted us to the T

After we came out of the bath, we opened our hairs to dry them O the notes of admiration that were taken, and openly and loudly expressed, by all the native women at the hirsute appendages which we exposed to their astounded gaze! Such lovely hair! O the wonderfully long hair! Look at the pretty *ghungarwala*[63] hair this girl has! pointing to me for my hairs though not long, are wavy *And as to* mother and granny, they had undoubtedly magnificent heads of hair Granny's reached down to her heels, mother's to a point below the knee Anet's though thick, were sufficiently long hairs, and so bushy that her plait used to be as thick as a fat woman's arm So I cannot say there was not occasion for admiration—admiration for the work of nature As we sat, each of us, with our hairs open drying them, they looked at us with open mouths, so we had to say that the growth of our hairs was dependent upon our diet and manner of living, and that the family from which we sprang, was distinguished for the long and bushy hairs of its females

Now cropped up another difficulty,—*how to* oil our hairs? Our good hostess asked us what oil we used? Mother said that we were in the habit of

63. Curly or wavy

using cocoanut-oil, which, she added, strengthened the roots of the hairs and aided their growth, besides imparting to them a smooth and glossy appearance. They wondered from where so much cocoanut-oil could be had, for "we"—they said—"use *mithá-tél*.[64]" "That will do for us too," replied mother. So our kind hostess gave a pice to the náin, who went and brought us a small quantity of oil in an earthen saucer from the bazár. Mother smiled to look at it. "Khánam," she said; "this will hardly suffice for one of us: permit me to get some more, and pay for it." So dear mother sent for three pice worth more; which proved sufficient. She also sent for one small fine-tooth comb made of horn, and another of wood. Dear granny then got up and oiled and combed mother's hair, while dear mother dressed mine and Anet's, as well as granny's

She parted our hairs and made them into one plait hanging at the back.*

64 Sweet-oil

* See App XXXI

CHAPTER LIII.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE: (*continued*)

(*Bearding the lion*).

O what rest we enjoyed that night! We felt as if an incubus had been removed from our persons. What with the bath and the clean clothes, we felt light, buoyant and refreshed. And next morning we rose betimes, and, as was our custom, put our hand to our foreheads on seeing Mangal Khan's wife. This was a mark of respect which we felt was due to the mistress of the house, to whose generosity we owed the food which we eat.

We found occupation in sewing our second suit of clothes, which we *proposed to try on* as soon as they could be got ready, after taking another bath on the ensuing Friday. That is the day of the week on which the Pathán women usually go through the bath—a warm bath out in the sun during winter, and a cold bath during summer.

Our fore-cast of the future had, however, been very nearly cut off, for today again we were snatched from the jaws of death, and again through the remarkable self-possession, the courage and address of my intrepid mother. At 10 o'clock A.M., Mangal Khan received a visit from Shérandáz Khán, his *hamzulf*[65] by marriage, and brother to Kothíwálí. This man had been a *thánadár* in the Budáun district, and, like every one else in the service of Government, had

65 Persian Hindí *sádhú* husband to wife's sister.

retired to his home on the outbreak of the mutiny In accordance with the usage of the period, he was armed with sword, pistol, knife, and a *dowra* or double-barrelled gun, but this morning in particular, he appeared excited and discursive in his conversation "You have brought some Firangis into your house, have you not, Mangal? Wouldn't I like to see them?" said he

"And you shall see them," the other replied, "and have an opportunity of eulogizing my taste for the beautiful Come along"

His visitor frowned Grasping his scimitar by the hilt he felt for his pistol which was secured to his *kamarband* or girdle, and came into the house Khanbegam stood up and made him a *salam*, and, seeing her honour the man, we did the same He sat down on a bed resting the butt-end of his gun on the ground while with the other hand, he held the barrel of it — An attitude the Pathans delight to pose in

'So these are the Firangis who have made so much stir in the muhalla' observed he

Mangal Khán had retired Mother spoke

"We are poor distressed creatures, what stir can we make?

"And yet every one is talking that you have come into this house to find a husband for your daughter, and that my *bhai* who was just now here, is soon going to marry her! Why have you troubled this good woman?" pointing towards Mangal Khan's wife

Though dear mother's spirit revolted against the false insinuation she prudently restrained her feelings while she answered him in a dispassionate tone

'What are you saying, sahib? You as well as every one else must be fully aware that a Firangi

will never enter a native's house unless she is compelled to I did not come here with my own will as seeking a home for my daughter, but he '—looking towards the way by which Mangal Khán had gone out—" he brought me by force from a house where I had received every kindness, in order to please himself and not me We are grateful to him for the kindness which he has shown us since; but as to marrying my daughter to him or any one else, that is a subject which I cannot discuss Situated as I am, have I the power to refuse, much less resist, should he choose to wring my consent? If left, however, to the free exercise of my will, I certainly would refuse Khudá pleases to send us this trial, so that we have become supplicants and beggars for charity, otherwise, Khan Sáhib, why would you insult us by making a false charge against the native prid of Firangi women!"

"And yet the general impression is" said he; "that Mangal intends to marry your daughter, and this sister of mine (pointing to Khan-begam who was his wife's sister) is in a great state of mind, and has been complaining of your conduct to her relatives, and would be glad to see you out of her way."

"She distresses herself for nothing," replied mother "In what way are we responsible for the doings of others? Khuda is my witness that we are the last to wish her ill or give her cause for concern Rather would we do what little lies in our power to add to her happiness in her husband"

"Well, to say the truth—

He had hardly finished the sentence when Mangal Khan who had overheard the conversation, came

in apparently ruffled, and addressed his brother-in-law thus —

"*Bhai*, what is the good of questioning this *nek-bakht*, or giving them pain by speaking of them as if they were so many interlopers? *Ipné sir ki qasam!* they are in no way to blame. It was I who brought them to my house, and I alone am answerable for my actions."

"Why hast thou brought a *sautapa*[66] to thy good wife? Ought I not in common defence of the good name of our family to take thee to task for thy imprudent conduct?"

"I know who has sent you?" remarked Mangal Khan caustively, without caring to heed the other's question.

"Yes to be sure," said Sher andaz Khan, 'I have been sent by him to take the women to the *fález*, (river-side) and there strike off their heads in order that the fire which is raging in her bosom (pointing to Khan-begam) may be quenched.'

'Who arrogates to himself the right to dictate in my house?' now fiercely interrogated the other. 'If bhai Abdul Rauf has a care, let him look to his own wife and family, and let him not poke and pry into other people's affairs. I will have none of his interference. As to Qabil she is a fool for sending about here and there. She had better give up this game of hers or I shall have to restrict her liberty."

Every one of us felt a queer sensation creeping over us at the prospect of immediate death by the sword and after we had begun to feel pretty confident that for the present, at least the bitterness of

[66] The relation in which the rival stands towards the lawful wife is so called.

death had passed Mother again acted as our spokeswoman —

"As to cutting off our heads, Khán Sáhab, you have the power, and we cannot resist We are helpless females If it should be Allah's will that we die, and die this instant by your hand, let it be so There is just one favour, however, that I wish to ask, and that is—that you will kill every one of us, without any exception I shall not allow you to kill one or two only, and spare the rest to please yourself Allah's will be done!"

Shérandáz Khan was touched his eyes were suffused He said "O Bibi, great is thy faith, and as great thy bold spirit True, thy fearlessness before danger and thy indomitable courage bespeak thee to be a Firangi I wash my hands of this business To have been sent on such a *fool's errand*, and to be discomfited by the cool calm demeanour of a woman! *Lanat*[67] on thee, Sherun,[68] *shéitan* though thou be called!"

"Máshaa Allah![69] But dont be more foolish, *bhái*, than you have already made yourself Why run down yourself? It wasn't your own doing, I know it all along," remarked said Mangal Khan

67 Curse. Fie on thee!

68 From *shér*, a lion or tiger

69 See *ante* 56

CHAPTER LIV

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*He proposes again*)

Two or three days subsequent to the events which I have narrated, after finishing dinner one evening, Mangal Khan lingered in the *zanankhana*, and having washed his hands, he settled down again on the *takht*, and addressed mother thus

"Mariam, you promised to speak to me again on the subject, which you know is dearest to my heart I hope you have thought over it, and can now give me a definite answer '

"What do you refer to?' queried mother

"I of course refer, rejoined he,—"to my original proposal to marry your daughter"

"I have hardly had time to argue the pros and cons of the matter to myself ' answered mother, or to give to it the serious consideration it deserves You see it was only the other day that your brother-in-law came to kill us without a moment's notice If we are to be massacred after all while under your protection where is the use of discussing the subject of marriage? If I am to lose my life my daughter's life must go too, and if her life is taken, I shall go where she goes I and my daughter are inseparable Some one else may perhaps be coming with the like mission as Shérin Khan!

"*Apne sir ki qasam* you raise my spleen and my ire when you talk like that! I tell you that had he lifted his hand at any of you he would have paid the

forfeit of his temerity with his own life As long as you are under Mangal's roof, there lives not a man who will dare to raise his finger at you with impunity *Khudá qasam* ! I shall strike off the heads of half a dozen Musalmans before a hair of my Firangan's head can be touched "

He was terribly excited Mother endeavoured to throw cold water on his wrath

"I am fully convinced you are strong enough to protect us But why broach the subject again ?"

"Because it is nearest my heart," said he "Say, why any delay ?'

"How can I say 'yes' to your proposal ? As far as I can see at present, I am powerless to say 'yes'"

"Why, what withholds your consent ?

"When you are better acquainted with my circumstances and the history of my family, you will see where the difficulty comes in I am not at liberty to give her away"

"Why ?"

"I have my brothers living What answer shall I give them when they demand their niece from me ? And moreover, my *dèwar*[70] is alive I have to consult all of them before I can dispose of her"

"Perhaps you are right But they are not likely to put the question as in all probability they too have been killed like the other Firangis"

"I hope not At any rate, would it not be prudent to wait and make certain of their death before taking any definite step ?'

"I feel time passing very heavily," said he "My

[70] Husband's younger brother *Jeth* his elder brother

desire to call that girl my wife grows stronger daily, and I must have her at any risk.'

'Suppose that the Angréz Government is restored, what shall I do then? Cannot you wait another year, during which I suppose the issue will be decided as to who shall remain master of the country?"

"You would, I suppose, like them to come again or you would not think of the possibility of their return How many of them are left? Only a few struggling to hold their own before the walls of Dilli, and they too will soon be cut off, *Inshállah*![71]"

"That's what I said," remarked mother siezing the suggestion "Let Dilli be conquered If the Firangi army which is now besieging it, is destroyed, general tranquility will be restored in the country, and then it will be time to talk of such matters Meanwhile are we not your dependents, and in your power?'

"You point to a long way off, and seem to forget that I have power to marry her against the will of every one not even excluding the pair of jealous eyes fixed at me and he gave his wife a hard stare in return

'Now you speak like one resolved to use the power which hard fate places in your hands, to drive the afflicted to desperation Did I say you could not do what you threaten to perform? Of course you have the power to take her away from me by force, and I could have no power to resist if you were minded to use your opportunities for the accomplishment of your wishes It would nevertheless be unmanly of you to persecute a widow, and compel

[71] Please God.

a helpless orphan to gratify your desires Where would be the merit? Whereas if you waited till the Firangis are driven away from before Dilli, the argument which I use would no longer have any weight And we could then decide the matter with mutual concessions"

"I tell you," he rejoined"—that it is for your good and for the advantage of that girl, that I am so importunate No one can take her away from Mangal, and Mangal's wife she shall be, and I will endow her with a handsome dower And if you were to take my advice, I would say that you too ought to take a husband, and settle down again in life You are still young

"What will I marry now?" answered mother sorrowfully

"No, you should marry, if it be only to find a home of your own, and bread with it"

'What will I marry,' said mother again, "my lord being but recently murdered, and before I have hardly worn the weeds of widowhood! What would become of my girls?"

"That's what I said' he urged "Your daughter shall be mine, and as to your niece she too I dare say will fit in somewhere *Bari Bi*[72] can live with one of you"

And this is the bright programme which he who held our prison-key had sketched out for each one of us God who watched over us gave my darling mother self-possession, understanding and tact to meet the arguments of this crafty man, and praised be His Name! she for the time being succeeded It

72 In allusion to dear old granny

was resolved to postpone the further discussion of the subject until the issue of the struggle before Delhi was known.

It will readily be perceived that we had no appetite left for dinner, after the fire to which we had been subjected. What passed in our minds, what acute pain I felt at the insulting proposals which he had made, powerless to resent them, I cannot describe. The very first impulse to speak out, and hurl the insult back to his face, had to be resisted. God gave me strength to resist, and to be patient. There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, I thought, and hoped that in my case this old adage should prove strictly true. I had not lost all hope in the eventual success of the British arms. Though their *iqbál*, their *prestige*, was for the present gone, it will be long, said I to myself, before British soldiers are conquered in open fight, and when Delhi falls before British valour, his tune will soon change.

We made a quiet meal—how much could we eat? No one spoke, the mistress of the house sighed; we sighed; and looked each other in the face, wistfully and sorrowfully. Dinner over, as mother rose to go to her part of the house, Khan Begam siezed her hand, and while tears rose to her eyes, in piteous tones she said:

"Mariam, stop! you are my *dini*[73] mother; why inflict greater torments on me than I already suffer? Assure me that you wont give your daughter to him."

73 Lit: Mother by religion. In other words I honour your age and address you as my mother.

Mother replied —'Bibi, how can I help it, if he will force me into it? You are witness to everything that has passed I am truly *murda ba dast zinda*[74] I am helpless and powerless, who is to speak up for me? You for nothing distress yourself As far as I am concerned, it is far from my wish to give him my daughter, and if left to the free exercise of my will he certainly shall never get my consent'

'Allah bless you for it!" she exclaimed "O your fair daughter deserves a better fate than that designed for her You Firangi women were never meant to play second fiddle in a Musalmán family I will pray that your pious wishes may be granted and that your daughter may find a husband suited to her birth and her virtues'

CHAPTER LV.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*Domestic laws and social etiquette*)

When Khan-Bégam last visited her *nand*,[75] the latter had taken a promise from her to come again soon The *nái*[76] brought a message to her on Thursday, saying 'Bulu[76] send, her *salám* and wishes to know when you are going to fulfil your promise of

[74] A Persian phrase meaning literally the dead in the hand or power of the living—to do with it as he pleases since the former has no power or vitality left to resist

[75] Also spelt and pronounced *nanad* husband's sister

[76] Sister

calling" "Give my *bandagi*[77] to her, and say How can I come now? There are some Firangis staying with me, whom he[78] has brought into the house" Another message was brought desiring her to bring them along with her, as she was most anxious to see them too And so our hostess proposed to mother that we should go with her next morning

Apropos to messages, as between women, they are exchanged through the agency of the *nain* or *naian* of the house A *nain* feminine gender of *nái* or *nau* is the common carrier of such messages The *nain* is the hereditary servitor of the family She comes occasionally or at stated times bathes the female members of the house does their purchases in the bazár and other menial offices at home, and she is moreover employed to carry messages from one house to another A *nain* may have several families in her *birat* or hereditary circle which she enjoys the exclusive privilege of serving An occasional largess of a few pice or cast off clothing and a meal, satisfies her As to food, she is bound to receive that whenever she comes If after a feed, she goes to another house and food is offered to her there she receives it also as a recognised perquisite and carries it home In addition to which, she enjoys the valued privilege of acting as go-between when a matrimonial alliance is on board And when the marriage ceremony takes place, she attends to all the menial offices required of her for the occasion and receives the fixed present of cash, clothes and viands,

77 Lit adorat n M t respects The *r and* as the husband's sister takes a higher place in the order of precedence

8 I allus on t her husband for native women may not speak of their husbands by name

which have come down to her family from generations It will thus be perceived that a *náin* is a very important member of a Pathan household, she is in fact indispensable The tribe is distinguished from the other servants by a skirt which they wear over their tight drawers They are indefatigable walkers, and irrepressible chatterers

Apropos to visits, these are only made on Mondays and Fridays these are the only days of the week held auspicious for the purpose, and they are never paid without previous notice An elder going to visit another who holds an inferior rank in the table of family precedence, for example, a *chachi* or aunt visiting her *bhatiji* or *bhánji*,[79] (niece) will first send her *dua salám*, (blessing with salutation) with the announcement that she is going to call on a certain day The return message is couched in respectful terms, "Give my *ádal bandagi*, (my respects and devotion) and say Come it is your own house, enlighten it further by your presence' Arrived at the house the mistress of it as well as all the others present who are on a level with her in the social scale rise and placing their right hand on their forehead, make the visitor a respectful salute, which she acknowledges by giving them her blessing "*jiti raho, beti*[80]!' Nowhere else is the feeling of veneration for years so emphasized as in the Muhammadan community, it is part of their creed it is inculcated from their earliest childhood and is brought out and practised by them in their every day life

79 The distinction should be observed. *Bhatija* or *Bhatija* is the daughter or son of the brother and *Bhánji* or *Bhánja mutatis mutandis* of the sister

80 May you live longer daughter!

There were four of us to sit in one *meáná*, namely Khan Bégum, mother, Anet, and myself Granny was left at home Did I say *home* ?

Let me describe a *meana* [81] A *meána* then is a wooden frame-work, something like a large hutch, an oblong bed held up by four posts with a roof to it It has dumpy legs to rest on the ground, the floor is interlaced with string, and the top is covered with red curtains hanging down to the sides It is supposed to accommodat two to four persons When going to be used *kanars* or *dhúmars* (bearers) are sent for, two to eight is the usual number employed, according to the number of persons to be carried They fix two bamboo poles in position on either side, by means of which the frame-work is lifted from the ground It is something like a *pálki* or *palanqueen* of old, but smaller or like a *Jhampan* of the hills, with this essential difference, however, that it has curtains which shade off the occupant effectually, and moreover it is never used but for the conveyance of women

These two digressions I have been obliged to make, as both the customs will often recur in the course of my narrative, and so the reader should, I think, know them at once in full detail

And I think, I may also in this place advert to the table etiquette of the Pathans That observed in Mangal Khan's family may be accepted as an apt illustration The plan of the house, which to a large extent influences their social customs is that to be

81 Called *chaukla* by the Hindu women, in reference to its oblong or square shape

found in almost all tropical countries There is an enclosure, with high walls all round The *deorhi* or entrance is usually to the east Through this door you enter, first the *mardánd* occupied by the male portion of the family 'This consists usually of a longish room, not over lighted' Immediately facing the entrance, is a *takht* or wooden platform on which the master of the house sits, eats, sleeps receives his visitors, lounges, and spends almost all the time he is at home In more pretentious dwellings, this part of the house may consist of several apartments, chief of which will be the *diwánl hana* or reception room Proceeding north, we come to the entrance of the female apartments, which are hid to view by a small dead wall stretching in front of the doorway, and called the *ghungat* We now enter the zanán-khaná which consists of a square courtyard, known among the Hindus as *chauk*, and among the Musalmans as *sahan*, it is open on top, and is lined on all four sides by apartments, with verandahs in the front At one end is the kitchen and right before it the well which supplies fresh water At another end of it is the outhouse used for necessary purposes a very unsatisfactory sort of thing

The food is cooked right under the supervision of the mistress of the house When ready, it is served on a takht or wooden platform, on which the plates, cups &c (*rakábi, katorá*) have already been cleaned and set The master of the house and the male portion of the family are the first to eat and after them the females Having finished, the former just turns round on his seat and washes his hands in a metal *sil-ji chi* or bowl placed there for the occasion For washing his hands and mouth—and both are soiled

to a degree—he uses *besan*[82] of sorts, the *bárí* pouring water meanwhile from an *dsháka* or metal ewer, held ready full for the purpose. Should he be alone, he is usually served by his wife, who, when he is done, hands him over a *pán*, and he retires. The females go through the same process, being in their turn served by the *bándi* and another servant, should there be one. The etiquette may vary in proportion as the family is rich or one possessing means, but the outline is as I have sketched it. The cook (of course a female, and generally the *bándi*) helps out the viands in copper-plates, and sets them before the eaters. Two or three will eat from the same plate. Thus, one plate used to suffice for us all four.

The staple food of Pathans consists of *gaha-roti* or *dál-roti*. The *gaha* consists of mutton or beef-curry, with a profusion of gravy in it. In Mangal Khan's family there used to be a little meat prepared specially for the master of the house, the rest of the family subsisting upon pulses of kinds mixed with vegetables, or vegetables cooked separately and eaten with bread; and once a week, I think on Thursdays, a dish of meat. The food, always cleanly cooked, is savoury and wholesome. On festive occasions, however, there are special dishes served, both rich and elegant. But as a rule, Pathans live frugally and practise economy in the management of that part of their household which consists of their women-kind.

82 Powdered gram.

CHAPTER LVI.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*Continued*)

(*The Chati Suit*)

We were kindly received at Qamran's, though perhaps not warmly Her mind had been prejudiced against us by the unfavourable reports which she had received, and like her elder sister Sharfan, wife of Abdul Rauf Khan, she would probably have declined to hold any commerce with us at all, but the account taken to her subsequently by Shéran Khan, produced a change in her disposition she became eager to make our acquaintance Our *rolé* for some months henceforth was to be the show things of those who wanted or cared to see us, and make what comments they pleased upon us

If the reader will recollect Shéran Khan had gone with the avowed intention of striking off our heads, but a woman's tact had baffled and conquered him He returned home, and said 'Who can lift his hands against such harmless things? The girl is like a frightened doe and as to the mother, O she is a perfect *bulbul i bostán* [83]!' So among those who had come over to see us this day, was his wife named Hashmat It was not long after that she too fell a victim before the fascination which mother exercised over all who approached her *Ae bál u* [84]! she exclaimed addressing Khan Bégam "Miran was quite

83 The Persian nightingale the sweetest songster of all the feathered tribe

84 O sister

right in the estimate which he formed of these people. Mariam's lips, like the bee, distil nothing but sweets. I am simply charmed."

As to the mistress of the house herself, after a few conversations with us, she was completely won over. Her kind sympathetic nature was stung to the quick by the story of our bereavement and our trials. Her large pretty black eyes often filled with tears, while she placed her head on mother's shoulder and sobbed aloud.

She was about 35 years old, above the middle size, and inclining to be stout. She had sharp features, a clear complexion, and a good-looking face. It is said of her that, when dressed up for her bridal, her father happening to pass by, was so struck by her beauty that he involuntarily exclaimed: "Couldn't we have managed to reserve so much beauty for somebody more nearly related to us? O, she was not fit to go out of the family!"

Her husband, a man of advanced years, was employed as a *jamadar*[85] of cavalry in the army at Bhopal. At their very first meeting, he was so unfortunate as to inspire her with a repugnance for his person. She showed by her actions that she was possessed! She repelled his advances, and would not allow him even to touch her, so much so that she succeeded in making her mother and the others believe that she was the subject of an *amour* with a *jin*[86]; how then could mortal presume to claim her as his bride? Her husband was shocked, and so disgusted was he with her behaviour that he left her, and went

85 Lieutenant.

86 Genii.

back to his appointment He, however, continued to look upon her as his *nikáhtá*[87] wife, and kept her well supplied with funds At length, through the kind offices of friends, they were reconciled, and not long after were blessed with a daughter, whom they named Badran

Badran's type of beauty was different from her mother's At the age of 16 or 17, when we saw her, her complexion was a shade darker than her mother's, and her eyes, though large, lacked the liquid softness which distinguished the lovely orbs of her parent She was, on the whole, 'nice-looking' a pink birth-mark on her left cheek giving an interesting air to her face She lacked, however, the animation and sprightliness which was one of the charms of her mother, and she hardly said good or bad to any one Her mother found her as 'nice-looking' a husband in Hafizullá Khan, Khan-begam's eldest brother But having the former's example before her, she at first treated him in an off-hand manner, and would not speak to him He therefore left her and went away to Bhopal, but was prevailed upon to return and re court her after marriage The result of this reconciliation was a daughter named Sadran

By what means her dislike of him was overcome, so that she was induced to unchain her door, and even come out occasionally when he happened to be in the house, how the garments which she wore were scented with perfume, on which holy texts had been breathed, and the clove which fastened the *lirá*[88]

87 Married lawfully That is the vulgar form of the word which properly is *maukulá*

88 A large *ján*

passed through a preparation of propitiatory sacrifices these are matters which appertain to the mysteries of the *nisudn*[89] race, and do not belong to the domain of authentic history With this allusion, therefore, I shall pass them over

Our skill as needlewomen had duly been brought to Qamran's notice , As her sister-in-law, who also was her niece, had come to her after a very long time, and she had made her no present yet on the occasion of her child's *chatti*,[90] she made up her mind now to give the latter a *kurta-topi*,[91] and the former a *jord*[92] The former consisted of a miniature trousers, coat and cap, and the latter of the four garments usually worn by females[93] Mother offered to cut, and sew them all

She gave the child s *kurtd* or coat which was made of purple *bandnu*, a *mughli* neck, that is to say it had but one opening buttoning to the side over the left shoulder It was finished off with *banat* or gold lace, which was put round the edges and sleeves, and neck Moreover, it had a crescent-shaped gold-embroidered band round the neck, and epaulettes on the shoulders and imitation braces The *paydmd* or trousers was made of rich green satin, and was also finished off with *banat* As to the cap it was a *do-palri topi* or two semi-circles inverted and worked up together It was made of the same stuff as the coat

89 The female race

90 The s xth day from the b rth of the child which is always kept up as a day of rejo cing It is the place of fr ends to make presents on such occas ons

91 Coat and cap one way of denoting a boy s s it

92 Su t

93 The suit consists of a tro sers bodice coat and covering

and besides being finished with *banat* of kinds, it had several gold pendants tacked round it in front, so as to form a kind of fillet, resting on the forehead All this was designed, and made by dear mother, with perfect taste and finish • It must have cost something like 40 Rs a sumptuous suit for a child !

The mother's costume was not so rich The *pajamá* was of green satin down to the extremities, to the waist of which was put *lachká*, a species of stamped gold lace This garment as worn by the Pathán females is, I think, somewhat grotesque It consists of two pantaloons of an even width from top to toe the lower extremities of which are usually nine inches broad, or eighteen inches in girth There are four gussets and a triangular piece connecting the two legs below the waist, which last is puckered up and secured by a silk *izárband*[94], drawn and knotted in front The *angiá* or bodice was made of purple or dark heliotrope *bándnu* muslin, bound with *lachká* Over that was the *kurti* or coat which, as worn by Pathan women, is sleeveless and 24 inches long, reaching down to the waist this also had *lachká* all round it The *dupattá* or covering like the *angiá* and *kurti*, was made of purple *bándnu*, bound with *lachká*, and slashed with narrow lace embroidery I should have valued the suit at 50 Rs The purple looked very effective against the fair skin of the wearers

The general get-up of both these suits was splendid Qamran *ashish kar gain*[95] on beholding them, all who saw them were in raptures Dear mother was pleased

94 Waist-band

95 The expression is explained in th

at the result of her performance she became the cynosure of all eyes

Besides this our hostess got her to wear a new set of *churis*, and paid for them herself These *churis*[96] consist of glass or *lakh* circlets, some of them delicately made and enamelled blue. The colour showed off on her complexion And with the gold bracelets and other gold trinkets which she wore, the woman looked as if she had been dressed up for a bridal

CHAPTER LVII

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*The expired malediction*)

The reader will thus perceive that we had already established ourselves as favourites in Qamran's household The members of it vied with each other in showing us kindness The even tenour of our lives was not disturbed by any untoward incident From a suspicion of our demeanour as proper inmates for a Zanánáa opinion had veered round in our favour Whereas the belief formerly was that, as Firangi women we would be found to peep over walls or through windows and chinks, so that we might see and be seen of men for whose society we should be longing and pining when they found on the contrary that we worked nay delighted to work, all day long with our needles and thread, and that far from going out of our way to seek the company of men we did

96 Thin bangles of sorts worn round the wrist

not even raise our heads to look at the few who had the *entrée* of the female apartments—when they saw and observed this our prudent conduct, the belief gained ground that all that had been said of us was false and malicious. Qamrán remarked once to dear mother how any one could possibly find fault with us on the score of misconduct, for said she 'You are just like one of ourselves. I would not exchange you for half a dozen women of my own race and nationality. Who could possibly ever tire of you?'

Amid our daily routine of *chit chat* and the business of tailoring in which we were constantly engaged, and which by the way elicited frequent applause from our hostess and her relations, no reference was ever made to the troubles of the period. For whatever may be the causes or motives which may have inspired their men to deeds of violence in the outer world, a calm serenity always prevailed within the four walls of the Zanánah, there was no disturbance of any kind there, and politics never formed the subject of discussion among us.

There was nevertheless one element of discord, and only one, and that was the woman Umdá, to whom I have alluded before. I cannot tell in what way she was related to Qamrán, though they addressed each other as *bhábi*[97], but she was called 'aunt' by her daughter as well as her nephews and nieces. Though young she was an ill favoured woman spiteful to a degree and possessed a waspish tongue a very Thersites who breathed nothing but hostility towards the Firangi name. She was greatly displeased at our introduction into the family, and never missed

97 Is a brother's wife.

an opportunity to give us ere slooks, or to say to us a cross word At her own house, one of her favourite occupations was, when she sat in her *pálki*, to recite a doggerel which she had also taught her slave-girls One of them sat at the head and the other at the feet side, the former began with '*goré hap*,'[98] while the latter completed the distich with '*Firangi clat*'[99] In this highly intellectual pastime she indulged daily, it pleased her immensely to hear the British abused, who were fighting so nobly before the walls of Delhi She would make a clean sweep of them And once or twice, from generalities she came down to individuals Once I, mother and Anet sat quietly sewing Badran's *paijáma* Badran herself sat at the end of the verandah whispering sweet nonsense to her husband, who however had his eye fixed on Umdá he knew her better than we

She changed the current of conversation by a contemptuous reference to the Firangi race, and especially as to the hunger of Firangi women for male company '*Aré na!*'[100] she said, "those *didéphat*![101] they cannot live without the society of men'

"Perhaps not, *chachi*" observed Hafizulla Khan from the other end of the verandah "and I do not know that they are not right in having so decided They have so much of male company that their appetite for it is cloyed And then their men are different from what people think For instance, they are not opium-eaters or opium-smokers like your

98 99 Both these expressions mean I would '*gollop* down the British

100 An expression of contempt Fie!

101 Fit with bilateral eyes Met wanton or shameless

husband, who beyond rolling like swine in the dust of his dingy crib, has no thought for anything else"

"That may be," she winced while she spoke, "but what has that to do with Firangi women? You cannot deny that they take pleasure in laughing and joking with strange men, that they dance and sing, and dance with their persons half-nude, and with the arms of strange men round their waist, that at such times they retire with their sweet-hearts into dark recesses where they do they only know what, and that they kiss and are kissed by other than their husbands?"

Badrun opened her large eyes in astonishment at this long rehearsal of the unwomanishnesses of the Firangi female while her husband exclaimed "Indeed! I did not know all that From where do you derive all this profound knowledge?"

"No matter from where," she replied testily 'Only deny the truth of these allegations if you can That's what I said these Firangans would prove troublesome'

"Have a care how you talk, *chachi*," said Hafizullah Khan "*Apne sir ki qasam*[102], you are very indelicate in your allusions What charge can you bring against *mánsi*[103], pray?

"I didn't say I had anything particular to advance on this point," said she prevaricatingly "Only when they first entered Mangal's house, there was a flutter of excitement among the men in the neighbourhood"

"Very possibly," observed Hafizulla Khan, sar-

102 I swear by my head

103 Aunt

caustically, "your good man included, I suppose? What came out of it?"

"What a wayward boy thou art, Hafiz!" she cried "What are thy intentions this way, eh?" And she gave him a knowing wink in the direction where we sat

"What absurd ways you are going on with today, *chachi*!" said Hafizulla Khan in a tone of vexation "What would you insinuate by that shake of your *gudar*[104] head? I tell you again, better be careful how you speak of *mánsi* and her daughters!"

"This boy would stand forth as the champion of the *káfir* brood! I have no patience with them"

There was a pause We kept perfectly silent during this hot colloquy We knew that all this fire of vituperation was really directed against us, but we had no power to say anything in self-defence even, for fear of creating an open breach with a member of the household, for we were there only on sufferance, and had no right to quarrel with any one

Umda was evidently bent on mischief this morning She might have dropped the subject altogether, but she renewed the attack, and this time in more unmistakable language

"My son Azmat has gone with the *daur*[105] I hope and pray that he may not bring a Firangan or two with him For then I shall have to 'read and blow' oftener than I do now[106]"

104 Small useless cuttings of cloth rubbish. *Gudar* head is a thick head

105 Lit Running Met an expedition.

106 This is a reference to the habit of reciting a text mentally and expiring it to the right and left A form of incantation of the evil one who is always on the watch to harm the faithful.

Hafizulláh Khán took up the cudgels again on the opposite side "No doubt, *chachi*, Azmat will perform prodigies of valour in this expedition, but considering that it is only a few refractory *thákurs* of the town of Ladhpur that the Nawab has sent to coerce, and that Najib Khan, the new Naib Názim has been placed in command of the expedition, I hardly think there is much chance of his bringing any trimmings to grace his triumph with But what did you say just now, *chachi*, about reading and blowing? You seem to breathe in nothing but wolfs-bane, or to breathe out anything but spiteful malice *Alláh qasam*,[107] you are very unkind!"

His interlocutor was now more than ever exasperated She lost all self-command, and committed more imprudences than she could have been conscious of She began to spit forth an accumulation of spleen which she had taken pains to store up in the past

"O what a simpleton! As if you do not know!

"What?" he enquired

"What but what Khan-begam has been doing during the month past'

Khan Bégam who sat and listened all this while, began to look uncomfortable She stared at her, as if to say 'You have gone too far, better pull up now But her impudence and temerity rose with her temper, she bore the look unflinchingly while she said

"Why, she is quite right to do what she has done this *Bi* has been a thorn in her side What makes her live in our midst with two grown-up unmarried

107 I swear by God

girls is more than I can guess Can't I guess though? And I told her first—fast and pray, and afterwards breathe your malediction towards these——

Hafizullah Khan was now fairly provoked He rose to his feet, and told his *chachi* in a peremptory tone to go to her own house at once, if she did not know to conduct herself more properly, and that he would never sit by tamely and hear *mansi* (meaning mother) abused

Umdá was, however, now in full career on her favourite hobby, which was to abuse Europeans in general, and we in particular So she resolved to finish the sentence which she had begun

"Yes, truly, great is the power of prayer, as saith the prophet. I advised her to take up ashes in her hand, and blow on them so that they might fly away like this!" And suiting the action to the word she threw a pinchful of dust towards us, mumbling something the while between her lips

It was too much for Hafizulla Khan, his temper was up He rushed at her and seizing her by her legs, dragged her out of the *dálán*,[108] and telling her to be gone or he would deal worse with her, returned and sat down near his wife in high rage

108 Porch or verandah

CHAPTER LVIII

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*Continued*)

(We draw our hostess' sympathy)

Just then our good hostess returned from a visit to her sister, of whom I have spoken before It was a visit long promised, and now paid with some reluctance Abdul Raúf Khan was looked upon as the elder of the family, but since his advancement to the high office of Commander of the Forces he had begun to give himself unusual airs And his wife thought of course that she was a very important personage too Moreover, she had never forgiven Mangal for harbouring Firangans, 'the pestilent brood,' as she would say, 'of whom no good will ever come out He was a fool for not allowing Sheran to rid him of them' But while she showed resentment at her sister also receiving us into her house as her guests she sent her frequent messages to come and see her, eager apparently to know more about us, and especially of our skill with the needle regarding which she had heard from Umda Umda was in fact a frequent visitor of hers and one of those who had counselled that Shéran Khan should be commissioned to go and kill us And it was she who used to carry messages to her from Khan Begam relative to the pain and anxiety which our presence caused her, and begging that her brother-in-law might use his influence with the Nawab to order our execution However, as we have seen the scheme was defeated by an All-controlling Providence Shéran Khan refused to imbrue his hands with our blood, while the Nawáb also refused

to sanction our death, "as," said he, "what harm can they do? They are only helpless women, and instead of deserving to die, should be commiserated"

"I am not at all surprised to hear," said she when she heard of the affair between Umdá and her son-in-law, 'I am not surprised at what has taken place Umdá has too long, and too venomous, a tongue altogether What business is it of hers that among my guests there are Firangans? But they are women of whom she might take a long lesson for patience and forbearance under trial 'Beta!"[109] addressing her son-in-law, "you need not have dragged her I am nevertheless sure you acted like a man to take the part of these persecuted ones" Mariam, turning to mother, 'forgive me for my absence, and forgive her too, she is a great *bévuquf*,[110] and a *béhayá*,[111] for giving occasion to the young to jeer at her Don t mind please what she said in the heat of passion In my house you are welcome"

"Do I or can I say anything?' sighed mother 'Who never got a chap in her foot, how can she know the pain of another?[112] We have done nothing I am sure, to be insulted since we have come to your house But it is Allah s will, who can oppose it?"

'You are too sensible, answered Qamran—"to take notice of her foolish speech, I am sure It is unsafe to pass judgment upon people until one is inti-

109 Son.

110 Fool without understanding

111 Without shame shameless

112 The native proverb —

Jáki na phatí ho birái
Wuh kyá jáné pir parai
They jest at scars who never felt a wound

mately acquainted with them There is my sister O how she fumed and raged at me! 'How can you, a Muslim,' said she; 'how can you associate with *kafirs* and not merit censure'!"

"But in what way?" urged I "What are your grounds for asserting they are *kafirs*? They to all appearance are like one of us, and you would, I feel sure, change your opinion of them if you saw them and spoke to them"

"*Nay!*" cried she *in pious horror.* "I am shocked at the suggestion, *bubu*"

"Then," said I again perversely, and more to tease her this time then let Mubarik and Phundan come over for a few days, they will greatly benefit by their society.'

"*Please keep your suggestions to yourself,*" she replied peevishly "How can you expect my daughters to go to a place which I cannot visit? The are faced things! How many males do they see, may join hands with, every day! The number is unlimited Their eyes dont drop at the sight of a strange man! Then their finger-nails are poisoned, as soon as they are brought into contact with the chaster of the sex, their fervid passions are communicated to them, and then there is an end to all modesty Why not invite me to rush out of my state of seclusion altogether? *No, bubu!* to see a Firangi woman is equal to seeing half-a dozen men!"

It was now the height of the rains, the month of Sánwan was about to end Heavy clouds were banking in the west, and presently there came a gentle shower descending like spray upon the *chameli*[113]

113 Jasm ne

plants that grew in the yard It is a season universally observed throughout upper India for the display of red costumes, and for swinging on *jhulás*[111] Double ropes are suspended from the ceiling, the ends of which being knotted together, are made to hold narrow boards called *patris* painted up in gay colours Two women sit facing each other, having hooked their legs to each other's rope by catching it between their toes Then another gives the swing a move with one hand, and when it begins to oscillate, she gives it a push in the opposite direction with the other, and thus a constant swinging motion is kept up with both hands At other times a *khatoli* or small bed is fixed between the ropes, on which two or three sit down, while two others standing on either side of the bed, cause it to oscillate, while they sing a measure called *sánican* or *malar* The mode to which this music is set is known as *gond* or *gond malar* Those owning gardens or country seats their women sometimes form a party of friends and go there to swing in the open air On such occasions, special dishes are cooked on the spot, such as *samosa*, *haluá-puri*, *phulki* etc, and are partaken of by the company with great glee

The *jhulá* having been put up Badran and Hashmat attired in red clothes got on the swing I and Anet swung them, while Gulabiá, the slave-girl, sang We got our turn of swinging when they came down, and felt not a little jolly at this transient break in our humdrum existence

The mention of Gulabiá recalls to my mind the sad life-story of that girl I have alluded before to Qamran's husband being employed in the Native State of Bhopal During the period of their estrange-

111 Swings

ment, he would seem to have contracted intimate relations with a *banî* woman at Bhopal When she died, and he was eventually reconciled to his wife, he brought away this girl along with himself and presented her to his spouse, saying, "Here, I have brought you a slave who will be handy to you for the menial offices of the house' The girl had arrived at years of maturity, and was not a little amazed at the situation in which she found herself She had, however, to submit to her fate with a good grace She was made to grind corn and perform other domestic offices, and was in fact treated in every respect as a slave or domestic drudge She used to say "When he took to my mother, he used to call me 'daughter !' and all along treated me as such until he came here Then his eye changed And now I am treated like a slave *banî*,[115] do this and '*landî*' fetch that ! But who will believe me if I were to tell them all that ?'

CHAPTER LIX

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE *(continued)*

(Some female characteristics)

Shêrin Khan was a frequent visitor at the house, because of his wife who was spending a time with her aunt It is not the custom among Pathans for a wife to fly at once to the side of her husband no sooner she sees him, and imprint a kiss on his face as a token of welcome or to manifest other signs of endearment in the presence of others But things

115 Slave

are managed more quietly, and, I think, with greater regard to the proprieties For instance, if Sher Khan came in the forenoon, he would be asked to stay for breakfast this he would say he would be glad to do He then sent away his horse, and after meal time retired to the *mardánd* When evening came, Qamran would say "*Bhaia*, why not stay for dinner? You can go away tomorrow morning if you like' And he would reply "Very well, if such be your wish, I shall stay" Meanwhile the *bandi* would receive orders to spread a bed for him in a separate *kothri* [116] or in the *bálá hand* [117] and place by the side of it a *lota*, [118] *pándán* [119] and *ugaldán* [120] After he had retired for the night, his wife would slink off, that is, retire quietly and go and join him Of course she would not be missed by the others

Similarly, the proprieties were studiously observed by Badran and her husband They were never known to speak to each other in the presence of her mother, though when she was not by, they exchanged glances and spoke to each other, and she invariably made his *pán* for him

In the case of a sister-in law, however, some liberties are allowed, by the usages of society, as between her and a brother in-law who is the husband of an elder sister as was the case between Sheran Khan and Khan begam They exchanged jokes with each other, but by no means of a coarse nature For instance, it is she who gives herself the pleasure

116 Room
117 Left or upper room
118 A water vessel
119 Cabinet for betel leaves
120 Spittoon

of making him a *pan* On enquiry as to who has made it, he of course is told it was *made* by his *sáli* [121] He then makes pretty sure it is not a nice one Accordingly on opening it, he finds there is an excess of *chund* (lime) in it, or there is no *katthá* (catechu) in it at all Or, instead of *supári* (areka-nut), there are cloves in it If by mistake he should put it in his mouth without first examining it he pays the penalty of his heedlessness by a burnt mouth and has to spit it out at once, exclaiming, '*la haul wila*!'[122] Or, he may ask for a drink or calls for the *lotá* to wash with, it is handed over to him by his *sáli*, he begins to pour but finds of course there is no water in it These are perhaps tame jokes but no more serious ones are practised There are no opportunities for flirtation on the part of the women and none that might be taken advantage of by the men for liberties of a questionable character The time of the women is spent chiefly in badinage or in making and eating *pan* Though they are generally acquainted with the use of the needle, they are not industrious, and seldom take to it except for the purpose of working their bodices

Neither are they *good conversationalists* As a rule they are illiterate, and their knowledge of the Qur'an is confined to reciting the *namaz*[123] by rote and occasionally reading the text Those and a very few, who have been taught it, read a few chapters after they have had their weekly or bi-weekly bath Others place the book before them, and passing the right fore finger over the lines, repeat as they do so

121 Wife's sister

122 This expression has been explained elsewhere. It is an exclamation of contempt

123 Prayer

the '*Bismillah*'[124] In this fashion some of them can pass their finger over every line of the book, and this is called *khatam karná* or finishing the Quran Except when opening and placing the volume on a *rahl* or stand, and turning the leaves they dont touch it or handle it otherwise it would be irreverence to do so After they have done with it, they close it reverently, put it in a *basta* or cloth-case, and hang it on a peg or deposit it in a niche in the wall It is never taken down or read at irregular hours or promiscuously, but only at stated times, and then only as an act of worship

Though such is the outward respect which they pay to the volume they designate *Kalamullah* or the word of God, the name of it is nevertheless oftener on their lips than one might suppose, for they swear by it twenty times during the day, never meaning seriously all the while by what they say '*Qurán-ki-qasam*,'[125] or '*kalámullah-ke-qasam*,'[126] is a very common phrase among them

Once a *ratjagá* was held in the neighbourhood, and about the same period Qamran held a *Jandum* As I have given a description of these celebrations elsewhere I shall not repeat it again They are peculiar to the Muhammadan female sex and they throw in a beautiful side-light upon the customs of the Zanana

124 Lit in the name of God This is the commencement of the Quran, and of every other Persian or Urdu book.

125 I swear by the Quran

126 I swear by the word of God

CHAPTER LX.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*Some jin stories*)

Dear mother possessed a fund of information on the usages of the Zanana, and her occasional remarks used sometimes to astonish the Musalman women For instance, the day Badran attired herself in her *kali-ká-payámá*,[127] she had taken a bath before doing so, and had her hair open when she came and sat out in the yard She had long hair for an Indian Muhammadan Mother observed

"*Beti*,[128] you ought not to keep your hair open. Better knot it'

"But *mansi*,' said she, "I have not yet oiled it, how can I put it up?"

"All the same you should not keep it open when you come and sit outside in the cool of the evening'

"Why, *mánsi*—do tell me why? Here, I will do your bidding, and will give it a knot for the present And she pressed mother to tell her what possible harm there could be in her drying her hair Mother was also very strong in anecdotes and old sayings her memory was stored with an incredible amount of folk lore So she replied

"Why should you want to know the why and wherefore of a thing that ought to be done? You are too young to comprehend these matters, so you should always be guided by the experience of those

127 A kind of loose gored trouser
128 Daughter

older than you *Haredi*[129] beings are said to be readily caught by long hair and pretty black eyes, like yours

Badran blushed, her mother and husband being both present The former coloured at the recollection of her own youthful follies, when she had made every one believe that she was the object of a *jin's* passion

"Do the *jins* then visit human beings *mansi*?" enquired Hafizulla Khan

"The learned say they do," replied mother "I have never seen one myself, but I have noticed the effect of their possession"

"Please relate to us some of your experiences, Mariam" begged Qamran

"Observations rather," answered mother, "for as I have just now told you I have never set eyes on a *jin* myself There was once a lovely girl who had a wealth of black hair Quite unaccountably, she was siezed with illness and in spite of every attention and the best medical aid, she daily grew worse and worse She became thin as a whipping post, her former beauty was marred yet all that remained to her till her dying day was her fine head of hair, the canker that was eating up her vitals failed to reach her beautiful tresses At night or during the day, when no one was by and she fell asleep she used to be tormented by dreams A young *jin* would at such times appear to her, and tell her that he had fallen in love with her beautiful hair one evening as she was drying them after a bath, and that he would never leave her but take her away

129 Aerial

'I know of another person, a woman the mother of many children, who possessed a handsome person, the most prominent feature of which was her bushy long hair One day while driving in a dog-cart she was suddenly thrown out as if some one had lifted her up bodily from her seat and had thrown her on the ground in an incumbent posture At the time she thought she wasn't much hurt, but the same night she had a dream Some one whom she recollected to have seen in a dream some twenty-five years before, and who by his manner appeared to be her devoted admirer, visited her again, and was telling her how he had surprised her one day when she sat in the open air with her hair thrown loosely over her back Illness of a dangerous nature seized her soon after she had excruciating pains, yet in the midst of her sufferings her invisible tormentor never ceased to visit her in her dreams, but though the body became shrivelled and attenuated, there shone through her eyes an unearthly light, and after death her gorgeous head of hair was all that was left her it had not suffered decay at all"

'*Mánsi what dreadful stories these are!* Did you really see these two females, and hear them talk about these things? asked Badran

"Yes my child, these are well authenticated facts mother answered, and I could tell you many others of the same kind A woman under the influence of a *jin* can neither be cured by exorcism nor by incantation her sure and certain end is premature death

'I have heard of a Kashmiri girl, recently married who had such lovely black eyes that her fond husband never tired of gazing into them But one

lay it so happened that when he came into his wife's apartment, he found her in a fit She foamed at her mouth, her teeth were set, and as soon as her husband attempted to touch her, she kicked up her legs and showed an unconquerible repugnance at his approaches Then she turned round her eyes like an angry parrot, and gave him such a stare—a stare which exerted a strange influence over him He trembled from head to foot as if in great fear, he hung down his head as if ashamed of himself, and retired abashed from her presence This scene was enacted several times, until one day happening to be in her chamber, he entreated her to tell him what was really the matter with her, as the medical men who had hitherto been consulted, had failed to diagnose her complaint, and their medicines had failed to produce the least improvement in her health He saw that she was visibly losing flesh every day, and in his presence was always mute and sad She was at length moved by his entreaties, but all that she would deign to tell him was "I am helpless, what can I tell you? What do you want to know from me, husband? Husband, husband no longer! Go, the hour of his arrival approaches, let him not find you in my company as you prize your life Go!" And she almost thrust him from her, and fixing her bright eyes on him which shone with a malignant light she so unmanned him that he left the room in confusion and fear

'He had scarcely left her when he heard the chain drop from the kerb, and felt an unseen influence entering the chamber which he had just quitted And so things went on until at lenght the poor woman became so thin and emaciated, and feeble that her end was hourly expected In appearance

she was skinny, all but a skeleton, but her eyes continued till the last to sparkle with uncommon lustre—a lustre which, however, was like bane to her devoted husband, for he never could look at them but to be *seized with an abject terror*, as if he had indulged in some guilty passion and had no right to be present even when her spirit was now about to leave its bare-bone tenement.'

'*Wallâh!*' exclaimed Hafizulláh. "What secret power the *jin* exercises over the woman's will is truly wonderful, and no doubt the husband's position becomes very invidious."

'I could have spat on the *mua'*[130] face if I saw him,' was the tart observation of Khan Bégam.

'If you could have seen him then,' remarked Hashmat, "but then our sensations of fear are derived from the very fact of their invisibility to the human eye, when they dont choose to be seen, and when, without any perceptible cause, a woman is observed to languish day by day and medical skill fails to restore her to health, worse still, if the husband's presence seems to excite and make matters worse with the patient, nothing can be done, I should think, but to seek to remove the evil by prayer. The *ulamá*[131] assure us that prayer opens the gate of Heaven. If so, the Great Physician will hear, and no other can cure in such a case than He."

'I admire the wisdom of thy speech, *Lulu*,' said Qamran, addressing herself to the last speaker. "Such cases are beyond the power of medical skill, human

130 Lit. one lead a corpse. But used generally as an expression of thorough contempt for a man.

131 The learned in theology.

skill is unavailing; on the contrary, it makes the complaint worse. Hazrat Isá Rúhulláh[132] was known to cure such deseases by his word of command. I have known severity to be tried by the woman's relations, but that of course is unreasonable, and it always fails. In what way can she be to blame? She is in the power of another, preternaturally stronger than any one woman-born. But that the *jins* are oftener visible to the naked eye, I have frequently heard it asserted There was once in this very city a *miánji*,[133] whose name was Shér Alí." At the mention of that name we all began to look at each other, for it was the name which my Persian teacher bore. Qamran continued, without noticing the disturbance: "He earned a living by teaching. His pupils were young folk, the oldest of whom did not exceed 12 or 13. Well, there used to be a boy among them, particularly intelligent and smart; he made rapid progress in his studies, and excelled all the others in quickness of apprehension, and in his diligence to gain the approbation of his teacher. One day it so happend that, while he sat making *ámokhtá*,[134] the *miánji* called out to him to fetch him a certain tome from the niche. Without moving from his seat, the boy stretched out his hand, and, taking up the book, delivered it to the *miánji*. Not only did the boys, but the *mianji* also, noticed the proceeding; for they were astonished to see that, without rising from his seat,

132 A reference to our Saviour

133 Met a private teacher of Persian is so called

134 Going over the next lesson by one's self is called *ámokhtá*. This is somewhat curious, for the word means literally learned, taught that is—that which has been learnt already, being the past participle of the verb *ámokhtan*, to learn.

the strange boy had just extended his arm towards the niche, which was far and high above-ground, and could ordinarily have been reached by a boy of his age only by fixing a ladder, or by means of several *mondhas*[135] put one upon the other. Whereas this boy's hand seemed to lengthen any distance, but, as soon as he withdrew it, it became as short as before. His comrades were in a state of amazement while the *midnyl*, no less frightened, at once concluded in his mind that the boy was a *jin*. This it was, he argued, which accounted for his precocious intellect, and his success at all out-door games and exercises which required agility and muscular strength, at all of which he was uniformly successful, to the discomfiture and vexation of his fellows. Recovering from his consternation, he said to the boy: '*Mian lurké*,[136] I now know who you are. Your further stay in my school is undesirable, so I request you not to attend here from tomorrow.'

"At another time, the same *midnyl* had a passage with another *jin* boy. The latter used to come to him for the purpose of reading the Qurán; for you must know that, although not all, a large proportion of the race of genii are believers in Islám. Well, when he had finished the book, having gone through the last *sipárá*,[137] he one day told his tutor who he was, and requested to know if he could do anything to make him a return for his kind attentions to him during his studies: 'Ask whatever thou wilt,' said

135 A rattan or bamboo seat without arms.

136. Ang Boy!

137 The Quran is divided into 30 *sipárá* or sections. The word *sipárá* means thirty parts, each part consisting of one or more *surá* or chapter

he *Miánji*, who had become familiar with these strange pupils, said 'Give a release to my share of the field' And that field, it is said, brought forth a hundred-fold that year

"These two stories are known generally through Nakhása, and Miánji Sher Ali is alive Any one doubting the truth of them, may interview him and get him to repeat them in greater detail"

CHAPTER LXI

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*Continued*)

(*Missy-Ki-Má*)

"I have no reason to doubt their truth,' observed Hashmat 'But *bubu*, I wish to advance your argument by relating another story which my *dái*[138] told me You know she belongs to a well-to-do family—a family the members of which have been known to wear gold in the past Now how and from where, did they get the gold? For is it not very uncommon for one of their class to earn enough for the purchase of a gold trinket? This is the story told about it

'One evening a man came to call her, he was a tall, thin, respectable looking person, wore a long white beard and was attired in pure white garments 'I' says the *dai*, 'asked him who he was, where was his house how far I had to go and what fees I should receive? To all these queries he made but one an-

138 Midwife

sweet, that is—that he would himself go with me to the house, and would see that I was fairly remunerated for my trouble. I of course got up and went with him walking, walking as I thought a very long distance, we at length came to rather a secluded part of the town where stood a fair-sized, decent-looking building into which he desired me to enter. I did so. There lay the *yeckdi*[139] on a bed, but I could see no one else with her, she was alone. I made an observation to that effect when my conductor, who had overheard me, said to me from the next room. Never mind, I am here, and here is a fire too, I will hand over to you whatever you may require. I thought it all very strange but kept silent. After the child was born and I had finished my professional business, I desired to go, and timidly suggested how it was possible for me to find my way back to my house. I confess I was full of apprehension, for there was something in the atmosphere and the general surroundings of the house, something in the mute, resigned manner of the woman, and more than something in the man and his ways, which caused me to grow pale and tremble all over. He at once replied 'What is there to be afraid of? I will go with you myself and see you home. O you have been very kind to me and my wife. I cannot reward you sufficiently!' I thought he was going to give me some substantial present but not a bit, he only took up something from the *tdrost*,[140] and put it in my lap, enjoining me not to look at it until I had reached home. Here was another puzzle. I was most an-

139 The new mother. The correct orthography of the word is *enochd* from *sdidan*, to be born.

140 An earthen stove.

xious, however, to reach my home now, and did not care, there and then, to investigate the nature of the present he had been pleased to give me So off I started, he going ahead of me, as before

"While in the way, my fright and trepidation increased I felt sure it was not an ordinary being with whom I had held commerce I hastened my steps, and forgot all about my fee At length, when we arrived at my house, he bid me good-night, and turned right about to go home When, as I turned round to have a last look of him, what was my astonishment to find but that he was gone not a vestige or trace of him was there Then I thought of the present which he had given me, and his injunction not to open or set eyes on it till I reached home I was simply appalled I was petrified, and turned white as a sheet at the object which I beheld There in my lap lay several lumps which now began to feel heavy, and when I touched them, they proved to be all gold O my stars! Was it a reality, or was I in a dream? To be the possessor of a fortune, for fortune it was to one who had never before handled gold! I afterwards found my acquisition represented a sum of 10,000 Rs. I am sure I was more frightened than hurt at this windfall, for now my scattered senses began to collect, and I knew *for certain* that my nocturnal customer was a *jin*"

'Such is the story," concluded Hashmat—'Laccho told me, and she swore upon the Qurán that it was strictly true This proves, does it not, that the *jins* consort with human beings and that while they are able to acquire complete possession of the woman, the latter has no power whatever to resist her fate,

since their introduction into his *haram*[141]. Well, when once the State Vakil[142] returned from Naini Tal, he knowing his master's weakness for the female sex, happened to mention to him that he had seen a Firangin at Almore-ká-pahár,[143] who was exceedingly beautiful.

'Why then did you not bring her for me?' demanded the Nawáb.

'Your Highness!' answered he; 'I did try to do so, but she has a girl with her, a pretty little thing, who she insisted must go along with her, wherever she goes!

'And very rightly so,' rejoined the Nawáb; 'what else is she to do with her? Thou wast a great fool to suppose that the mother could cast her child on the world's charity, and go about with thee wherever thou mightst choose to take her. Her sentiment I admire, and she considerably rises in my estimation by it. Go! I tell thee, go at once, go tomorrow; there is no lack of money, take as much as is necessary. Thou hast excited the worm of desire in my heart, think not therefore to come again within my *bansi*,[144] unless *Missy-ki-má* be with thee.'

"And thus,' continued mother, "whatever cha-

141 This is the proper spelling of the word, and not *harem* as is commonly believed. *Haram* means literally sacred forbidden, hence the female apartments, which are forbidden to every one to enter.

142 So the officer whose duty it is to represent the State with the Political Agent of the Supreme Government, is styled.

143 Almora.

144 The city of Rampur used to be surrounded with an impenetrable fence of the *bánsi* or bamboo which formed a natural defence to the town.

racter the woman might have held, her chastity and good resolutions melted at the touch of gold, and she came to Rampur accompanied by her daughter and maid-servant, who also had a pretty daughter of her own. They were undoubtedly widows and penniless. What does not hunger and poverty cause people to do! Many a woman has sold her honour, only because that was the only means left her of keeping the wolf from the door. But to proceed.

"The woman pleased the Nawàb, but after the first wave of desire had passed over, she, like many others before her, was neglected. Several years elapsed; her daughter began to grow into a woman, and she naturally felt anxious to do something to educate her, and eventually to find a home for her. The Nawáb made overtures to her to marry her too; in other words—to confer the same distinction upon her as he had done with the mother; that is, to toy with her, then throw her away; but these offers she indignantly rejected; and she, I believe, at length succeeded in escaping from her prison-house to Meerut, where she married her daughter to a Firangi major of cavalry.

"Meanwhile Shaúran, the daughter of the maid-servant, took ill A slow fever withered her inside, while she began to languish and grow feebler daily. Being daughter to the woman-in-waiting of one of the Nawáb's newest *mahals*,[145] every medical skill was of course tried to cure her, but without effect. Her female friends at length advised her to marry her off. And this advice Fahíman, the woman-in-waiting to *missy-ki-má*, accordingly adopted. Efforts

145. Lit: a palace, but, met: queen or lady.'

were now made to find a suitable partner for her. There was no great difficulty, for the girl's good looks were a matter of fame; she had large, dark, liquid eyes, with thin, arched, beetling eye-brows. At times they resembled a dreamy lake of unsoundable depth; again, a blade of shining steel, while her magnificent hair undulated like flames about a low forehead of ivory.

"Now it so happened that Maddú Khán, my father's *khánsámá*,[146] whom he had brought with him from Patna, was sorely in need of a wife I have told you already that my father held a high office in the State, being only next in authority to the Nawab His servant had frequently spoken to him, with folded hands, to get him the lovely Shaúran to wife. 'If you, huzur,' said he—'do not interfere in my behalf, the Nawáb will order me to be blown from the cannon's mouth for presuming to aspire to her hand' 'But why, Maddu,' said father; 'why do you wish to get another wife? Are you not satisfied with your past experience,—two wives and twenty-one children[147]?' 'O yes, huzúr,' rejoined he; 'huzur is quite right; but they are all dead, and your faithful Maddu has been left desolate. Shauran will give me an heir, I am sure. she is so beautiful!'

'Now while these negociations were proceeding, Shaúran fell ill, and the same night her mother had

146 Butler, chief table waiter or major-domo

147 The popular superstition in regard to twenty-one children is that if a man has that number by one wife his *nikáh* or marriage tie is broken, and he must go over the ceremony again

a dream She thought she saw a handsome young man come to her, and tell her pettishly not to think of marrying her daughter, for otherwise, said he, you will regret the step hereafter !'

"When the sweetmeat and other offerings were brought to her from Madda's, in token of the *mangni*,[148] she again had a dream the same young man appearing to her, and warning her for the second time against committing the blunder of marrying a girl who was already another's!

"The woman now, for the first time, awoke to the consciousness that her daughter was possessed of a *jin* She recalled to mind that she was always reserved, and mute, and sad, and failed to show any interest in her approaching nuptials Her mother related her dreams to her mistress, her hearers were both amused and interested, but they advised her thus 'Our sex is subject to so many hidden complaints that cannot be diagnosed or cured by a physician, that it need excite no astonishment in your breast to discover that Shauran is similarly situated And the best remedy that you can try is to marry her right off Many female complaints which defy the skill of the physician, are cured by marriage' And so she was married to my father's *khánsámán*

"He found in her a very uncongenial companion, for she would not open her mouth to speak, or eat, or laugh, and seemed utterly indifferent to her altered condition On the contrary, she began to grow fretful and was perpetually to be found in low spirits Her mother-in-law began to suspect she was the victim of a secret passion, the flame of which,

148 Betrothal

instead of being smothered at the hymeneal altar, had on the contrary grown fiercer She questioned, and cross-questioned, her on this point, but could elicit nothing to her disadvantage At length, one day she shut her up in a dark room and locked the door; and sat down before it, and watched After some time, she opened the door and found her lying in her bed, bathed in perspiration She was at her wits' end, and when by the side of her bed she discovered a *dauná*,[149] the notion at once took her mind that her paramour had been to her, and had brought her some eatables But how did he enter the house, and through what door did he gain admittance, were questions which nonplussed her She proceeded to interrogate the girl with an asperity which she in her heart regretted, and, when she could get no explanation from her, she tied up both her hands and threatened to flog her skin off her back, if she did not at once discover to her the secret of her life The victim of all this doubt and severity was now impelled to speak out in self-defence She said 'Amma, why beat me or torture me? Have you seen any one in my company?' 'No!' replied her mother-in-law, 'I have not, and that is just what makes your life a more profound mystery to me Who then brought the *dauna* into your room? Tell me, O *bé sharam*!'[150] 'I will tell you as much as I am permitted to,' spoke the girl, aghast and pale as death 'All that I am able to tell you is, that I have no paramour or have had any, among the *bani-*

149 A cup of stitched leaves in which bazar sweets are usually sold

150 Without shame impudent

ádam[151] But long before I became your son's wife, I was the object of love and devotion to a *jin* who visits me occasionally, and you may confine me in a seven locked chamber if you please, yet that will not prevent his coming to me with *daunds* of sweetmeat Indeed that is the only food upon which I can now subsist'

'The secret was out The girl became worse, her malady increased, and not long after she died'

CHAPTER LXII

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*Continued*)

(*The wazir and the lost ruby*)

The above tales in real life were listened to with avidity but they only served to whet the appetite So a few days after, when every body had retired for the night our hostess begged of mother to relate one of her interesting stories Hafizulla Khan was the only one who was sitting up for his wife became naughty and would not go to her room, that is—the part of the terrace where she was wont to retire with her husband, because said she, she would rather be near to hear some of *mansi's* fine *Jahànis*[152] She kept toying with her husband's curly locks while she seconded her mother's request for something racy and sensational Nothing loth to oblige dear mother asked *Apni bitti kahun yá jag biti*[153]? Shall I say

151 Children of men.
152 Stories
153 The phrase is explained in the text

something that has befallen myself, or which is common to the general experience of the world ?"

"Please yourself *mamá*," replied Hafizulla 'Whatever it be, I am sure it will carry instruction to the young Your stories smack more of life-stories than fiction I am all attention"

Mother began —

"There was a Bádshah Mine and your Bádsháh is Khudá[154] ! Once upon a time there lived a king, who was a great and powerful monarch One day he was very sad, and as he sát in his council-hall surrounded by his wazirs, the chief wazir, who was a good and a wise man, asked him '*Jahán-Panah*[155] ! Why is your spirit sad today ? Your majesty ought not to allow grief to trouble your mind'

"The king would not tell him his grief, on the contrary, he resented his good wazir's kindly thought of him 'It is all very well for you to talk,' said he, 'but if you had reason to be sad I am sure you would find it impossible to practice the precept which your speech implies' And the king resolved to put his chief wazir to the test, and with that view he commanded him to wait at the royal palace after the council was dismissed

"The wazir accordingly attended his royal master to his apartments, and there awaited his majesty's further orders The latter took out a matchless ruby of great price from a beautiful ivory casket and placing it in his hand, enjoined him to keep it for him with great care

154 God

155 Lit World s defence or defender of the world a style of address used towards the king s majesty alone

'The wazir received the charge on bended knee, and, after making his obeisance, went home He met his wife seated on her *masnad*,[156] chewing scented *pan*, and gave her the ruby to keep She dropped it in a partition of her cash-box which happened to be near by, and thought no more about it

"No sooner had the wily king delivered the ruby to his good wazir than he employed female-spies to follow him up, and mark where he kept the jewel After a few days, he bribed the steward of the wazir's household to steal it for him The king was sitting on the balcony of his palace overlooking the mighty Jamna, when the jewel was brought to him Taking it from the hands of the spy he deliberately threw it into the river

"The next morning, after dismissing his court, he asked the chief wazir 'Where is the ruby which I gave you to keep the other day?' The wazir replied 'I have got it, *Jahán Panáh*' 'Then' said the king, 'go and fetch it this instant for I want it just now

'Imagine his amazement when the poor wazir on going home understood that it was nowhere to be found He hastened back to his royal master and reported the circumstance, 'but,' added he 'if your majesty will allow me a few days' grace, I hope to find it and produce it before you' 'Well,' said the king, chuckling maliciously, 'I give you three days to find it in, should you, however, at the end of that period fail to come into my presence with my priceless ruby be sure that your life and the lives of all those that belong to you are forfeit And your house

156 A cushioned seat.

will be razed to the ground, and ploughed up by donkeys [157] Now go!'

"The wazír left the presence with a heavy heart I make no doubt but that he was sincerely anxious to meet the engagement which he had made with the monarch, and left no stone unturned to recover the lost jewel But from the fact of its mysterious disappearance, he could hardly have entertained a good hope of recovering it Reflections of a painful nature crossed his mind 'Now,' thought he, 'I have no one near and dear to me, who might be left to enjoy the vast store of riches of which I am the possessor We are only two souls on this earth, myself and my wife, and we must both die after three days What better than for us to enjoy ourselves during this period as best we can, denying ourselves naught of this world's pleasures In this mood he reached home, and acquainted his wife with the determination to which he had come 'Let us spend our wealth liberally and freely,' said he, 'for soon we must die The good wife sighed a deep sigh and only exclaimed 'Let us bow to the decrees of fate, since such is the *fiat* of the king'

"That day was the commencement of a period of high revelry in the chief wazir's mansion Dancing-girls and musicians of all sorts were summoned, the halls were filled with distinguished guests, who came wondering what great luck had befallen the chief minister of state rich viands were served round, and night and day the sounds of harmony filled the house, and the night air resounded with them all round In

157 A form of punishment affected by oriental protentates of old

addition to this, large quantities of food were cooked and distributed bread-crust to the poor and the indigent *No one that came to the house* was allowed to leave it empty-handed, the mouths of the coffers were opened, tradesmen of all sorts flocked to the wazir's entertainments and presented *dalis*,[158] and went home rejoicing because of the gold-mohur which they received in return

"Now in a village hard by, there lived a poor *málan*[159] and a fisherwoman they were neighbours and intimate friends The former happened to be visiting the bazár, where she heard of the grand doings at the chief wazír's house So she went there quickly with a present of vegetables and garlands, and received a gold coin Then she walked across to her friend's house, and advised her to hasten thither with some fish, and that she would surely make her fortune that day

"The fisherwoman was very poor Her husband used to go fishing daily, but as misfortune would have it, he never was able to catch large fish, and those that he did take were such small ones that he could earn but a few pice a day by the sale of them barely enough to keep him and his family from starving So the poor fisherwoman said to herself 'The fishes that my husband brings home are scarcely worth presenting to such a great man as the king's chief wazir,' *but she thanked her friend* the *málan*, all the same, for her kindly thought of her, and said 'It is quite late today, tomorrow, however, I shall do as you have advised'

158 Wicker trays on which presents generally fresh fruit are served

159 Fem of *málí* a gardener or vendor of flowers

"Early the following morning she roused her husband to go out fishing and as good luck would have it, he cast his line and caught a large *rohu* [160] Delighted at his good fortune, he hastened back to his wife, who placed the fish on a large platter, and covering it with a clean piece of cloth, hurried to the wazir's mansion The wazir was so pleased to see the fine large fish that, instead of one, he gave her two gold mohars This unexpected act of princely generosity nearly drove the woman frantic with joy; she went home with the prize which she had obtained, and lived upon it for many a long day

"This was the third, and last, day of the wazir's life, tomorrow he and all belonging to him must be exterminated Being extremely partial to fish-curry, he said to his wife 'I should wish very much to have some well-cooked curry today for breakfast, for tomorrow neither of us will be living to enjoy it Now here is a fine *rohu*, and nobody can prepare the dish so well as you Do, wife, see to it yourself' But though he laid this injunction on his wife he did not immediately leave the Zanána He and his wife sat together to see the fish cut The cook received orders from her mistress to clean and prepare the fish in her own presence, and so for that purpose she came out with her kitchen knife

"No words can describe the wazir's astonishment and his joy when as the cook thrust her knife into the fish's belly, out dropped from it the identical ruby which had been given into his charge by the King his master He first washed it with perfumed water, and then and there hastened to restore it to its owner

160 The most delicious fish in the Indian waters.

Great was the monarch's amazement to see again the ruby which he had with his own hands cast into the river, and he at once demanded an explanation from the wazir as to how he had recovered it. The latter related how he had come to the resolution to spend freely all his riches, and how he had received the present of a fish which, when it was cut, the lost ruby was found in it

"The king acknowledged to the wazir the part he had *himself taken in the story of the lost ruby*, and moreover expressed his appreciation of the counsel which he had given him to 'Endure sorrow cheerfully.' Then by beat of *drum*, he had it proclaimed throughout his dominions that he had been pleased to hold a grand reception on a certain day. When that day came, he bestowed high honours on his wazir, and commended his wisdom and understanding before all the assembled courtiers and vassals.

"So, like the wazir's evil fortune was changed into good, may the Eternal Dispenser of all Good thus deal with all his servants.[161]"

161. That is how an Indian tale is made to end by the narrator.

CHAPTER LXIII.

MISS LAWTER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(Like white pigeons from the north)

"Thank you, mánsi!' exclaimed all the young people when the story was finished Qamran, Hashmat and Khan-begam exclaimed "*Wah,*[162] Mariam! a really instructive tale!"

'I echo the opinion, *mánsi*," rejoined Hafizulla "The conduct of the cheerful wazir was a reflex, it strikes me of your own life since trouble came upon you You seem to bear your crosses so cheerfully and patiently, and to wait wait—

'Wait for what?' sharply queried Khan-bégam

'I wait' said mother, 'I wait for a further manifestation of Allah's mercies He has preserved our lives hitherto and though our trials have been uncommonly severe I have no doubt but that he has something better in store for us I have not lost heart under my many perplexities, and I hope, and hope—

'Just so *mánsi*,' interrupted Hafizulla, "that is precisely what I meant to convey Like the good wazir, though circumstances are against you, you seem, by your cheerful countenance and complete resignation to the present to look forward to the future with hope And after all what is the good of mourning for the past which can never come back again? Improve the shining hour, as you facetiously

162 Well done!

remarked to my wife when *chachi* (meaning his wife's mother) was away the other day'

"Yet I dont see by what possible change of circumstances a change can come over their situation," sagely observed Khan-Begum "They cannot expect help from without for *mian* was saying when he came yesterday, that the Firangis had been clean wiped off the face of the land"

"I am not so sure of that," remarked Hafizullá drily

"Nor I," echoed Qámran 'The fact is we can get no news"

"I can tell you" rejoined Hafizulla. "Though *mámun*[163] did state with a fanfaronade that there were no Firangis left, I overheard him tell Sherin *bhái* in a whisper that was quite audible to my quick ear, that fears were entertained the Firangis were not quite extinct The hills are full of them He was relating how *chachá* Nizámali Khan and *Baré chacha*,[164] (meaning Abdul Rauf Khan) had gone on the morning of Id to pay their respects to Mián Sáhab, who, eccentric at all times, simply astounded them by what he told them'

'What was it, *bhaia*? Do tell us, *tumhén méré sir ki qasam*"[165] eagerly asked Khan-bégum

"He said that *mian-sahal* was in one of his strange moods Having cast off his white clothes in which he had chosen to be clad since the last three months he had suddenly, and as every one thought unaccountably, donned a black garb He had allowed his

163 Maternal uncle

164 Big (paternal) uncle.

165 *Lit* I adjure you by my head

nails to grow, and his beard to remain unkempt Yet in spite of these mournful habiliments, he seemed to be glad at some prospective good fortune For the people whom I have mentioned, had gone to him to ask for his prayers for the defeat of the Firangi arms before Dilli, but what do you think he told them?"

"What, *Iétá*, what?" eagerly asked Qamran

"What, what?' cried Khan-begam

"You will be astonished to hear The prophetic transport was on him 'Oh!' said he 'You ask me to pray in order that they may be defeated, and driven out of the country? O ye blind, hear! The restoration of the Firangi rule in the country is as sure and certain an event of the future as the coming of *qam'at* [166] See, there they come'—rising up and pointing with his finger to the north—'there they come flying like white pigeons from the hills' Confounded and chagrined at his vaticinations, they folded their hands and entreated him not to say so with his tongue But the *mián* persisted '*Bába*, in what way is the *faqír* to blame? I cannot help it, it is the command of Allah! I only speak what I am commanded!'

"*Mian Sahab's* utterances are not to be slighted. He is known to be a *sáhab-i-kashf* [167], and he certainly is no respecter of persons'

166 The last day

167 Lit one a revealer a Seer

CHAPTER LXIV.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*The Muhamdi tragedy*)

"*Mian Sáhab* told them before it came," observed Qamran, "that the Firangi raj would soon meet with a cataclysm, and so it happened their *iqbal*[168] has fled for a time And now that he foretells their return to power, I shouldn't wonder if they did re-occupy our city The truth is our people have committed a great sin in killing women and children in cold blood, and the punishment of Allah will surely overtake them for the guilt of murder Muslims are strictly forbidden by the laws of Allah to commit murder or the sin of adultery Yet both these laws have been openly violated by the *filangas*[169] What were you telling me, Hafiz, they did at Muhamdi, where the Firangis who had escaped from here, had gathered?

"Oh, it is a horrible tale, *chachi*," replied he, "yet I cannot doubt its authenticity, for I had it from one of the spectators of the tragedy, who, I suppose, was one of the very men whose hands were steeped in the innocent blood shed on the occasion

'He told me that the 41st Regiment called for volunteers, who would fall upon the Firangis, men and women, without respect of age or sex 149 came forward in which were included both Hindus

168 Good fortune

169 Sepoys

and Muslims. They wheeled about the cannon, pointing them at the refugees, who numbered some 40 souls,—namely 20 men, 14 women and 6 children of tender years: 4 of them being *shirkhoras*[170] and at their mothers' breasts. As soon as the alarm reached them, the *sáhab logs*[171] assembled at the house of the *chotá* collector,[172] where, after shutting up the women and children, they came out, and, though most of them were *ne-hattá*,[173] having no weapons at all—how could they? They ran from here in all haste, and had no time to go to their houses to fetch their weapons—without any weapons, they faced the cannon pointed at them in a most intrepid manner. O *chachá*, these Firangis are *shérs*,[174] believe me! Had they not been overwhelmed by numbers, and betrayed as they have been by those on whom they so blindly trusted; had they, I say, had fair play, they would have killed four to one, before they could have been killed themselves."

"Yes, *bétá*," assented Qamran. "Our own men are no less brave There is not a braver race than the Pathán, yet they even admit that a Firangí was never known to turn his back to the foe But go on with your narrative." He resumed.

"The little band of Firangis was headed by *Kaptán*[175] Lysaght Sáhab, the same who used to live in

170 Sustained on milk, infants
171 Europeans
172 Lit Little Collector, meaning the Assistant Collector chief Civil authority of part of a district.
173 Empty handed.
174 Lions
175 Captain

Khachá Nizám Ali Khan's bungalow, and go out hunting with his hounds You of course never saw him, but I did He was a middle-sized man, light of body, a clean-shaven face, and white complexion. A common-looking man; but, O his grey eyes! As soon as they were set on you, you felt as if there was some one before you accustomed to command Well, when the two companies marched up with bayonets fixed to attack his fellows, he sword in hand prepared to meet them As soon, however, as the *tilangás* came near enough to be clearly distinguished, he recognised one among them who had been a non-commissioned officer under him and such was the respect which these regimental officers commanded among their men—as soon as the *Kaptan Sáhab* saw him, he ordered him out of the ranks 'Ordered' him out, chichí! Wasn't that extraordinary? The commander of 150 men, whose mission was to kill to the last man the hated race, and that a handful obeys the order given him by one of his predestined victims O the strange mixture of deference and ferocity exhibited by these misguided men! The *tilangás* came to a sudden halt, some of them looked back, others looked askance, and shook through nameless fear O how the dastardly mob quailed before European energy and decision! This single instance shows how much the undaunted courage of one Firangí could effect single-handed, what if there had been a hundred or two of them with their arms, and unencumbered with women and children?

"The *subédár* advanced with a salute, hear that *chichí!* The *Kaptán Sahab* addressed him thus

'Well *subédár*' what are you going to do with us? You see we are so few, and most of us are with-

out arms; and then the *mém logs*[176] and *bálá loos*[177] are with us besides We cannot fight you on equal terms, and by killing us like so many sheep, you will neither gain renown nor strengthen your cause You have eaten the *hamjaḥi's*[178] salt, and ought to spare the lives of those who cannot harm you, and then you will be a *baládar*[179] indeed I will see that you receive your due reward' He ceased, the *subédar* lowered his sword, he was abashed, he was confounded In the meantime there was a lurid flash, then the report of a cannon fired over the head of the line, followed by repeated shouts from behind of '*Jai! Jai Srí Rám Lachmanji ki!*[180] *Din! Din!*[181] *Mar! Mar!*[182]' The column wavered, surged, and broke forward in all directions The *súbédár* was trampled over by the infuriated crowd, which fell on the Firangis, and bayonetted or cut them down Each of them, however, as had a sword gave a good account of himself, and despatched one or two before he fell *Kaptán* Lysaght Sáhab in particular, sprang like a tiger on his foremost antagonist With one blow of his sabre, he struck off his right hand from which the musket fell, and he ran the next man through the heart, but as he was disengaging his weapon, a third miscreant struck him a crushing blow on his head with the butt-end of his musket

176 Females ladies
177 Children that's how they are spoken of in India by the natives of the country
178 H F I C
179 A hero
180 The Hindu war cry
181 The insurgents war-cry
182 Kill! kill!

He had not counted upon his cost, however In the act of falling, the brave Firangí seized his assailant by the throat, and with such a nervous grasp that, when next morning the field was cleared, both of them were found dead, the Firangi's fingers still buried in the livid skin of his cowardly assailant. The women from their hiding-place in the house raised a cry of horror and anguish, at the sight presented by the scene outside Husbands, brothers, friends all lay in a promiscuous heap Some 40 or 50 of the *tulanqás* now made a rush at the house, broke through the doors and began a crime of such unprecedented atrocity that my lips refuse to utter it. Will you pardon me, *chachi* if I proceed, for otherwise I cannot?"

"*Muáf kiyá*[183] I pardon, my son Proceed on The sin is not thine but it lies at the door of those who committed it, and those who participated in it" He continued

"The *tulnqás* bayonetted the women ruthlessly, some of them they treated with inhuman barbarity, the nature of which modesty forbids me to define The two children of Sergeant Grant were dashed against the wall in the very sight of their agonised mother, and the wounded baby of Dr Bowling was flung against the roof and fell down stone-dead The yells of the butchers and the shrieks of the sufferers, were appalling, while the ghastly spectacle was rendered more terrible by the approach of darkness May Allah punish the doers of the crimes according to their deserts, and may the cause of Islám never be stained again with such deeds of unparallelled atrocity!

183. Explained in the text

"O my Allah!" exclaimed Qamran "O my Maker, can these things be possible? Has the milk of human kindness been so greatly soured in the breasts of our fellow-countrymen? What had these helpless and innocent ones done to merit their dreadful fate? Tender women and little children—injuring none, and throwing a halo of peace, and love, and refinement, around all! A horrid enigma! A mystery insoluble!"

While these expressions of pity and holy sympathy were being uttered by these two, touched by the chord which unites the children of Adam's race alike we had been listening to the young man's narrative with keen attention, and, as he warmed to his subject, we were watering our pillows with tears which welled up freely and unrestrainedly We too, thought I, might have been of the number of those who were butchered at Muhamdi! How did I escape? What over-ruling Providence buried the murderer's sword in the door-post? What guiding arm supported me to reach my darling mother's side after the same ruthless hand had shed the blood of my beloved father? What Protective Power had preserved our lives so far and was still feeding, clothing, and sustaining us?

CHAPTER LXV

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE *(continued)*

(An expedition proposed)

Our sojourn with Qamran was fast drawing to a close We had been with her for nearly two months; we had passed almost the whole season of the rains in the agreeable company of her household, and the period had passed by imperceptibly Nothing could exceed the kindliness of disposition, the geniality, and ever-present sympathy of Qamran and her son-in-law, and, in the second degree, of Hashmat and her husband while her second niece, capricious and fretful as occasionally she was, never made herself positively obnoxious Mirgal Khan had been several times to see us, or rather to see his wife and sister Once or twice he had pressed the latter to shorten our stay, but apparently she did not want us to go as she had us excused on the ground that we were engaged sewing some things which were not quite ready He was not very eager, I suppose, to have us and his wife together again under his roof And, moreover, his official duties were such as to keep him from home till late in the evening

Though appointed to an important military command, we never heard that he or his chief had conducted any enterprise that called for personal daring, or the sacrifice of personal convenience The service seems to have been limited to attending the Nawab's receptions and to communicating perhaps information regarding the current gossip of the city, relative to the progress of affairs before Delhi and to the

presence of stray refugees within his dominions We heard, for instance, that the hiding-place of the Redmans was known The beggar-woman Zahur-Shàh, whom I have mentioned before, was once passing before Mr Redman's *dhoban's*[184] house, and, happening to stop there to beg for an alms, she recognized in the strange fair woman sitting in the yard, the Firangan whom she had seen in her palmier days Now was her opportunity

"Who are you, *O*?[185] I know who you are And where are your *káfar* husband and sons? Tell me straight or, look at these two *talwárs*!"[186]

"Go *chuvail*,[187]" said Mrs Redman, enraged, "go about your business What have you got to do with me or my affairs? I prefer to keep my own counsel"

Meanwhile Bidési *dhobi* returned from the *ghát* and, understanding the nature of the altercation said to Zahur Shah "How do you know, *mái*,[188] that this is a Firangan She is my *bhaujái*"[189]

"Is she? Your *bhaujái* wouldn't be so fair, a *dhobania*!"[190] muttered she ironically

"If you will persist in your inquisition I shall send this *patiá*[191] flying over your head presently Be off you impertinent minx!"

184 Fem of *dhobi* a washerman
185 An oriental sir
186 Swords
187 See Appendix XI
188 Mother a female so addressed
189 Also *bhauji* or *bhabi* sister in law or brother's wife
190 See 184
191 The flat wooden board on which the *Dhobi* beats and washes his clothes

Zahur Shah went away cursing both Bulesi and his *bhaujai*, and she at once proceeded to Abdul Rauf Khan's house, and informed him of what she had seen. And he had come to know from Naqshband Khan that Mr Redman and his sons had found refuge with the Rani of Khotar, at Narainpur. So with these two pieces of important intelligence, he hastened to the fort where the Nawab held his court and told him confidentially that, if permitted, he would lead a *tuman*[192] to the *dhobi's* house, and capture the Firangan.

"No doubt" said the Nawab sarcastically, 'that would be an adventure worthy of your prowess and renown to seize a woman flying for her life with the aid of a detachment of armed men. But I prefer, Kumedan Sahib,[193] not to hound these so called Firangi refugees to death. They cannot do me or my government much harm, so long as they do not join my enemies or hatch plots to my hurt.

A wonderful act of forbearance on the Nawab's part *thought we, but we had once before known* him to give a somewhat similar reply in our own case, when some one proposed to seize us while we were residing with Lala.

192 A detachment of soldiers elsewhere explained.

193 *Kumedan* is the corruption of commander.

CHAPTER LXVI.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE: (*Continued*)

(*On the eve of a Change*).

The season of Muharram, which is the first month of the Muhammadan theological year, had come and gone. We did not even perceive when it was over, for as there are very few *shia* families in Shahjahanpore, the festival is not kept up with the same excitement and fervid zeal as in other towns. Especially in the Zanáná, did nothing transpire to draw attention to the centenary, because, unlike *shiá* women,[194] the Pathán females do not go into mourning during the ten days, or take off their ornaments. Viands were, however, sent out daily to the nearest mosque, and other centres, to be distributed to the *ghurbá* and *masákin*.[195]

194. A Muhammadan married woman of good family never takes off her *churis*, nose ring or other ornaments during the lifetime of her husband It is only the *Shiáhs* who take them off during the Muharram

The Muharram (*lit* sacred), as the generality of my readers must know, is the annual celebration held in commemmoration of the death of Husein, son of Ali, who was killed by Yazid, near Kúfá, in Arabia The name of the place where the tragedy occurred is Karbalá, in the province of Iráq hence the word is applied in India to the burying-place of the *táziás* A *tázia* is a representation of the tomb of Husein, and they are generally made by the *Shiá* Muhammadans, who observe the festival with rigour, fasting during a period of ten days, and otherwise observing all the signs of mourning for the dead

195 A Muhammadan theological term signifying the poor and indigent, to feed and clothe whom during the Muharram is the means of earning great merit to the faithful

So as it was decided that we should return to Mangal-khan's on Friday the 4th of September, an evening or two before our departure, as we lay in our beds, Qamran called out to mother: "Mariam!"

She answered; "*Jí?*"[196]

"Wont you relate to us another of your choice stories? You will go away soon, Mariam," said she; "and though I hope, and do expect, to see you again, the recollection of your stories, like the scent of these *júí* flowers[197], will remain after you are gone, and often cause us to think of you."

"It is comforting to know," replied mother, "that we have done anything to be remembered. What story shall I tell you? My own story is such a long and sad one that I can think of nothing else. Oh, Allah has been very good to me! Though he has presented to my lips a bitter draught, and I have drank it to the dregs, it was all for the best, for He alone knows what is good for us. Shall I relate the story of Miskin-Shah?"

"O yes!" cried the young people all at once. "Yes, *mánsí*, tell us about him; we have never heard it."

196 *Met* yes Every well bred Indian answers by this word, when addressed by his senior

197. A species of the jasmine, which has a soft delicate scent (Jasminum auriculatum)

CHAPTER LXVII.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE: (*continued*)

(*'It's all for the best'*)

"Well," began mother, "you all have heard of the great Akbar, whose seat of empire was Akbarábád?"[198]

"To be sure," replied Qamrun; "who has not heard of the illustrious Akbar? The name is a household word. He reigned at Agra long before modern Dilli was founded, and long before *Táj-bibiká rauzá*[199] was built O how much I would like to see the *rauzá!*"[200]

"A place which you can never forget when once you have seen it! Well," continued mother; "during the reign of Akbar, there lived a *faqir* whose name was Miskin-Shah [201] Among his followers or visitors there was a strapping young fellow named Abdulla,[202] who came to him one morning and informed him that he had got a wife Miskin-Sháh said to him '*Bachcha*, it's all for the best' rather an odd congratulation, isn't it, at such felicitous news? But it is not the custom to gainsay aught that a faqir might be pleased to say so Abdulla held his peace

198 The Persian name for Agra after Akbar who was the founder of the modern town

199 Lit the *rauzá* of the lady of the crown or the tomb of the queen consort The famous Táj is so called

200 Mausoleum. The natives so speak of the Táj

201 *Miskin* means meek humble

202 Lit son of God

Days and weeks lengthened into months. After the lapse of some years, Abdullá addressed himself to the *faqír*, with the request that he might pray for his wife to have children. The *faqír* replied 'Leave that to the Almighty, and do not ask for a thing which he has not thought fit to give thee.' But Abdullá would not be dissuaded, 'well,' said *miskín sáhab* 'it's all for the best.'

"It so happened that one day Abdullá came rushing to Miskín-Sháh's hut, and joyfully informed him that a son and heir had at last been born to him. 'It's all for the best,' said the other, and Abdullá went away rejoicing. Days passed away, each grave than the other, in his home. He named his son *Allahdiá*,[203] signifying the means used to obtain the gift. When the mother had bathed the *chatí*,[204] the happy father took offerings of richly-prepared dishes to his religious guide.

"But a day came when the child took ill suddenly and died. The parents' heart was torn with grief at the sore bereavement, however, time, the great healer, soothed their wound and Abdullá and his wife were consoled for the death of their first born when a new daughter was given them. They named her *Nasiban*,[205] feeling convinced that nothing could happen but what is written in one's fate. They reared her in fear and trembling lest she also should die but Nasiban throve daily, and began soon to crow, and take notice of father and mother. Her doting parents

203 *Lit.* Given by God.

204 The sixth day after child birth. The term has been more fully explained elsewhere.

205 *Lit.* Given by Fate.

thought nothing was too good for her The mother was a neat needle-woman, she worked pretty little caps and coats for her baby, while the father was constantly bringing rattles, and dolls, and other toys for her She was never sick, or sorry for a day, and soon grew out of the cradle and learned to crawl and to lisp *amma, abbá*[206] Abdulla and his wife would spend hours fondling their baby, and Nasiban, all unwittingly, soon taught her parents to forget Allahdia as much as it is possible for parents to forget their children gone

"When Nasíban was able to toddle about and express her little wants in broken words Abdulla's wife presented him with another baby boy

"On the birth of Nasiban, Abdulla had renewed his visits to Miskín-Shah, having dropped them during the days of mourning which followed the death of his first born It was when paying these accustomed calls, that he announced the tidings of the birth of another son, and got from the *faqir* the accustomed reply 'It's all for the best!'

'It is as we all know the usual thing in upper India that there are rejoicings and feastings on the occasion of the *chatí*, the relations and friends come with presents of clothes and toys for the infant and its mother, and the offerings and festivities are doubled if the child should happen to be a boy So, because it was Abdulla's second son there were the usual rejoicings in course of progress But alas for human short sightedness! for we know not what the next hour may bring forth, before that day's sun was

206 Mother father

set, the new baby was a corpse The death of this child took the parents and their relations so completely by surprise, that, weeping and lamenting, they quite lost sight of the toddling Nasiban She had strayed away into the courtyard where there was a well and, child-like, impelled by curiosity, she peeped over the edge, but lost her balance and was drowned

"This double loss was too much for the parents, they mourned and lamented, and thought Alláh was too cruel to snatch away their darlings in one day Abdulla would go and sit for hours near Miskin-Shah, brooding over the past, and pouring his doleful accents into the recluse's ear, but all the consolation that he got from him, was 'It is all for the best, *bachá*, 'it's all for the best!'

"Years rolled on Abdulla's wife gave birth to four other children after this, out of which only the last survived She named him *Rahim-bakhsh*,[207] but the father nick-named him *Banne-sáhib*[208] When about three years old, he was taken ill of dysentery Abdullá was distracted to see his Benjamin slipping away from him, and he unable to do anything to save his life On the instant, he ran and put his turban at Miskin-Shah's feet The latter put him away, saying 'it s all for the best,' but he was not going to be passed off in that style He begged and intreated of him to pray for the life of his child, and became so importunate that the *faqir* was moved by his entreaties and gave him an amulet, which he took and went and hung it round the child s neck, in a few hours all the pain and griping had gone, and the child was

207 Lit Granted by the Merciful

208 Which means the bride-groom.

hale and hearty again. The parents idolized the infant; their very lives seemed to be bound up in his existence.

"Once again Banné took ill, this time of small-pox. Oh, what anxious days and nights the parents passed, watching by the side of his bed, and again some potent charm begged from Miskin-Shah served to restore him to health Thus, between health and sickness, Banné grew up to the age of seven, when his parents decided to find him a wife.

"Abdulla had a brother, an old pious *háji*,[209] who had travelled to Mecca at least half a dozen times; he had a baby daughter, eighteen months old. This little thing was betrothed to his cousin Banné. When the time appointed for the marriage had arrived, a large *bárát*[210] was arranged, with fire-works, and torches, and vehicles, and led-horses; with all the splendour of oriental extravagance. The *nafiri-táshe*[211] led the van, and the procession at length reached the bride's house.

"Abdullá and his brother met and embraced each other, and Banné Sáhab, the bridegroom, was duly presented to his future father-in-law. A rich feast had been provided for the *barát*, and they all sat down to eat

"Banné Sáhib's friend, a boy of his own age, sat next him, and they both began to crack jokes with

209 One who has performed the *haj*, or pilgrimage to Mecca. The term is derived from Hajjaz, the province in which the town of Mecca lies

210. A marriage procession, or bridal party

211. The usual music that accompanies a *barát* It consists of a couple of rude clarionets and as many drums

each other. All the guests were enjoying their jokes and laughing, when suddenly the bridegroom began to choke with the first mouthful he had taken. In the general hilarity that prevailed, no one paid attention to this slight mishap, whilst all the party imagined that he was laughing like the rest of them, he had really been choked to death.

"The company broke up in sorry condition. Abdulla returned to his home in grief and despair. All his hopes and ambitions had been centred on this son, and he too was taken away. Where was the use of living any longer? He became morose and taciturn, but nevertheless did not forget to visit Mishm-Shâh.

'He staggered to the *fuqir's* hut, and related to him all his calamities. The recluse was sensibly moved, and comforted him with his old remark 'it's all for the best.' Abdulla was driven wild by the immobility and unsympathetic nature of the man. Could he not say anything better than that? Was it not infatuation to say, and that without any visible emotion, that it was all for the best for him to lose his children, one after another, after he had reared them, and lavished all his wealth of parental love on them? To tell him under such circumstances that it was all for the best, was to wound his feelings and insult him, as a man and a father. The dotard! exclaimed he. 'Within the next few hours I am resolved to murder him, and then we shall see if it will be all for the best.' So with the earliest dawn, he came and lay in ambush in the *a'har*[212] field, which he knew the *fuqir* was in the habit of crossing in the morning.

212 A tall shrub. See appendix XXII.

"Abdulla saw him approaching, and raised his scimitar for the fatal blow. But when within a few feet of him, a stump pricked his foot, and he sat down with a groan of intense pain, exclaiming 'It is all for the best!'

'Abdulla's whole frame shook with emotion; in a moment all his anger had fled, he could not bear to see his once loved *pír*[213] in agony, and he hastened to his relief.

"Miskin-Shah, forgetting his own sufferings, allowed an expression of astonishment to escape him at the plight in which he found Abdullá half-nude, hair dishevelled, sword in hand, eyes blood-shot with murderous intent. The other, without a preface, broke forth 'Tell me, *man*, what you mean when you say 'it's all for the best,' since you seem to apply it to all conditions of life. I had made up my mind to kill you when you uttered those words to me yesterday, for I thought you heartless and unsympathizing, but you apply the same formula to yourself when in pain, so there must be some hidden meaning in all this. Tell me, pray.

"Miskin-Shah groaned while he replied 'Bacchá! you see had I gone further, you would have killed me for no fault of mine, but having hurt my foot, and being thus disabled for the time being, it has saved me from an untimely grave. You see I trust in Allah and everything turns out for the best' to those who trust in Him!'

"Then he told him that he wanted him to attend with him a *jalsa*[214] that night, within a short distance

213 A religious guide.

214 A meeting, entertainment.

of his hut. Abdullá wondered what it could be, and how the *sháh* could find it in his heart to entertain him who had but a few minutes ago intended to murder him; but he was thoroughly penitent now, and expressed his willingness to go with him wherever he might choose to lead him.

"As it came on to be sunset, Abdullá had grown so impatient that he arrived a few hours before the time. Miskin-Sháh had bandaged his foot after applying a poultice of some healing herb to the wounded part, and already felt the acute pain relieved. He welcomed Abdullá, and desired him to fill the *huqqa*[215] and smoke a *súlfá*[216] before they started. In smoking and chatting the hours slipped away; and, when midnight came, he reminded him that it was now time for them to go to the entertainment.

"They had not far to go, for Miskin-Sháh went only some twenty steps from his hut, when he reached a grave, and sat down by the side of it. Placing his guest to his right, he enjoined on him strict silence until he was actually spoken to. From this

215. The hubble-bubble.

216. The *sulfá* is a method of filling the *chilam* (or cup which receives the tobacco and fire) as distinguished from the *tará*. The former is simply tobacco placed in the bottom of the cup, and fire over it. The tobacco thus takes the heat rapidly, and the result is a quick smoke. In the case of the *tará*, however, an earthen disc called the *taed* is first deposited over the tobacco, and the fire is piled over it. The heat is therefore communicated to the tobacco more slowly, and the result is of course that it takes a longer time for the tobacco to burn out. The latter is a leisurely method of enjoying the weed, while the *sulfa* is filled only when it is desired to be done soon.

spot all the graves were in full view including those of Abdulla s seven children The bells told the solemn hour of midnight, every thing was wrapped in the gloom of a dark night—dark, but starry and clear Not a leaf stirred, and except for the chirping of a few crickets or the occasional hoot of an owl perched on the highest branch of the giant *imli*[217] which over shadowed the grave-yard, there was not a sound to be heard

"For a while both *fqir* and disciple sat perfectly mute, when lo, to Abdulla s horror and astonishment, what does he see but his long-lost eldest son Allahdia! The apparition seemed to have burst from the still air, and, it stooped over the adjoining grave and called out 'Nasiban! Nasiban!' Nasiban immediately made her appearance bringing her six-day old infant brother in her arms and the other four followed in her train They all began to play with odd looking toys—infant skulls infant-hearts dipped in blood, and little orbs that seemed to see everything for they were human eyes Abdulla sat spellbound at this strange spectacle and would have spoken, but his sapient guide held up his finger to his lips in token of silence

"The spirit-children at last got tired of their weird sports, and sat down each uttering a sepulchral laugh Nasiban said 'What a jolly game we have had!' Allahdia observed, 'We would have had jollier ones had we been living on earth I would not have allowed a day to pass without creating trouble for my father, and oh, how I would have chuckled to see him in a scrape! Ha ha ha!!! Nasiban, what

217 Tamarind the Tamarindus Indica.

would you have done had you lived?' 'Oh,' said Nasibin; 'I would have disgraced him on every possible occasion, until he had turned hoary with grief!' The rest of the children gave similar replies, until it came to the turn of the last, Banne-sáhib. He said, I would have excelled you all in naughtiness. To begin with, I would have pinched my bride to laugh, seemingly in fun though, until I had turned her skin black and blue, and I would have denied doing so when taxed by father or mother. I would have given her a large bolus of opium one day, and put her to eternal sleep. I would never have given mother a moment's peace, but with my constant tricks innocent yet dangerous, would have broken her heart. Then I would have disgraced my father by allying myself to a woman of ill fame until I had seen him end his days a suicide. Oh! I cannot tell you really what fine mischiefs I would have done, had I been permitted to live!'

"From some far-away bells the clear peal of four o'clock was borne on the wings of the early zephyr, both the living and the dead heard the sound, and the latter hied to the invisible world from which no one has yet returned to tell the living what befalleth them there. But Abdulla had been taught the lesson which he had found so hard to learn. In silence, unbroken by a remark from either, he followed the *faqír* to his humble dwelling, and, penitent and subdued, he felt the conviction that whatever the dispensations of the great Alláh, if we would be His children and his faithful servants, it must needs follow that 'it's all for the best.'

CHAPTER LXVIII

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*Disappointed passion*)

We left Qamran's house with mutual regrets Khan begam had gone back to her home after an outing of two months Tormented ceaselessly by a vague feeling of jealousy for her husband's love, the poor woman was destined to suffer yet another pang before she had done with us For, the same day on which we returned to her house, her husband took the opportunity, after dinner to question mother again with regard to her intentions in the matter of his old request for my hand "Say, Mariam, how much longer am I to wait?"

Mother answered quietly 'What am I to say? You ask me so often! I have given you a reply already that I am not free to give away my daughter to any one, until I can consult my brothers, and take their wishes in the matter

"That, as I have pointed out to you before you will perhaps not be able to do for you are not likely to meet them again What chance is there when the Firangi *raj* is over and the *Badshah*[218] is now sways the sceptre of the realm?"

"Then at least you must wait until the contest before Dilli is decided'

"May the Firangi name perish, say I'" he hissed between his teeth Disappointed passion gave spur

218 A reference to the old king of Delhi who has already been noticed before

to his inmost malice "Surely, the kafirs have all been exterminated by this!' Then suddenly recollecting himself, he muttered in a kind of half soliloquy

"That fellow after all is truly '*Sulâmi*, will you reach Dilli at all?' That unknown voice in the Aghori's dell! For as I have reason to believe, Ghansham-Singh was not fated to set foot within the walls of the great city The Firangi army attacked the Bareilly brigade at the Hindan bridge and defeated it and one of those who fell in that battle was the Subedár Well, the cursed heathen deserved to die after all though he could not have counted upon falling ingloriously by the Firangi bullets, and before he had had an opportunity of relating personally to the Bádshâh the history of our achievements of the 31st of May I think I did a good day's work—the souls of two kafars sent to *jahannam* [219], lots of loot, and the *qanl* [220] from Ranaur Well it answered capitally for *sharbat* last Muharram I would also have settled his account for him with that lad at Akbar Ali's, had the latter not been fool enough to come between and say he had adopted him as his own son I never heard before of a true believer adopting any of the kafir brood—a plague on them!' And thus he went on speaking to himself as he fancied, but we drank in every word of what he said, and as we did so, our ears tingled and our hearts throbbed, at the reflection that the murderer of my poor dear father was before us!

After he had gone out to his own part of the

219 Hell

220 Loaf sugar

house, we were startled by the screams of the boy Saifullá, who it seems had caught it from him after all. For some unknown reason, he had stripped the boy to his waist, and, taking down his *korá* from the peg, lashed him to such an extent that the child's skin was actually torn off his back. He lay up for several days yelling through the pain which the festered parts gave him, yet his brother's hard heart did not soften towards him. On the contrary, he threatened to repeat the flogging, if he again heard him groan again.

I have no doubt but that the decisive answer which he had received from mother that day drove him to a state bordering on frenzy. And after all, what affection could he have had for the boy, who, though claiming a common fatherhood, was nevertheless the offspring of a back-door connection? He was known among his people for his violent and ferocious temper, and his elder brother who, unlike him, was a man of education, had long 'cut him' for the libertine life which he led.

He gave another proof of his savage disposition the same evening. Happening to enquire from the syce whether his horse had had his gram, he was informed: 'not yet, as Rupiá has not yet ground it.' The evil one was riding on the man's head;[221] he called up the woman, and demanded why the gram was not yet ground. She humbly explained: '*Mián*, I was busy attending to other things.' 'Were you, you *murdár?*' shouted he fiercely; and taking down his *korá*, laid it on her with such force that the poor wretch actually turned black and blue. The

221 An orientalism

and think I wounded him, but he flew into a bush from where I could never recover him I got nothing all that day, and when late in the evening I returned home quite knocked up, I was struck with paralysis My tongue refused to perform its office, and my limbs lost their pliancy I was as stiff as a log *Bhái* Abdul Rauf was at once informed, and when he came and heard from my syce what I had done, he got very angry, and, ill and helpless as I was, gave me a good rating for daring to fire on a *saiad*, for 'pigeons,' said he, 'are *saiads* who come out of their graves on Thursdays, and air themselves in places which they had inhabited before when in their human form' Well he had me treated, shut me up in a room plugged the chinks and crevices of the doors with cotton, would allow no fresh air to enter my room, fed me up on pigeon-broth and succeeded at length in bringing me round I nevertheless bear still the mark of the *saiad's tamachá* (slap) on my face, don't you see my mouth is slightly turned?"

His face was slightly distorted to be sure, but what could have made him think of it on this particular day we were at a loss to divine And it presently assumed a direful aspect, when at the sound of music in the street, he started to his feet, and taking down his *lorá*, rushed out of the house '*Háe, háe! máro dálá ré! chalio, bacháo! márdálá maiá ré, meri maiá!*'[224] were the sounds that now came to our ears from the street We wondered what it all could mean Khan-begam knew, for she remarked

"Oh it must be that Khatri lad who passes

224 Lit Ah ah! I am murdered! Run save me! I am murdered! O I die my mother! Exclamations of pain or distress

this way occasionally, singing and playing *dehigánd thumris*[225] and *ghazals*[226] on his *bánsli*.[227] *Mián* had heard about it, and he swore by the soul of his dead father to flog the fellow within an inch of his life, if *he could catch him singing before his house.*"

"But, why, Pathani? What harm is done by singing?"

"None that I know of. But you must know that in a Pathan settlement no one is allowed to sing or play the *bánsli* or *alaho-á*[228] in the streets; for though the sounds are soothing and pleasant to the ear, it is for that very reason that our men discourage the practice: as they argue that music excites the amorous passions in us." And she laughed.

"To be sure, music charms the soul and is the food of those that love,' remarked mother; "but I do not see what right your husband or any one else has to assault a passenger in the public street, who chooses to amuse himself by singing a snatch or two of a love-ditty! Is he not afraid of having to answer to Government for this high-handed proceeding?"

"What government?" naively interrogated she, still laughing "O Mariam, you are thinking of days, gone by, never to return again! It is the *nawábi*[229] now—who cares?"

She was right.

225 Love-ditties

226 Ancle One difference between a *thumri* and a *ghazal* is that, while the former is composed in the *Hindi Bhákha* or vulgar Hindustani, the latter is written always in Persian or Urdu

227 The fife

228 A kind of flageolet

229 *The government of a nawab or native government* In the eastern parts of India the mutiny is still spoken of as the *Nawábi* or the reign of disorder

CHAPTER LXIX.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(The third and last time of asking)

It was the 13th of September I remember it because it was a Sunday, and we had delayed leaving our beds, as that was the only place and it was the only position in which we could return thanks to our Maker for all His mercies to us, unchallenged for what we were about And this we did while lying down and with eyes closed, and our hands crossed over our breasts, which gave those people the impression that we were still asleep Oh, how comforting it was to meet the Saviour at such times, and to hear His gentle voice whispering into us "Peace, be still!"

When we were up and about a message was brought from Kothiwáli to Mangal Khán, the family *nain* being employed as usual, to carry it 'Your *chachi* has sent you *dúd salam*, and she intends to pay you a visit tomorrow 'Give my *landaq*[230] to her, and say— It is her house let her come and throw the light of her presence on it' this is the style in which the message was couched

So the following morning, she came in her *mcana* attended by her *bandi*, who trotted along by her side She was very glad to see us and so were we glad to meet her again her manner was always so cordial

230 These terms have been explained before

"Now, Mariam, I have come to ask you to spend a time with me, together with your girls Mangal, you can have no objection to my taking them with me?

"It's all the same to me, *chachi*, whether they go or remain here," said he gingerly

"Why so?" she enquired "I thought it was your pleasure to have brought them under your roof, and that against all opposition?'

"And so it was," he assented, "but what good has come out of it? The goal of my ambition was this girl, I would have risked more than I have done to get possession of her'

"And that object has been gained, has it not? She is in your possession now?" This was chaff, and he knew it to be so

"*Khudá qasam*, you are so exasperating!' he exclaimed petulantly 'Of course, so far as her presence in my house goes, she is, but what of that? I would have her today but she'—pointing to mother—'is so provoking by her procrastinations! Sometimes it is 'I have not consulted my brothers,' as if she has any brothers left to come and advise her in the matter! At others, she refers me to a period when the fighting before Dilli will have terminated, as if, even when it is over, the position will at all be improved for her or me It is *kufr* [231] to expect the *káfirs* will be victorious a handful of them, whom the *gházis*[232] will send to *jahannam*[233] some day in

231 Blasphemy

232 *Lit* to purpose *Met* a conqueror or hero one who fights against infidels. The Mughal Emperors of Delhi assumed the title of *Padshah i Ghazi* The present sense of the word is a Muhammadan fanatic who throws away his life in order to earn the crown of martyrdom by killing as many Christians as he can.

233 Hell.

one of their impetuous rushes Have I not seen a score of them running for their lives pursued by one of our *bahádurs?*' And he chuckled at this reference to his past gallant deeds But his *chachí* was irreprehensible

"Perhaps, but it was not always so, nor will it be in the future, I suppose Sometimes the boat floats on the bosom of the sea, at others the waters pass over it, and it is submerged [234] Such are the issues and chances of human life!'

"I wonder why your sympathies tend towards them, *chachí?*

"Why," said she "for a very obvious reason because they have always been good to me And when my dear husband was killed, it was the Collector Sáhab who came to my house to condole with me and did all in his power to preserve the villages to the family I have therefore good reason for wishing them well, though to be sure I dont wish to run you down or the cause which you have made your own—the *rebel* cause, I mean"

"The *rebel* cause, the *rebel* cause! so you have always insinuated, *chachí*," burst he in evident vexation 'Rebels' against whom? Against aliens! Were not they *káfirs*, whom, with the blessing of the last prophet we have expelled the land? To fight with and to kill them, was therefore not rebellion but a meritorious act, surely!

"The blessing of Alláh can never rest upon the murderers of innocent women and children,' she

234 An Indian proverb which runs somewhat differently however "*Kabhí nâo larhí pe aur kabhí larhí nâo pe* Sometimes the boat is on the cart at other times the cart is on the boat

retorted with great warmth of feeling; "and such a cause can never prosper for long See how the Firangis are holding out before Dilli! It is their kindred blood so impiously shed that nerves their arm to the battle, and who can wonder if Victory will declare for them in the end? For the sake of Mariam and her people, I would say 'Let the right prevail, and may the vengeance of Allah overtake those who have shed innocent blood!' Their blood calls from the ground"

"Stop, *chachi*, no more, please, or you will rouse the demon in me Let us not anticipate events Dilli is still untaken, the crescent still floats defiantly from Salímgarh [235], and the Bádsháh Ghazi reigns!"

"So much the greater reason for you to be cautious, Mangal, in regard to your designs on this girl," said Kotwáli "Wait until the siege is raised"

"I suppose you take your cue from Mariam?" remarked he interrogatively, with a scowl on his face "Talk to me of being cautious! One has need to be, no doubt, after the example the Kanpur *misiá* [236] has set for those who may be similarly situated"

"What is that?" enquired his aunt.

"O, it is a tale very well known all over by this Arrivals from Kanpur report that, among those saved from the general massacre, was the General's daughter, a girl still beautiful at the age of 20"

"Her name?" again enquired his aunt

"I now think of her name It was Miss Wheeler Jamadar Narsingh, of Naná-Sáhab's body-guard,

235 The name of the old fortress of Delhi the building of which is ascribed to Salem Shah or to Mirza Salim afterwards Jahangir

236 A corruption of the word Miss

it was who saved her with the view of making her his wife His intentions were probably honourable, but they were frustrated through the envy of Zeran-daz Khan, an officer high in favor with the Nawab He stole the girl one night from her protector's house, and gave her treatment which roused in her breast all the imbred pride and resentment of the race to which she belonged For a time she dissembled her feelings, but one night when every one was asleep, she rose from her bed, and drawing his scimitar from under the pillow of her ravisher, plunged it into his breast, and lest she should fall into worse hands she went and threw herself in the well, with the reeking blade still grasped in her hand That was pluck and daring to cut the ears of any man[237] —tit for tat with a vengance wasnt it, *chacha?* My blood curdles in my veins whenever I think of the dreadful retaliation, which the injured girl took from him who had wronged her But I have not even looked her full in the face believe me' pointing towards me

'Ah, you sly man! said she jestingly, continuing to address him

"Why, *chacha*, that was a singular instance of unconquerable chastity and dogged heroism, so characteristic of these Firangi girls The fate of *Polly Bála*, the daughter of the Dilli Padri[238] was no less tragic After every one had been massacred, she was among the females saved, and as she was charmingly pretty, she was reserved to satisfy the desires of Mirza Abubakr for a Firangi mistress The prince,

237 An oriental m

238 A refer nce to the dreadf l fate of the beautiful daughter of the Rev. Mr Jennings Chaplain to the Pres dency

, from the slaughter of the Firangis, rushed
her presence with his naked scimitar in his hand
poor girl thought her hour had come, so she
diately stood up, but her superb beauty and
lignity of mien so awed and paralyzed him, that
ew back and the weapon dropped from his hand
ou full blown rose, thy eye fascinates, enslaves,
ms me!' exclaimed he, addressing her, and
ed down to kiss the ground on which she stood
she hastily withdrew her foot, while she asked
'Are you not already married?' 'Yes, my
[39] and *part* [240] twelve times over, but what is
to thee?'

Oh, everything," she replied 'I am not the
an to be satisfied with a shred of a heart'

'The prince was rebuffed Chafing under her
isguised repulsion at his presence, and her con-
pt for his person and associations, he one day, in
infatuation of the moment, ordered his servants to
l her down, while dark-fated man as he was, he
ckened his face with the ashes of iniquity' *

"The miserable coward and despicable fiend! Son
blis that he was he will not escape the vengeance
Heaven, depend on it!' exclamed Kothiwali,
ler the influence of the emotions which the narra-
e of the crime excited in her mind

A pause ensued, which she at length broke
hen may these go with me, Mangal, cant they?
u are in a very surly mood this morning, *bhaia!*"

"O yes, let them go, and *be happier*"

[39] A virgin of paradise.
[240] Commonly but erroneously spelt *peri*
* An oriental simile

CHAPTER LXX.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*Continued*)

(*Another place of refuge*)

While this affectionate dialogue was going on between aunt and nephew, we were all the while rejoicing in our hearts that we had at least found one more friend in that noble woman who was speaking the language of truth, to the confusion of the man of blood, whose every sentence was hostile to the nation in the welfare of which lay our best interests Extremely glad were we then, when, seated in the same *ménu* with her, we were trotted along to her mansion 'Mansion' I call it, for it was a large brick building, with a high entrance and spacious courtyard before it There was also a bungalow or a set of glass-roofed chambers on the gateway, which the men chiefly used as a retiring-room, while the female apartments which were situated on the ground-floor, were spacious and commodious to a degree

The family consisted of Kothiwali, her two sons and daughter, one daughter-in-law and son-in-law As we were long the guests of this estimable family, I shall begin the account of our sojourn among them with a description of the head of it—the gentlewoman whom I have already mentioned several times before

Hurmat Bibi—that was her name—was the widow of Kifaitulla Khán, a large landed proprietor in the District, she might have been 40 years old at the period when we saw her She was a woman

of great spirit, she possessed resolution and no small degree of courage In person she was tall, and of a sallow complexion She had black hair and eyes, long eye-lashes, a large mouth, small teeth coloured black with *miss*[211] and *pán*, a large head, and an expansive trunk She wore no trinkets of any kind, except a round silver *churi* in each hand, and a plain silver ring on her right small finger Her countenance was always cheerful and wore a placid expression She shed not a tear at her husband's tragic fate A good woman she commanded the general respect of the community around her, who used occasionally to come to consult her in their difficulties

Dear mother was soon established as a prime favourite in the household, and we two also in the second degree We were the objects of special solicitude to our hostess What quiet *larkis*[212] these are!' she would sometimes say You never see them play or waste their time in idle talk, their *putta*[213] is *mara hua*[214],' by which expressive phrase she meant to convey that sorrow had subdued our spirits She once said to mother Why not have the girls ears and noses bored?" But mother replied "What would be the good of it for what have I got to make them wear? In fact the lobes of our ears were bored already but not any part of the helix or drum, and I am awfully glad I wasn't subjected to the infliction of having my nose bored

211 A powder with which the teeth are tinged of a black colour
212 Girls
213 Bile the gall bladder
214 It will the gall bladder dead Met Passions subdued resolution

have been begotten of love—if love there ever was—and he may seek to do you harm."

"O Pathání, you are so kind! I gratefully accept your hospitality, and we shall make ourselves useful to you as much as we can."

Her elder son, Wajíhullá Khán, came in and sat down while we were thus conversing together. He was a young man, 25 years old, a *háfiz*[215] and regular at the 5-prayers[216]: it was he who gave the *azán*[217] in the neighbouring *masjid*[218]. In person he was fair and middle-sized, and of a quiet, respectful deportment. His usual *siesta* was the bungalow above the gateway, where he used to spend most of his time reading or playing chess—a game of which the Indians are very fond. But this day he came in with a person named Kaddu Khán, a handsome-looking man, who called Kothiwáli *chachí*. I think I had seen him once before as one of the band who forced us to leave Lálá's protection. This young man was suffering from phthisis in its first stage, and Wajíhullá Khán joined with his mother in begging my mother to prescribe for him.

"You all are mistaken, I am sure," said mother. "I am no doctor, why then apply to me for assistance of this kind?"

215 A *hafiz* is one who knows the Quran by heart. It is a great social distinction.

216 The five prayers (*nama-panjgana*) are —
(*a*) *Fajir* dawn. (*b*) *Zuhur* mid-day a little time after the sun has passed the meridian when it is most sultry. (*c*) *Asar* before sunset. (*d*) *Maghrib* sunset. (*e*) *Isha* the first watch of the night the prayers said before going to rest.

217 *Azan* is the call to prayer: there is a set formula for it.

218 A mosque.

"No, *mánsi*;" said Wajihullá, addressing mother, his wife nick-named Jhamman—a fair, large-eyed maiden being also by. "I hope you will not refuse to do something for him. He is verily a man of an adventurous spirit, though hitherto he has not gained the renown which his deeds call for."

"Why run down the poor fellow?" observed the mother to the son. "He is sufficiently down already."

"No, ammá," he replied; "he does not quite see yet where his fault, nay his guilt, lay. I wish to shame him, and will now relate his worthy deeds to *mánsi*, before I ask her again to give him something that will set him up."

The subject of these remarks sat behind in a dejected manner, his pale face changing colour rapidly as his past was being raked up before strangers. I and my cousin sat and listened from behind the curtain. His tormentor continued:—

CHAPTER LXXI.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE: *(continued)*

(A rifler of Christian graves).

"To begin with, Mánsi, this is the personage who proposed to Qádir Ali Nawáb to dig up the Christian graves, and acquire the treasure which, he assured him, was buried there."

Kaddú Khán interrupted him: "So I was led to believe, and the fox who gave me the information

told me also that, when a Firangi dies, two *tordś* [249] of money are always buried with him"

"And you believed this absurd story like a ninny as you are, and went digging up the bones of the departed? But what a lot of treasure you did find!" exclaimed Wajihulla cynically.

"We began digging at night," rejoined Kaddu Khan. "It was a moonlight night. There were three of us. I volunteered to descend into the pit and bring up anything valuable that I could find, but to preserve communication with my comrades, we thought of the device of hammering a peg in the ground above and fastening a rope to it by the aid of which I slipped down, but fancy my horror when instead of my feet touching the firm ground I found myself hanging between heaven and earth! What could be the matter? I uttered a cry of distress. My comrades instead of helping me out, thought the Firangi devils were after them, and instantly took to their heels, leaving me to my fate."

"You deserved the fate, I am sure," drily remarked Wajihulla. "But tell us how you managed to scramble out."

"I clutched nervously at the rope and with a supreme effort raised myself to the bank which beetled over the pit. And now, exhausted as I was with the strain my physical powers had undergone I attempted to follow the example of my cowardly companions and make a bolt of it, but as I got up to do so, I felt as if somebody had given me a violent jerk round the waist and down I fell again. Again I attempted to rise and run and again I felt the jerk

[249] Bags.

Half-dead through fright, I was at a loss to divine what invisible power was baiting me in that fashion At length as I fell down with the last effort I had made, the wooden peg was pulled up and there was a feeling of instant relief I lost no time in taking to my heels *Chachá*, that grave-yard is full of Firangi *shaitáns*[250] Living or dead, they are always in league with Iblis; what else could have played so fast and loose with me?"

"What a thick-headed fellow you are!" said Wajihullá, laughing and enjoying the fun all the while "Why do you not see things in the right light, and call white, white, and black, black, instead of imagining yourself pursued by devils? It was your *kamarband*,[251] man, that got hammered down with the peg, and when the latter was pulled up, it of course got unloosed Can't you see that?"

Kothwali and the rest of us laughed at the blank dismay depicted on his countenance at this discovery He, however, proceeded

"When I reached home, I fell down half-dead across the threshold Every one thought I was 'possessed,' though my pulse gave indication that life was not yet extinct, I was to all appearance dead there was high fever on me They laid me on my bed. I raved for hours and hours, and alternated between life and death during many days In my agony of pain, I fancied that I was chased by white devils round and round the walls of the grave-yard, armed with shovels and pick-axes in their hands, and I cried to them to spare me, and that I would never dese-

250 Devils

251 Cloth waist band with which the drawers is fastened.

crate their hallowed places again! A long time after, when consciousness was restored to me, and I was so far convalescent as to sit up and walk about a bit, people related all these things to me, having ascertained from my delirious talk the cause of my illness. The fever has ever since continued to hang on me, they say I have become phthisical, and that I am not long for this world. Oh, what will become of my poor mother!" And the man burst out weeping.

"This comes out of the self-conceit of which you are the victim," spoke his *chachá*. "Know that all men are alike, whether they be Firangi or Musalman, for all are mortal, and every one has to be laid in a grave when he dies. After you are dead, and could you be conscious of your surroundings, would you like any body to exhume your body in search of treasure? Treasure to be sure! Even kings go empty-handed when they die. Know you not that a child when it is born comes into the world with a closed fist, while the same hand lies open and flat at the time of death[252]? We brought nothing into the world, and verily we take nothing out!"

His mother and sister now came and joined the group, and began to fold their hands to mother, entreating her to do something for him.

"But listen to me," said Wajihullá—"I have not done yet. These fellows brought away some of the tombstones, and turned them into *challás*[253] and seats. No wonder such sacrilege was punished by the All-seeing Alláh. My friend here has been spitting blood ever since, and will I dare say bring it up in larger

252. An Indian saying.

253. A round stone flag used for grinding condiments upon.

quantities until he is dead, unless indeed you, *mánsi*, can find something in the repertory of your wonderful memory, and tell him to take that, and be cured."

They had evidently conceived a fabulous idea of mother's power of healing. All that she told him to do was to take a dose of *khaksir* [254] tea every six hours, and to abstain from acids and hot curries. And she moreover told him to chew a quantity of fresh cocoa-nut every morning, drinking up the juice and throwing away the husk. These simple remedies he tried, and I believe was eventually cured.

CHAPTER LXXII.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE: (*continued*)

(*Triumph of the 'Ridge.'* *)

One day mother asked Kothiwáli under what circumstances her husband had died, for she had spoken of it once as his 'tragic end.'

"Oh, it is a sad story," answered she; "and I never like to tell it, for it always makes me sad. See what strange things people say of those that are dead; and very unkind things have been said of my departed lord, I can assure you. Not that men are fault-

254. *Khákser or khubkalán* is a seed which possesses high medicinal properties as a febrifuge.

* Hind. *Paharí.* The low range of hills to the south-west of Delhi which had been entrenched by the British besieging force, was so designated. 'What news from the *Paharí*' was a common query in those days

less, for, Mariam, the wrong usually proceeds from them What I am going to relate is all from hearsay, but most of it is calumny, I dare say

"My dear husband had gone to Mahão, one of his patrimonial estates, for the purpose of making rent-collections from his tenants 'There, it is said, he saw and conceived a passion for a beautiful Thákur girl named Ganga the daughter of Daryáo Singh, one of his principal tenants One day, they say, the maiden was seen to emerge from my husband's bungalow throwing dust on her head, and calling for retribution for her injured honour Daryao Singh could do or say nothing at the time, but he swore upon the sacred waters of the Ganges to avenge the outraged chastity of his daughter Now I do not believe a word of all this, Mariam My lord was not so, but he had a young kinsman of his with him, who, naturally of a licentious disposition, committed all manner of excesses but which were laid at his uncle's door"

'I quite understand that, Pathání,' answered mother, "there are many instances of such vicarious penance having been paid Your husband ever after carried a stigma, I suppose, and found his future dealings with his Thakur peasantry by no means easy?

"When next he went to the village," she replied, "Daryao Singh dissembled his resentment and waited upon him as subserviently as he had ever done before But one afternoon finding him alone in his bungalow, he rushed at him with his dagger and ripped up his belly He then mutilated and dishonoured the body, and in that state sent it on a charpoy to me I had just finished my bath and was engaged in my toilet, when the mournful procession carrying my dead lord

tered the courtyard. I was dumb-founded, my es refused to shed a tear. Hardly had the rites sepulture been performed, when a man brought the following message from the murderer: 'I ve killed the ravisher of my daughter: this was e to the offended honour of my house. But my venge is not yet complete. My name is not Daryáo gh if I do not some day deal likewise with thy mtá before thy very eyes! O the miscreant, the l-handed caitiff! *Muá*,[255] may the curse of Allah ht on him! For days and months I remained in ard of him; to secure my house from being broken and myself against surprise, I entertained an med body of one hundred men who kept constant tch and ward about the house, and permitted no e to enter the gate who did not belong to the house-ld. And my Mumta I would never allow to leave r sight, until at length I was somewhat relieved of responsibility when I married her to Hingan."

"Is the young man whom I saw the other day ur son-in-law?" asked mother.

"The same," she replied;" he is Nizám Ali án's nephew, and holds a command in the army."

"I suppose Daryáo Singh was apprehended and ought to justice?" interrogated mother again.

"O no, by no means He fled the village, and aped falling into the hands of the authorities, who course would have dealt with him as a common rderer But according to the lights of the cursed laters, he had done a worthy deed for which he s applauded by his friends, and rose immeasurably the estimation of his caste-fellows, whose insulted

[255] Lit one dead. A contemptuous expression

dignity, they considered, he had vindicated by an act of personal retaliation on the lecherous Moslem! From thenceforth he went about the country houseless and homeless, and sought every opportunity to carry out the threat he had held out to me. He has been to my house in various disguises. Once he came in the character of a *dahi-wálá*,[256] and actually sold tire at my gate. At another time, in the character of a strolling mendicant, but rejected the dole offered him. On both occasions he left a message for me: 'It was Daryáo Singh; beware! If one day I dont see you and your Mumtá grind the mill with the menials of my village, never call me a Rajput again,!"

"He cannot flee from justice for long," observed mother; "the Nawáb is sure to get hold of him one of these days."

"On the contrary, I suspect," said Patháni; "I understand that he has already made himself a terror to the Nawáb, for people coming from Maháo have told me that bands of marauders patrol the road to Powáyan, headed by Daryào Singh, who plunders all wayfarers, and deals severely with Muhammedans in particular. Mangal had a narrow escape from him the other day; he only owed his escape to the fleetness of his nag."

The slave-girl announced Hingan Khan. "The *sáhibzádá*[257] has come!" At this announcement, Kothiwáli winked to me and Anet to withdraw. Her daughter-in-law also went upstairs, as of course she

256 An itinerant vendor of milk and tire.

257 Equivalent to 'young gentleman.' So the sons of the native nobility and gentry are styled

could not appear before her *nanda*.[288] He in common with others used to address his mother-in-law as *bahu*, and dear mother-he preferred to call *nanda*. When chaffed by his mother-in-law on the subject, he said that he liked to use the epithet which her own people applied to her, "and *bahu*," he added, "I highly applaud your generosity in bringing them away to your house. You have done what was right. They are objects of pity now. There was a time when I used to go to her husband, and I daren't lift my eyes to look at her. And now it has come to this that they condescend, or rather have to sit alongside of us! Truly this is a fearful change of fortune to them. the world has turned upside down for it to be so. Truly, the *iqbal* of the *Injeet Sahib* has fled!" he ended sighing.

"It will not have fled for long" remarked Kotwáli. The words were scarcely out of her mouth when a flutter was observed in the next *dalan*,[289] where the rest of the men sat. Hingan-Khan went out to see. Mangal Khan had just ridden up, and had whispered something in Sheran Khan's ear. The latter turned pale and rose immediately and came and whispered to Kotwáli. After he had withdrawn, she said joyfully to mother. *La Miriam mubárik ho!*[290] Dilli has been taken by the Firangis. What great changes will now take place! People will begin to sing quite a different tune. Eh!"

288 Husband of *nand*, husband to husband's sister. Pronounced also as *nandoi*.

289 Porch or verandah.

290 Lit. Well Mariam may it be blessed to you! An exclamation of joy at some unexpected good fortune.

Tears welled up to our eyes, and our hearts jumped at the good news, which to us fore-shadowed at least release from our present confinement and state of dependence We did not allow our joy to be betrayed however, by any open manifestation of feeling On the contrary mother remarked quietly

"*Tumlé bhi saldmat ho, Pattdni!*[261] But in what way can the news affect us? I am now a desolate woman my sustainer and protector gone, have I a home to go to?"

"But you have brothers and relations, my friend' said she 'And at any rate you will be free from the persecution to which you have been subjected by a certain party He will look very small in his own eyes now, wont he? And verily he has reason to tremble The Firangis will have heavy scores to settle in our city!'

CHAPTER LXXIII

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*Heart-burnings*)

Next day, there was a prolonged discussion on the subject among the men folk Some talked of fleeing the city, others advised to wait and watch the further course of events Shéran khan remarked

Though Dilli has fallen to the Firangi arms it will be long before they can attempt the re-occupa-

261 May you have peace too out of it may it be blessed to you also! The correlative to the first wish

tion of a small town like ours The rebel soldiery driven from Dilli will make a stand in some other central spot, Lakhnau [262] for instance, and months must elapse before we ll see the Firangi soldier's uniform among us There is no hurry to flee, but those may flee if they choose who have anything to fear from the vengeance of the *Sarkár* As for myself, I have done nothing for which I need fear punishment"

"Of course not," answered Mangal-khan in a cynical tone "Of course not; and I have done still less I say let those fear who, like Abdul-Rauf, served the Firangis and afterwards threw in their lot with the *tilangás* Such fellows are sure to be hung But as for me, I have not eaten of the *Sarkár's* salt, and I am therefore free to go wherever I choose If worse comes to the worst, I shall take or walk across the border and go into the territory of Naipal or take service with Sawai Sikandar of Gwáliar [263]"

"To be sure you will" rejoined Shéran-khan; "why leave your home at all, if you have done nothing to merit punishment?"

Mangal khan winced under this home-thrust

"I saw,' observed Hingan-khan, "*daktar's salas* [264] who have returned from Dilli 'Returned did I say?

262 The correct spelling for *Lucknow*

263 The name by which Major Alexander of Gwalior was known. He was a character of some repute in Upper India. He earned the title of *sawai* (an order of knighthood under the Mughal regime) on account of some brave deed which he had performed and he at one time commanded a brigade of Sendhia's (Scindhia) army He eventually died an inglorious death as an exile The vicissitudes of fortune which he underwent would make a romantic tale

264 A corruption of the word doctor

who rather have run away from there with a whole skin on their backs O in what a plight they came— a tattered tunic and under it a *jangid* [265], and over that again a tattered trousers Beneath the last, they concealed thick bangles of gold, which they wore round their thighs They have been so unfortunate as to lose part of their spoils For it seems that they had filled the barrels of their muskets with gold-mohrs which however they were unable to extract when they reached home So they had recourse to the blacksmith, who in order to draw out the contents placed the barrels in fire Well, sir, the gold melted and ran out into the furnace, and they said that they could not recover any part of it"

"I wonder they sat so tamely under the loss," remarked Wajihulla "Surely the contents of the barrels must have represented some thousands of rupees !"

"I have *no doubt of that*,' rejoined Hingan-khan; 'but you know that if the Nawab came to hear the story, he would take care to pocket some, nay the major portion, of the prize himself and send the runaways *about their business*'

"Did they say anything as to how the fight went on ?" enquired Shéran khan

"Yes,' answered the other "They say that the *Gangá* army was never able to make any impression upon the Angrez lines which they had entrenched on the Paharia, and though during their many sorties, and especially the last one which was made only a few days *before the city* was stormed, *the Ghazis* performed prodigies of valour, they were not only repulsed

265 Short tights worn next to the skin.

but were cut down to the last man. The Firangis lost a great many men, it is true, but their hopes and their courage never flagged; and, at length, when the storming parties approached the walls and blew open the Kashmiri gate, their heroic leader, Nikalsein,[266] was seen to wave his handkerchief on the point of his sabre from an elevated site, as much as to say: 'Here I am within the walls of Dilli; come on, my men!' A ball now struck him and he fell; but he was only one out of many brave leaders who drove the *bágh*i[267] army at the point of the bayonet, and took possession of the city, which now is in the *Sarkar's* hands again."

"What has become of the Bádsháh?" again enquired Shéran Khan.

"Oh, he has been made a prisoner, and his sons who fled with him, were captured and shot"

I wonder what has become of Mirzá Abubakr, whose name was connected with Polly-bábá, the Padri's daughter?"

"I understand that he was among those taken at Humayun-ka-maqbará,[268] and shot down like a dog by Major Hodson."

"So much for our attempt to throw off the Firangi yoke!" summed up Shéran-Khan philosophically "The sin of those who so cruelly murdered women and children, and the cry of those who fell without arms in their hands, that sin has brought its

266 The name by which the brave Brigadier Nicholson was known among the natives As spelt in the text, the name has a native ring in it

267 Rebel army

268 Humayun's mausoleum the historical spot where Major Hodson captured the king and his sons

own recompense with it I always apprehended such would be the consequence"

"Dont grow sentimental and poetic, Shéran Bhai" snorted out Mangal-Khan in a pettish tone "Who was it came to kill certain people?'

"I' he replied, 'but who sent me on that mission? And did I redden my hands with the blood of the harmless and innocent?"

CHAPTER LXXIV

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*Continued*)

(*Some news of Farhat*)

"That is a sentiment," interrupted Wajihullá, trying to change the discussion which was growing acrimonious, "that is the sentiment which the Nawáb has also been known to give utterance to He has always been opposed to the murder of the women and children

'True," spoke Shéran Khan "They say that it was his daughter who took the promise *from him* that he would never be a party to such a crime That was a sensible girl! What dark fate envelopes her I dont know Farhat I have no doubt, had a hand in her disappearance, but strange to say, he does not know himself what has become of her Though under sentence of banishment I have often seen him wandering about Bahadarpur and along the banks of the Khannaut, picking up straw, flying ashes

in the air, and otherwise behaving like a lunatic. Meanwhile the girl has been whipped off mysteriously by somebody—no one knows who."

"Did not Azzú disappear at the same time?" suggested Mangal Khan.

"Yes, to be sure he did," answered Shéran Khan; "but man of violence as he is, I do not think he is capable of lending himself to meanness like this to his friend. Every one knows he was thick with Farhat, and the boy himself, I have reason to think, has ceased to suspect him of treachery."

"Then what could have become of her?" bluntly interrogated Mangal Khan. "Surely the *jins* could not have carried her off! She was uncommonly beautiful!"

"Beautiful to a degree, and as virtuous and sensible as beautiful," observed Shéran-Khan. "But for her firm undeviating attachment to Farhat, not a shade of suspicion rested on her fair fame. You suggested just now, Mangal, that perhaps the *jinnát*[269] have carried her off: what wonder? Her coal-black eyes, and her black glossy hair, were just the sort of things to which those strange beings are partial; and I have heard many a tale about it, some of which I partly believe."

"What business have they to feel the tender passion for the daughters of men?" demanded Mangal-Khan.

"I cannot tell you why, but that they do intermix with human beings, and sometimes take their wives and their paramours from among them, I fully

269. Plural number of *jin*, the genii.

believe Listen to this story" And Shéran-Khan began

"A prince of the genii once fell in love with a man's daughter Her malady manifested itself by many insane acts, she used to fall into fainting fits during which she would talk incoherently Medical skill and *dud-tawiz*[270] failed equally to bring relief'

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Wajihullá 'Dua-tawiz cannot fail of success in such cases, provided they be properly applied In fact that is the only means of cure, as I will show later on from anecdotes which occur to me'

"You are learned in these matters, boy," answered Sheran Khan "You must have read all about *jins* in the *Ashi*, the *Kabir* and other *Tafsirs*,[271] so you must some day give us a dissertation on this interesting topic Meanwhile give me leave to finish my story, the conclusion of which will accord with the views which I know you hold on the subject. Well the parents of the girl begged of a *Maulvi*[272] to come and see their daughter who they assured him, was very ill and tormented with the devices of *Iblis* As he entered the house, a voice came from where the girl lay, all unconcious of her surroundings

'*As salám alaikum janab Maulvi Sáhib!*'[273] The *Maulvi* nowise disconcerted, returned the salute

'*Wa alaikum us salám!*'[274] But why have you tormented this child? Come out of her, I say, this

270 Lit Prayer and amulets
271 Names of well known commentaries on the Quran.
272 A learned man
273 Peace be to you high man of learning!
274 The reply And on you be peace!

instant.' He promptly replied: 'I cannot disobey your injunction, and will at once set her free. I am the son of the king of *Jinnát*, and our camp is pitched behind the Aurangábád Saráe. I hope you will honour me with your presence there some day. Now I go.' The girl started suddenly as if from a deep sleep; she sneezed and opened her eyes, which were no longer heavy or laggard; and from that very moment she began to recover."

"Have you ever been to Banaras, *chachá?*" asked Wajihullá; "for Aurangábád-ki-sarae which you mention is there, *maulvi sáhab* tells me, and the person who was made the means of the girl's recovery could be no other than Nazir Ali Sáhab, who, I am further informed, enjoys a high reputation in that city for the sanctity and austerity of his life But he is not an *ámil*[275]—those men, I mean, who make *ginnátáeiz*[276] as the means of exorcising *balaiát*[277] or *áseb*[278] of kinds, and thereby earn the means of their living He is, however, a mighty *kámil*,[279] who by the power of prayer, and his unceasing devotion to the worship of the Most High, has been endowed with power over the spirits of the air For do you not perceive that no sooner did the *jin* see him approach, than he made a virtue of necessity, and without any further ado, came out of the girl Such is the power of prayer—the prayer of the faithful! It ennobles, it exalts, it symbolizes heaven *Jalla jaláluhú! Jálla shanuhú.*"[280]

275 An operator, practiser or governor
276 Charms, amulets
277 278 Evil spirits
279 Lit perfect
280 Eminent is His (God's) glory or majesty

CHAPTER LXXV

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*An ancient feat rehearsed*)

"Do you know, Mariam, what the men were saying yesterday regarding poor Zinat?" said Kothiwáli the next day, addressing dear mother

"No, how can I? Which Zinat do you mean—Ghulám-Qádar Khan's daughter? I saw her when she was a little girl, a charming creature, who gave promise of becoming a lovely woman!" replied mother

"The same," rejoined Kothiwali "Hers is undoubtedly one of the prettiest faces I have ever seen But beauty is sometimes a fatal gift Her cousin, Farhat, is madly in love with her, and she is in love with him so unknown to her parents, he has eloped with her That, at least is what the world says I overheard the men say the belief gains ground that she has been spirited away by a *jin* Khudá knows where And the young man is now a raving maniac'

'It is a strange story, yet not an unparellelled one,' observed mother 'I heard a similar story in connection with a Káith and his wife when Bulan-Shah was living I wonder why the young man does not make the *ziárat*[281]? Some good may come out of it"

I never saw *Mian*"[282] myself—how could I?' sighed Kothiwáli We, poor things are so im-

281 Pilgrimage

282 That is, Bûlan Shah It is thus with respect that a *faqir* is spoken of *Mían* or *Shâh-Sahab*

mured all our life long that we know not what is passing in the outside world, except by hearsay. A great many stories are told regarding Bulan-Shah. And before the mutiny broke out, a *faqir* came from Baiswará-side, whose name was Mardán Shah. He visited the *talwár* lines, and also made disciples of females. He was full of gloomy forebodings of coming evil—'lives will be lost,' said he, 'blood will be spilt like water and the surface of the globe will be overturned!' True it is that the outbreak occurred soon after but I suspect he was a spy in disguise, and was instrumental in fomenting those very disturbances which he predicted should soon occur. Are there not *makkar fiqirs*[283]?

"But you were going to say something about Bulan Shah?" reminded mother.

"O yes," she replied. "If all that is said about him may be believed he was undoubtedly a man of God. My husband used to visit him now and again. It seems the Shah was great friends with a Hindu *faqír*, a *bhuwa*[284] who used to live this side, *i.e.* the Hatora side, of the Khannaut while the Shah lived on the other side—Lodhipur side. The Hindu was a *natt*,[285] I believe but he was a recluse, and must have been a holy man for the Shah to have associated with him. They say his tomb can be seen still near Kanchini Tá-lágh, while the *shah* lies buried in the grounds of Lodhipur across the river, a tall palm-tree grows towards the head side of the tomb shading

283 Hypocritical false.

284 A religious ascetic who abandons terrestrial objects, lives on etc.

285 The name of a tribe who are generally jugglers rope dancers etc.

the remains as it were, and his *urs* is celebrated yearly He was known to walk across the river with his *kharaons* [286] on, whenever he visited the *natt*, at a period when the river had swollen its banks A curious story is related in connection with these nocturnal visits of the *sháh s'*

"What is it ? O do let us hear ? ' said mother One evening, it so happened, went on Kothiwali that a *niza nat sawar* [287] came to where Búlan-Shah sat with his *natt* friend, warming himself at the latter's *alao* [288] It was a dark night, and the river ran high The *sawar* had orders to go at once and deliver a written communication from the Collector-Sáhab to the *Lakim* [289] of Sitápur, so to do so he must necessarily cross the Khannant, at any risk, at some point below Chitauná Encumbered with his knapsack and other belongings he had much ado to find a cooly Seeing two rustics sitting alone on the bank, he called *out to one of them in a tone of authority*, and ordered him at once to put the bundle on his head, and cross the river after him The man obeyed without seeming reluctance and entered the stream, while the sawar being now in light gear, undid the martingale, and spurring his horse dashed into the water On reaching the opposite bank, he thought of his bundle, and turning round saw his cooly walking along steadily on the water, while the bundle seemed to hang in mid-air over his head A strange dread *seized him*, and it now occurred to him that the spot where he

286 Woollen saddle cloths

287 A mounted police man of the period

288 A fire made by digging in the ground and heaping dry leaves and cow-dung and such rubbish over it

289 Lit governor but used here for District Officer

had met the two rustics was the usual haunt of Búlan-Sháh, and Búlan-Sháh it must be, thought he, whom he had pressed into the ignoble service of carrying his luggage. As soon as the supposed rustic touched the bank, the sawar, in fear and trembling, came and fell down at his feet, crying 'Hazrat! forgive my fault, I did what I have done in ignorance' The *sháh* smiled, assured him that no harm had been done, and bid him proceed on his journey."

"This is truly wonderful," observed mother, "and reminds one of the prophets of old, such as *Hazrat Ilás*,[290] and *Hazrat Isá Ibn-i-Mariam*,[291] on whom be peace! who, the blessed *Taurat*[292] and *Injil*[293] tell us, walked on the waters of the Yardan[294] as if on dry land"

CHAPTER LXXVI.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(Talk of some ancient shrines)

"As to faqirs," continued Kothiwáli, "there are so many varieties of them, and they are divided into so many sects and denominations, that it is difficult to say which of them is better or more reliable than the other as the media of supplication before the

290 By *Ilás* the prophet Elijah is here intended
291 Jesus son of Mary
292 The law or books of Moses
293 The Gospel
294 The River Jordan.

throne of the Most High There are the *madáriás* for instance who wear a tall cap called the *kulákh*, and a *kafni* [295] And the *chishtías* calling themselves the descendants or followers of the *chishtis*,[296] who carry a *kachkol* in which they receive the alms offered to them"

"I have seen the tomb of Sheikh Salem Chishti at Fatehpur Sikri said mother "it is a noble edifice, and as to the *madariás*, I have heard of them too Was Madár their founder? Who was he? The little boys may be heard yelling in the streets *jhandá madar ká!* referring I suppose to the banner set up on the *charkon-ka-melá?*"

"I cannot tell you anything about the origin of the *melá*,[297] which is held on the seventeenth day of the month of Madár designated by the literate Jamádi-ul-awwal,' answered Kothiwáli "All I know is that the *melá* goes every year to Makanpur, a town in the *Kanpur*[298] district near Mirán-ki-sarae, where is the shrine of the saint Tiny flags fixed to the end of light switches are flaunted on the occasion, from which the *melá* takes its name of *charkon-ká-melá* He is known at Makanpur as *Zindá-sháh-madár*, which I suppose is the origin of the cry '*jhandá-madár-ká!*' Or it may refer to the large banner erected on the occasion One strange fact about the annual pilgrimage to the shrine is that no females are allowed to enter the shrine Then there are the

295 A seamless shirt

296 Pre eminent among these were the celebrated ascetics who lie buried—one at Ajmere and the other at Fatehpur Sikri near Agra

297 Fair

298 Cawnpore

lahri-faqirs, known also by the term *jatáwále* or *malang*."

"O yes, I have seen some of them too," said mother. "They tie up their hair in a knot over the crown of the head, in pyramidal fashion: this might account for their name of *jatawále*, but what might be the origin of the term *lahri*?"

"I will tell you," answered Kothiwáli. "The *lahris* are the followers of Ghází Mián; thus is the name tradition has assigned to Syud-Sálár-Masúd-Ghází, the nephew of the celebrated Mahmúd Ghaznawi, who invaded Hindostán in the year 400 of the Hijri era. He was killed in a religious fight at Bahraich, where his shrine is frequented by the lower classes of both Hindus and Muhammadans His marriage ceremony is celebrated every year in the Hindu month of Jéth, because he died young and unmarried."

"But you have not come yet to the story of the *lahri faqirs*?" suggested mother

"I was coming to that," answered Kothiwáli. "But before I do so, I must tell you something about the *méla* or marriage procession The whole celebration occupies a period of one month and a quarter. An assemblage of Hindus and Musalmans, big and small, takes place, as I have heard, under the gigantic *ayán* tree which stands in the heart of our town The tree is so called, because no one has been able to give it its proper name A *bhishti* enjoys the privilege of setting up the standard, which is the signal for the fair to begin, the day is invariably a Sunday When ten days are left for the nuptials, *chirágh-batti* or an illumination takes place. Wherever there is a *rauza*, the *mela* centres round it all through the night. In the morning, they all assemble together in an open

plain, the procession being headed by Ghází Mián's standard *his bed and kettle drum* I forgot to mention that the flag is supplied by the *mujawar*,[299] the march begins at 8 A M, and the pilgrims reach Bahraich on a Sunday just ten days after There they halt for two days, during which they make, especially those who have vows to pay, offerings of beds, and stools, and bed-sheets, and flowers and garlands, and green fruit, and *gur*[300] and *sattu*, and such like things"

'And now please to describe the nuptials,' said mother

'The nuptial rite takes place at midnight on the first Sunday of Jeth, similar celebrations being held at all the other places where there is a *rauzá* dedicated to the *mián* Several *muzasans*[301] enter the building with their musical instruments and play and sing there until the hour of midnight, when having poured out the contents of the water jars kept there they leave the place after closing the door behind them The water so poured out is received into a reservoir outside A number of lepers blind and other deceased persons are always congregated outside for they believe that persons thus afflicted are cured by the touch of the water with which the tomb is washed They bathe their foreheads and their eyes with the water while the lepers dip their whole person in the reservoir and while doing so they exclaim *laharia lahar bhej de*[302]! It is this formula used on the occasion which has given the *malangs* the name of *lahri*.

299 The care taker of a tomb
300 Coarse sugar
301 Feminine of *mirdá* professional singers
302 *Laharia* (referring to the saint I suppose) send the wave to us! *Lahar* a wave in Urdu.

"It is all very interesting, I am sure," "observed mother. She continued:

"The Ahirs are particularly partial to the memory of Gházi Mián; for when Rajáh Sohanpál deprived them of their cows, he, the Ghazi, it is said took up their cause and fought for them. The legend says that the Rajah struck one of the cows with his *paolá* or *khunti-dár kharáon* [303], and which accounts for the cow having no molar teeth in the lower jaw. The office of *mujawar* has from the earliest times been held by the *dafalis*, those who cover the *dholak* or tambourine-drums with leather. The *meld* returns after twenty-four days, and halts outside the city, when the friends and relations of the pilgrims, in order to earn some merit themselves, serve them with viands, and bring them home with music and other signs of rejoicing. The better classes, however, do not join in these celebrations; the belief in the efficacy of Ghazi-Mián's mediation is nevertheless so firm and so widely spread, that they even observe his marital feast by distributing *gur*, *sattú*, melons etc, among the poor, after getting *niáz* [304] read over them."

"It is curious," observed mother, "that though Gházi-Mián is a Musalman saint, so much faith should be rested in him by the Hindus. You see they make the computation of the anniversary by the Hindu calendar?"

"Your remark is very pertinent," answered Kothiwali. "There is, however, another method of computing the period. It is said that a dust-storm occurs always with the first fall of mangoes, and that it is

303. Sandals, with toe-nails to them.

304. A form of consecration practised among the Musalmans.

caused by the advent of a black *déo*,[305] who carries the first *aip* (or young mango of the season) to Bahraich, and offers it at the shrine of Gházi-Mián The storm is the signal for the *mélan* Another dust-storm occurs eight or nine days after the first, and it is said that then the *déo* is returning after paying his devotions at the shrine"

"All this does not help, however," observed mother—"in determining the age of Gházi-Mián, though we can fix the period accurately from history."

"No" said Kothiwáli, "the popular superstitions have always a tendency to confound dates Now it is a question who preceded the other in order of time—whether Madár Sáhab is entitled to higher antiquity than Gházi-Mián There is some reason to think, however, that the former lived long before the latter But I will tell you a story in which the two facts are strangely blended together, and Gházi-Mian is, moreover, made to die when he was yet a boy in his teens Listen

"Gházi-Mián's mother was childless She went to Jinda-Sháh Madár, who told her 'You will get a son, but bring him to me as soon as he is born—*áwan, nál*[306] and all Accordingly, she gave birth to a son in due course and rose up to go to Madár-Sáhab as he had enjoined her to do But a *daín*[307] met her in the way, and induced her to change her mind 'Will you go to the holy man,' said she—'while you are still unclean? No you must not do so until you have bathed and dressed clean!' So she

305 A dæmon
306 After birth
307 A witch

went back home, and after some days she waited on Madár Sahib, expecting to receive a blessing But the saint received her very coldly, and chided her for her disobedience and want of faith You have disobeyed my command,' said he 'Had you come to me at the period when I told you to come, your son's life would have been extended six years but now he will die when he is only twelve years old' This to my mind is, however, a very puerile story

CHAPTER LXXVII

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(An accidental meeting behind the curtain-wall)

The winter was now at its height but the cold winds had not yet begun to blow Mother sold two of the silver spoons in her jewel-case with which she had fled and made quilts for ourselves, and a few chintz garments to keep off the cold An incident occurred about this period which had a far-reaching influence upon our future

Ever since the news of the fall of Delhi, much as we might dissemble our happiness a great change had come over our minds and our expectations We began to look forward to the time when Shahjahanpore should be re-occupied by the British, and our captivity cease But as yet there was no sign of their approach We had no doubt but that the work of re-conquest proceeded apace and that our turn would also soon come but no one spoke on the sub-

ject, and of course it was not prudent for us to put any questions The person whose sympathy was manifested most in our behalf was Kothiwáli, but it would not have been wise to make a suggestion even to her And so days and nights passed in expectation and in hope

It so happened one day that the *mahallá* sweepress having taken ill, another sweepress came to perform her duties No sooner did she set eyes on us than she made us out She exchanged intelligent glances with mother We knew her to be Mahá, the mother-in-law of Kundaniá, a girl who had been my playmate in my younger days

The Muhammadans as a community, are cleanly in their persons and of cleanly habits, but they are lacking in the instinct of cleanliness in their houses There is always an air of untidiness about their dwellings, and the latrine especially is a place to the sanitation of which they devote the least attention Situated in a corner of the courtyard it is the one place to which every one in the family resorts by turns, and it is cleaned but once in twenty-four hours, when the *mahalla mehtarani* [308] comes in the morning and attends to the particular duties which fall within her sphere Our inbred sense of cleanliness, and our nasal organs, used to revolt at what we could see and feel but had no power to help ourselves against, we had to do as the others did Mother however made it a point to beg of the sweepress to wait a few minutes after she had swept the place and repeat the operation after she had been done, and in return for this valuable service she used to pay her a few pice now and again

308 The sweepress of the ward

This short digression on a subject which might perhaps be considered unsavoury by some of my fastidious readers, was nevertheless necessary in order to introduce the important incident to which I have alluded Mulhá waited for mother behind the curtain-wall of the privy, and when the latter went in she *salaamed* her, and said "*Mém Sáhab*, I have made you out, dont be uneasy, Dilli is taken, and the *sahab-logs* will soon be among us again And now let me tell you that your brother is safe at Bhurtpore, so if you wish to communicate with him, there is a person going on a pilgrimage to Mathrá, and he will be the bearer of your missive" Overjoyed at meeting an unexpected acquaintance of former days, and a sympathizing friend, mother expressed her readiness to make use of the messenger, but," said she, "from where am I to bring writing materials?" "Be easy,' answered Mulhá, "tomorrow I shall bring you pencil and paper Meet me here again"

Mother betrayed no emotion at this unexpected meeting, or at the hope which had sprung up in her breast Neither was the circumstance noticed by any one in the house

Next morning, true to her promise, Mulhá came again, and, according, to the pre-concerted signal, mother met her behind the wall She handed over a small pencil to her and a bit of paper, upon which mother scribbled these words

"I, W, Annie mother, alive and hiding here Do your best to take us away

This little chit she handed over to Mulhá who hid it in her bosom How it was carried to my dear uncle and what consequences came out of it are

matters which will appear later on For the present we were jubilant. A fresh chapter was about to open in the tale of our vicissitudes

CHAPTER LXXVIII

AN ESSAY ON THE GENII

The men sat together in the bungalow over the gateway There was chess, *ganjfa*,[309] cards, and to make the time pass further more pleasantly, the *huqqá* was passed round, and *pán*, whoever cared to take it, was held ready in a *khásdán*[310] in the centre They were squatting on string-laced beds, as is the custom Breakfast over, Shóran-khan reminded his nephew of his promise to treat them to an essay on *jins* 'Now, Wajji'—said he—'draw from your stores of knowledge and tell us something about the nature and constitution of *jins*, and the extent of their intercourse with human beings Are they like us in anything at all?"

In one sense, replied Wajihulla, 'in one sense they are like us, that is, like ourselves, they are created beings, but were inhabiters of the earth 2000 years before Hazrat Adam came into existence When Allàh Taalá[311] created the heaven and the earth with the word *kun*[312] He formed the angels (*malak*)

309 Pound card is so called They are played differently from the Mughal cards

310 A round metallic platter with cover on which *pán* is served

311 The Most High

312 Let Be the command ascribed to the Creator of the universe

from light and the *jins* from fire [313] Some writers ascribe the origin of angels also to fire, because the angels are light, and light is not born but of fire The name of the progenitor of the *jins* is *ján*, in the same way is the name of the first man was Adam The Creator assigned heaven for the residence of the angels, and earth to be the dwelling-place of the *jins*, and having endowed the latter with emotional feelings not given to angels, and also with the passion of anger, commanded them to go and rule over the earth There, in the process of time, their progeny spread

"For a long time they continued to give sole worship to Allah, but afterwards Envy and Sedition entered among them, a commotion arose, blood was shed, one murdering another and destroying the life with which the Creator had animated the clay At length Allah Taala sent an army of angels against them, who also were called *jin* They were so called because they were the custodians of the *jins* or Paradise At the head of this army was Iblis—the chief, the learned, and the leader among them, who having descended upon earth drove the *jinnát* to the mountains, and rivers, and seaports Instead of them, he established himself on the earth Allah Taála requiring of him a minimum of worship to His Own August Person So having been appointed ruler of heaven and earth and the treasures of Paradise being placed at his disposal, he used to adore the Divinity sometimes in earth sometimes in heaven, and at other times in Paradise A while after, Pride entered his heart He said to himself 'I am great, and there is none greater than me!'

'Allah Taala at this period created another being

in the person of Hazrat Adam, and commanded the angels to bow down before him. They all obeyed the command but not Iblis, who for this act of disobedience was expelled from the Divine Presence, and was styled ever after *shaitán* or the disobedient."

"Very interesting, *ethiddé*," exclaimed Amjád's tutor; "and very correct, I can assure you. I am glad to find that my ere pupil remembers all he has read. Every word of your narration can be proved from books. But was it not the practice at one period of history to invoke the *jinnát*?"

"Yes," answered Wajihullá: "in a kind of a way; for before Islám appeared, it was the common belief among the Arabs that the deserts and the road-side were peopled by *jinnát*; and, when on a journey, the head of the *qáfila*[314] used to invoke in the evening the presiding genius of the place for protection for himself and his companions. This was the form of invocation: 'I ask for protection from the *saraár*[315] of this desert, and from his subject-race!'

"Well done, boy," exclaimed Shérin-Khán; "it rejoices my heart to see thee so learned. Tell us something now of the different classes into which the race is divided."

"I have read in the *Tafsír-Mudlim-ul-Tanzil*," said Wajihullá—"that the *jins* are divided into three sections, namely: one of them are winged and can fly; another take the form of serpents and of dogs; and, the third have the power to enter the bodies of human beings."

313 See appendix XXIII

314. Caravan.

315. Chief

"You can, I suppose,' enquired Shéran Khán—"trace their connection with the holy *pughambars*[316]"

"With two only,' replied Wajihulla "In fact, the books speak only of two prophets, during whose term of prophecy the genii revealed themselves openly to the children of men One of them was Hazrat Sulaimán,[317] on whom be peace! To him Alláh Tala gave dominion over both *jins* and *shaitans*[318] It is written that a woman reigned in the city of Saba whose name was Bilqís she was born of a *jin* mother, and which accounts for her having hairs like a goat on her calves To her Hazrat Sulemán wrote a letter, requesting her to become a Musalmán Upon her refusal to do so he called out to the *jins* present in his Court 'Who will bring her to me this instant, throne and all?' One said 'Your majesty will not have got up from your seat before I shall bring her here' But the king's wazír, whose name was Asif, and who was himself a *jin* and a person of learning folded his hands and said 'I shall bring her in one beat of the eye-lashes'[319] And there *and then he brought her up seated on her throne* Bilqis perceiving the power of the prophet-king, embraced the Musalmán faith without further hesitation[320]

316 Prophets

317 Solomon

318 Devils.

319 Figuratively in the twinkling of an eye an orientalism

320 Evidently this is a legend regarding the queen of Sheba I Kings, X 1—13

Sabæa or Saba was a region of Arabia Felix called by the orientals Yaman (not Yemen as it is spelt by some writers)

"The second prophet to whom I have alluded, was our Hazrat Muhammad Rasúl Allah, on whom be peace! During his period of prophecy, the *jinnát* came openly and heard the Qurán being read. They wondered at the doctrine which forbids *shirk*[321] and enjoins the *tauhíd*,[322] and they, at once embraced Islam and went and preached to their people to give up *shirk* and acknowledge the Unity of the Godhead. Many of the *jinn* hearing this, became Musalmáns."

"All this is very good as far as it goes," remarked the Maulvi, "but, *Sáhibzádá*, you have not yet given a clear description of the nature of the genii. Surely a good deal more can be said on the subject?"

"To be sure *hazrat*," replied Wajihullá " "Now that you remind me of it, I think the description which I have given was very meagre I have spoken of three species of genii—one of them being the *taraán*, namely those who can swim or sail in the air: for being possessed of aerial bodies they have power to transform themselves into various shapes, and, like human beings, they are wise (*áqil*), intelligent or sagacious (*fahim*), foolish or without understanding (*ahmaq, léwuqúf*), good and bad, rich and poor. Thus, those in whose constitution light or spirituality predominates, they are virtuous (*sáleh*), and are commonly known as *Pari* Those of a malignant and

It was famed for its myrrh frankincense and spices and also for its rubies. '*Lal i Yaman*' is a common phrase in Persian poetry expressive of the beauty of the cheeks. "*Rukhsár to sharmindá kunad lál Yaman rá*"—Khusro. Trans Thy cheeks have caused the ruby of Yaman to blush

321 Idolatry explained more fully elsewhere

322 Unity

dark (*khabísat, zulmat*) nature are the noxious (*múzí*) ones and the tormentors, and they are called *Dév.* There are several species of them; one of them live in Koh-i-Qáf, and these do not mix with human beings. Another live at the foot of the mountain, and these visit the regions of the globe but are at variance with the human race. Another have penetrated into different countries and have adopted different habitations: for instance, some of them reside on the banks of rivers and streams, some in gardens and groves, some in forests and deserts, and others in dark, isolated, secluded spots."

"What is your information on the subject of the race of *Parí?*" interrogated Mangal Khán.

"The race of Parí," replied Wajihullá, "are subject to king Atshán, whose chief seat of government is in the heart of Koh-i-Qáf The eastern side of the mountain belongs to the jurisdiction of Haitásh, his sister's son: he has three lakhs of slaves. The western side belongs to Abdul Rahmán, son-in-law to Abdul Qádir: he rules over 33,000 kings, each of whom has a great multitude of both high and low among his subjects."

"You might go a little further, and tell us something about the rulers of the genii?" again suggested Mangal Khán.

"The name of the Musalmán king of the genii," answered Wajihúllá," is Talúkhush, which signifies bounteous-natured: his tribe are friendly to the human race. The name of their Nisári[323] king is Sadiyús, which signifies worshipper of the soul (or spirit).

323. Nazarene or Christian.

The name of their Yahudi[3*] king is Jalutanâsh which signifies the raiser of spells, and his tribe are exceedingly wicked, depraved and malicious

CHAPTER LXXIX

SOME OBJECT-LESSONS

'*Apropos* of your remark that one class of *jins* take the shape of dogs,' observed Sheran-Khan 'the common belief is that they usually appear as black dogs, and on one particular day of the week only namely Thursday I have been told reliably of a person who was once taking his dinner When he was about to finish, a black dog came and sat down before him wagging his tail as if begging for a morsel The man in a spirit of fun threw him a bone, but in doing so he aimed at and caught him in the head, the bone sank into the poor dog's skull, and he ran off yelling through the pain Soon after, he was siezed with compunction at his wanton act. 'What a cruel act that was of mine, mused he—'to have struck the poor dog for nothing' And then there was nothing after all in the bone! I had taken out the marrow and had picked it clean His cry of pain was pitiful! He rose at once and followed after the dog, but he could find him nowhere He found however, an old man sitting in a hut in a secluded part of the country, holding his head with both his hands and crying through pain He trembled at the sight and his hairs stood on end 'What ails you my man?'

3 A Jew

accosted he, 'can I do anything to relieve your pain?' 'Do?' said the other 'You have done enough already, and for which I suffer so acutely Cruel man! What harm had I done you that you struck me so that the bone has sunk into my forehead? I came to you as a suppliant, a suppliant for a crumb I did not trouble you every day, but only once a week, and that on a Thursday, a day on which the charitable and the pious give to every one in need Once only I came to you, but instead of throwing to me something that I might have eaten, you threw at me a bone which you had already stripped of all its flesh And even that you threw at me to strike me!'

'I did not know what I was about Pardon, O pardon me!'

'Go, such iniquity deserves to be punished May you pick up straw all the days of your life!'

"Abashed and confounded, the man returned home But his reason was gone His friends perceived that his clothes were torn and that he danced about uttering incoherent sentences, unconscious of what he was about Soon after he sickened, but when on the point of death, his reason partially returned to him and the scraps which he uttered during his agony were put together by his friends, and then it was that they came to know the cause of his insanity'

"This is the very first time I have heard' observed Mangal Khan, "that the term *pari* may be applied indiscriminately to both the sexes Are you sure?' addressing Wajihullá

"Certain, replied Wajihullá, "certain as far as the teaching of the books goes It does sound strange to the ear, I confess, which have been accustomed

to associate all that is beautiful and elegant in the female form with the name of *pari*. And I know some writers hold that the male sex among them should be styled *parsád*! I am nevertheless disposed to rely upon the accuracy of the Kabír and other Taríkhs from which I have drawn, and therefore speak of the *pari* as one of the sects into which the *jin* race is divided. Who has not heard of the gambols of the *pari* on the moonlight green? The ear is susceptible to their sounds, though a view of them is said to be fatal to the human race.'

"*Wallah!*" said Mangal Khán. 'You have spoken truly. *Apné sir ki qasam*, there are some women who rival all the charms of the female *pari*. These eyes have beheld such, but I shall relate to you what I heard once from a Bareilly man, and which will serve to confirm your doctrine that no *banda-i-kam* may see a *pari* with his naked eye, and live.

'A certain Firangi Officer resided in a bungalow near the *bhúr*, a sandy plain that stretches away to the north of the Artillery lines there. The master and mistress of the house had gone away to a ball and did not return till the morning; one of those shameless diversions you know in which these people so often indulge. Meanwhile their servants sat expecting them to return soon. It was after midnight, when the áyá bhishti bearer, and chaukidar sat chatting together in the verandah. Suddenly their attention was drawn to lights floating about, as it were on the *bhur*. Sounds of sweet music came at the same time to their ears. It was a strange phenomenon, and they made up their minds to investigate it. But who was to do it? Terror had benumbed their limbs and their faculties. More adventurous than the rest,

however, the *bhishti* volunteered to go and ascertain the cause of the strange appearance He went, but when a considerable time had elapsed and he did not return, the lights having also meanwhile gone out, his companions grew apprehensive and walked across the garden which intervened between the bungalow and the *khus*, to see what was the matter with him Fancy their horror ! There lay the *bhishti* stretched on the ground, all but unconscious—his eyes starting out of their sockets, his teeth chattering and his skin covered with a cold sweat, although it was then the height of the winter season ! They removed him to his house in the compound, but he never recovered the shock which his senses had received A fever seized him, and amidst ravings and tormenting pain of the bowels, he at length died He mumbled something in his moments of delirium, which was construed into 'Who called you, presumptuous man ! You came to see the dance of the fairies, did you ? But know that no mortal may view the sight (reserved only to the invisible things of the air) and survive to tell the tale '

CHAPTER LXXX

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*Continued*)

(The double-dealer)

It was now the month of January, the first week of the month We had been with Kothuwál for nearly four months We had wanted for nothing all things considered, on the contrary, we had been

treated with kindness and benevolence by all were rather sorry therefore, when it was propo that we should return to Mengal Khán's house came himself and asked his *clachi* to let us What his motive was for the request I cannot course tell Perhaps a hope still lingered in breast that though public rumour represented British as fighting with the rebels and defe them at every point, yet as days and months pa and there was no sign of their arrival, mother m still be induced to give her consent And when t the Rubicon was passed, all would be over, and fate would for ever be sealed Be that as it m we came again to his house, and need I say how h joy I was again to meet my grand-mother and to on her neck and kiss her Mother found occasion whisper to her that night that her son was alive safe at Bhurtpore the old dear shed tears of joy the news

Khán-begum was of course not overjoyed at return The old lingering feeling of jealousy ag became dominant in her breast And some sh dialogue must have passed between husband a wife for when next day the former had retired her part of the house after finishing his breakf we heard him exclaim angrily "It is this w *chil ar chilai*[325] of yours which I detest" Then was heard to grumble 'Bhár chulhe men jao' (le go into the furnace into the oven) this was follow by a slash of his *kará*, and then there was a d silence He came out of her room in high dudge and went outside. We heard nothing more abou until the evening when he came in for his dinn

325 Perpetual chattering grumbling and insolence

He asked her if she had had anything to eat She replied "no I dont feel hungry' "Well, then," said he, "you had better sit down and take your dinner and dont show me any more of your airs' She of course knew his temper and had no wish to catch it again, so after this they seemed to make up, though she remained glum during the rest of the time we were with her

About this period an event occurred in the outside world, which sent a thrill through every one

Allusion has been made before to Hamid-Hasan-Khan He was the eldest out of several brothers, and belonged to a highly respectable family that lived in the Nikhásá, one of the largest quarters of the town of Sáhjahánpore I believe they were Hafiz-Khéls as was evidenced by their shaven heads, and were reputed for the unity that prevailed among them, and the honourable lives which they led I hear a custom prevails among them that whenever there is a dance in the house on some domestic occasion or other though they will show every mark of hospitality to their guests, they themselves will sit with their faces to the wall so that they might avoid setting eyes on the dancer a rather strict rule of morality to follow, I should think and which some of the members of the family found it too irksome to observe

The male members of the family held high appointments under the Government Hámid Hasan Khán was Deputy Collector of Shahjahánpore when the mutiny broke out his younger brother Muhammad Hasan Khan, was Principal Sadar Amín of Agra while Qasim Hasan Khán the youngest held the post of Tahsildar of Firozabád in the Agra

District They were all fair-looking, fine, well-built men, and had been equestrians from boyhood

Though Hámid Hasan Khán had in the commencement accepted the office of Náib-názim under Nawab Ghulám Qádar Khán, he was never an obsequious subordinate, and had moreover failed to pay him assiduous court like the others And besides, whether out of sincere loyalty to the British Government or as the effect of sagacious foresight, he and his brothers had not dropped the habit of sending intelligence to the Civil authorities at Agra and Naini Tal This fact was known to the Nawáb, but towards the end of January, one of their *qásids*[326] was siezed with a letter which he was carrying to Naini Tal for Mr Alexander, Commissioner of Rohelkhand having secreted it in the sole of his shoe The Nawab was wroth and summoned all three of the brothers to his presence They declined to attend; but on the solemn assurance of some of their friends that no harm would happen to them, they consented to go along with them

They were at first well received The Nawáb taxed them with maintaining communication with the Firangis, and this after Hámid Hasan Khan had accepted a responsible office in his government Hámid Hasan Khan denied the accusation, but when the *qásid* and his letter were confronted before him, he became speechless The Nawáb, notwithstanding, behaved courteously to them, and after the interview was over, permitted them to depart As they were riding out of the fort, however, a volley of *dogárás*[327] was fired at them, the first two fell and were at once

326 Messenger express.
327 Double-barrels.

set upon and cut up with swords, their assailants taunting them with the epithet of *bé-imán*[328] and *káfir*. Qasim-Hasan Khan seems to have lingered behind looking at some horses in the Nawáb's stables, for he was an expert horseman, and had a correct eye for horseflesh; but, at the very first shot, he vaulted into his saddle and dashing past the crowd, disappeared. He never turned round to see what had happened to his brothers, self-preservation being the first law of nature; but rode straight to the village where their wives and families had already been removed. In breatheless accents he had only time to announce the fate of his brothers, when as he dismounted, he fell down in a state of insensibility. What became of him afterwards is not known, but he appeared again on the scene when the city was re-occupied by the British, as will be seen hereafter.

As to his brothers, they lay wallowing in their blood on the thoroughfare; but it is said of them that, when dying, they turned their faces towards the *qiblá*,[329] and before they expired they called out to the crowd to see how a Musalman can die: "*dekho martá hae musalmin*"

Their bodies were afterwards interred by the very miscreants who had murdered them, by order of the Nawáb. Contrary, however, to the ordinary usage, they were neither bathed nor was a clean linen pall thrown over them. Because they had been killed by the sword and their blood had flowed, they were accounted *shahids* or martyrs to the cause of religion, and they were therefore committed to mother-earth in the very state in which they had fallen.

328 Faithless
329 Mecca · that is, west

The conduct of these men, at least of Hámid-Hasan Khan, was equivocal, but after his tragic death, any lingering sympathy for the rebel cause was effectually stamped out from the breast of the survivors, and converted them into staunch allies and well-wishers of the Firangi cause.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(It is more blessed to give than to receive)

We were not allowed to remain long with Mangal Khan, for ten days after Kothiwali came and took us away again. And we were extremely glad of the change, for a tension was beginning to be felt in our intercourse with him and his wife. The latter imputed her disagreement and her husband's occasional unkindness to her to our presence in the house, while the former, now that he had almost ceased to hope for the accomplishment of his wishes would fain have got rid of us for good, if he could only do so consistently with his pretensions and his oft-repeated profession of regard for our security.

The cold winds had begun to blow when we came back to Kothiwali's house. The light clothes we had on our persons were insufficient to protect us from the cold, but partly the peculiar construction of native buildings which oppose the passage of the wind current on all sides, and partly a *barasi* fire which was kept constantly burning and round which we all

clustered as often as we could, maintained the necessary warmth in our blood Mother was ill, and indeed had never enjoyed strong health since the break-up of her home, but something which I cannot define kept up our strength and our spirits in spite of this and other drawbacks And this 'something' could have been no other than the All ruling Providence, which never ceased to watch over us

Our hostess could not bear to see us sad or dejected She would at such times always say something to cheer us up And we had daily opportunities of seeing and speaking to her Our fingers were never idle We were always busy with our needles sometimes making a Delhi *payáma* for Mumtá for she had taken a mighty liking to the one we had made for Badran at others cutting out and working her brothers clothes So that I may truly say that we gave full return for the food which we received

As we sat one morning and were just beginning to open out our *tiléḍánís*,[330] a cry came from the gate "*Mat lá bhalá*![331] A piece of bread! I am hungry" As soon as Kothíwáli heard the voice—it was a beggar asking for alms—then she desired Nargasiá the *bándi* to run and give the man five breads and the savings of curry from last night's meal Nargasiá stood by while the poor man eat of what she had set before him He then asked for water, and she gave it to him in a *katorá* [332] Having eaten his full he rose to go and as he did so, he blessed the giver of the bounty which he had partaken

330 Needle case or work bag

331 Good wishes to the mother!

332 A metallic cup for drinking water

of '*Allah is sé bi t bahut dé*"—may the Lord give you more! Kothiwáli heard him, and was greatly pleased at the poor man's ejaculatory speech

"O it is a blessed thing to give, Mariam," said she addressing mother. "My heart rejoices to give bread to the needy that come to my door Allah has given me enough and to spare, and I can afford to give *zikát* [333] out of my abundance without in anywise inconveniencing myself But the merit is greater in the case of those who out of their little give to Allah's poor, not expecting a recompense The faith of such is more lively than ours, and Aláh never forgets the cheerful giver The true believer will always content himself with half the loaf, and distribute the other half to those who have not [334]

'Listen to a story which is a true story There was a tailor family in the village of Binthará It was a large family but poor so poor that they eat only once a day, and that only some beaten pulse made into dough, and baked dry on *upla* [335] fire It was the invariable custom of the mother to keep some of the bread for her children for when they wake in the night, said she, they ask for bread That morning a *fiqir* came to the tailor's door and begged for some food The good man of the house rose up on hearing the cry of a hungry man and placed before him all that there was left of the evening's meal,

333 An Arabic word which signifies charity which is one out of the three great foundation stones of the Muhammadan faith the other two being a belief in the one God and that Muhammad is His prophet and a pilgrimage to the holy places

334 A sentiment of Sheikh Sadi's.

335 Cowdung cakes used for fuel are so called

namely: two breads and a little *gaudli ká sag* [336]. The poor man eat, and was refreshed after he had taken a drink of cold water. "May thy *roti-pani* [337] never diminish!" exclaimed he, as he left the house. And, Mariam, I know for a fact that this blessing stuck to the tailor. He was always better off from that day forward, and never regretted the crumb he had given to the strolling mendicant Alláh only knows whom we receive in the garb of such!"

"It is a very instructive tale, Pathání, to be sure," said mother. "And I shall relate you another, for the truth of which also I can vouch. There was in days gone by a woman who was a candidate, among others, for the favor of a great Firangi. By assiduity and importunateness, she gained admittance to him and was introduced into his *haram*. But her position was somewhat precarious, as her lord's affections were unstable and might turn away from her any day. Both she and her old father whose name was Muhammed Panah, were God-fearing people So one day as the Sáhab was under orders to go to another district, the latter addressed his daughter thus: 'Bèti, these halcyon days may not always smile on us While the sun of prosperity shines upon thee, give a collation to Mián-Sáhab, and earn his blessing before thou leavest thy native place!'

"Acting upon this advice, she requested her brother to go and invite Mastán Shah to a feast that evening The *sháh* came driven in her *rath*, [338] and

336 An esculent vegetable that grows with the gram crop The young stalk of the *sarsón* or mustard plant (Sinapis dichotoma Roxb)

337 Bread and water

338 A wheeled conveyance, which has already been described.

when he had taken his seat on the *dasturkhwan*,[339] rich viands were set before him, such as *qormá*,[340] *pulão*,[341] *mul injan*,[342] *qalia*,[343] *bágárkhání*,[344] etc etc He was a peculiar man this Mastán Shah, as you may have heard He did not call for water to wash his hands, but, instead of that, he called for some *chokar*[345] and having mixed it up with all the dishes, he began to take a mouthful from one and a mouthful from the other It was disgusting to see him eat, some fell on his beard, some on the floor, while a portion of the sop entered his mouth He put a *nalí ki hadií*[346] into his mouth and swallowed it down, without seeming to feel in the least squeamish Well, when he had done eating and rose to depart, he blessed Muhammad Panáh 'May thou never want for *roti-pání* since thou hast fed the *faqír*, and may thy children's children have enough and to spare!'

The Sahab was transferred to another station, and his Muhammadan wife went with him, and ever after gained daily in his favour She was the means of supporting sixty members and needy relations of her father's family They lived in ease and affluence all the days of their life, and Muhammad Panáh had a small mosque built in the compound in which he

339 Met table

340 A kind of rich hot curry

341 A rich dish of rice and meat cooked together and eaten with *qormá* both the dishes go together

342 Rice coloured yellow and cooked with sweets and meat together

343 A plain hot curry

344 Highly leavened bread The dough is usually kneaded in milk.

345 Wheat flour husk 346 Shin bone of mutton

spent the remaining days of his life, turning his *tasbíh*,[347] and returning thanks to the Beneficent, who had bestowed so many rich blessings on him.

Though my anecdote is not so good as yours, Pathán!" said mother in concluding; "for Mastán Shàh is certainly not a man in need, it nevertheless exemplifies the obligation laid upon every one to do good and cast it into a well[348]—to give, and give freely and liberally, for Allàh never forgets the cheerful giver. The sage of Shíraz has said: 'Let not thy hospitality be withheld from the people, for then thou mayest draw thy head high like the sword.'[349]"

347. Rosary.

348 'From which it will spring into fountains of blessing': an eastern simile.

349 Couplet 13, Chap on *Tawázuh* or Hospitality. Sheikh Sádi's *Pandnámá* or *Karimá* —

Tawázuh madár az khaláiq darégh,
Ke gardan azán bar kashí hamcho tégh.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE *(continued)*

The altar of Hymen

Mumtá, Kothiwálá's daughter, was very playful at times She was a girl of a short, thin figure, and sallow complexion, and soft and gentle manners The point of beauty in her person was her tapering fingers

One day, we three girls all sat together namely myself, Anet, and Mumta I call her a girl, for she was really so, though the mother of a child six years old I was admiring her *hina*[350]-tipped fingers, and I was so forward as to ask her why she had put off her large *nath* [351] "Oh, just this way,' said she airily. "I find it too heavy to have it on always, and so prefer to keep on my *nathni*[352] instead'

"Then what difference is there between the two?' enquired I. ' Is there any speciality attached to the use of either?"

"To be sure, there is,' she answered "What a simple girl! Have you never been to a wedding?"

"Never!" I answered "How could I? We have but recently been in native society, and I am just beginning to learn your social customs"

"And it is as well for you to acquire a knowledge of what shall be required of you ere long" she said looking archly at me

350 Myrtle
351 A large nose ring
352 One smaller

"To what do you refer Mumta?' I asked laughingly, knowing full well where the point of her speech lay "But whatever may be the insinuation conveyed by your advice, I should greatly like to hear all about a marriage in your society First, how do you choose?'

She laughed heartily at this question of mine, but I am sure there was nothing to laugh at in it

"The parents choose for us, not we," she said

"Then how are you expected to love a man whom you have never seen before?' I again enquired

"Oh, love is begotten at first sight I am certain"—she continued with a smile—"this happened, I am sure in my case for I have not loved another"

Neither seen another, you ought to go further and say" I observed "As to the policy or wisdom of this custom I am not prepared to say anything Believe me I am not going to marry in this style! I intend to pick and choose

"You Europeans women are *dádé phát*![353]" she severely remarked

"And therefore our affections are more securely placed,' I retorted

"I am not so sure of that she said "But you were wanting to know what our marriage customs were So as I have got nothing particular to do, and you seem to be all for a story I will give it you O how my heart thrill at the recollection of my own experiences!'

They were delightful ecstatic I am sure, suggested I "Who proposed—he?'

353 Lit with distel eyes Met impudent unabashed

'O you silly girl! I never saw him until long ter my marriage was talked of Hear—' she continued

"Among us, the custom is for the parents of young man or girl, to send a message to the her by the *nai* or *nāwan* of the family When here is a marriageable boy or girl, such messages e sent when the parents come to know of a suitable mily in which there is an eligible boy or girl As rule as far as possible alliances are made in the ame family, for example, between cousins But henever it is necessary to seek abroad for an alliance, hat is a cause of concern to the parents After being satisfied of the suitability of the match—that s, should the social position and the means of the amily prove equal to all expectations and should the parents feel satisfied that the boy or girl, as the, case may be, is of sound limb, healthy, good looking, and of marriageable age, the contract is begun by the *mangni*,[354] which consists of sweets sent by the boy's parents, and which two days after they circulate among their friends, sending a little to each A return is made in kind afterwards by the parents of the girl, and which are likewise distributed among the friends of the young man's father

"This is the first stage of the connubial compact The marriage is celebrated whenever convenient to both parties, two or three or four years after the *mangni* or sooner"

"What have the bride and bridegroom to do then?' I enquired

"What the bridegroom has to do you can enquire

354 Betrothal

of your good man when you have one," answered Mumtá naughtily. "I can however tell you what I had to do. As soon as the day is fixed for the *nikáh*,[355] the *dulhan* (bride) has to sit in *máionor* retirement. The period of *mqion* may extend from seven to nine, eleven or twenty-two days; that is to say—she has to spend her days and nights apart from the others in a separate room, pondering over her future which might be dressed sometime, nay always at first is dressed, in rose-ate hues. Her friends, virgins like herself, keep her company, and laugh, and play, and joke with her She passes a pretty lively time of it, I can assure you. During this period she is not 'at home' to any one, except her mother and her nurse."

"Nurse!" cried I in astonishment. "What in the name of common sense can she have to do with her nurse when she is old enough to use her own legs? She is not made to swing in a cradle, is she?"

"You foolish girl!" replied Mumtá, good-humouredly. "of course she swings: but you must know that among us, the nurse always holds an honourable position in the household. She who brings up the child, has a right to be a witness of her matrimonial happiness. And so the nurse always attends to her and her needs when she is in *máion*."

"What is the object of the bride being placed in retreat so-to-speak?" asked I.

"To prepare her for the bridal," was the reply. "This is an ancient custom, and, unlike you Firangis, who change your face, your costume, your ways and manners, and your very beliefs, with the change

355, The marriage-tie or final ceremony of the marriage.

of the times, we tenaciously adhere to, and religiously follow, the usages sanctified by the memories of our *fore fathers*."

"Please tell me what rites are gone through in order to prepare the bride 'for the happy day,' asked I.

"I was coming to that,' said she. "The bride wears yellow clothes in the first place, all the time she is in seclusion, and daily her body is rubbed with *uptan*, which is an unguent made of saffron, and used invariably on such occasions. She daily puts *surmá* to her eyes and *missi* to her teeth. All during the period, she partakes of nothing but sweet dishes prepared after a special fashion.

"Oblige me, *Lubí*,' said I, "with a more minute description of the preparation which you call *uptan*. Doesn't it leave a disagreeable smell in the skin?".

"You thick-head!" laughed she. "Does it leave a bad smell or a most agreeable odour? Wait until your own time comes, you wont chaff then. You will find it to be a most agreeable pain.

"Dont grow foolish, Mumtá' said I. 'Let us know more fully about this mysterious *uptan* of yours."

"It is made in several ways" she answered. "The commonest is made of *sarson* [356] boiled in water dried and pounded fine then rubbed on the skin, this is used only by the poor and common sort of people.

"Another kind is also made of *sarson* which after being ground the husk is removed from it and mixed with the white of an egg. Another kind is

356 See *ante* 332.

composed of saffron, orange-peal, sandal-wood, and *masur-ki-dál*.[357]

"These mixtures, all more or less disagreeable, are in vogue Bengal-side. But the *uptan* used in our country is an elegant preparation and very odorous. A *hándi*[358] is filled up with *rál*,[359] *lóbán*,[360] and other such aromatic shrubs Its mouth is closed with an iron-sieve, which is filled up with barley steeped in rose-water, and covered with an inverted *tabáq* which is secured all round with moist wheat-flour The vessel is now placed on slow fire and left there for four hours, during which time the fumes of the *rál* impregnate the barley; after which the barley is taken off and ground to powder, and being mixed with *phulél*,[361] is used as an unguent for the skin. You can now judge for yourself whether this preparation is likely to leave a bad smell behind or just the reverse. Afterwards, the bride's garments are placed in the same vessel and perfumed."

"Knowing as I do how sweet-smelling *balchár* and sandal are, I can readily acknowledge the excellence of the prescription," said I. "Tell me please what follows when the bride has fulfilled the period of *maión*."

"It is followed," Mumtá continued, "by the marriage. That day the bride takes a bath which is dashed with scented waters, and wears the red *tilak*, which is a combination consisting of a very full skirt

357 A kind of pulse

358 An earthen jar with a narrow mouth.

359 Resin.

360 Another perfume

361 An odorous hair oil extracted from the jasmine and other such flowers

with bodice and sleeves And whereas before this she used only to wear a *nathni*, she now is made to put on a large gold *nath*, and other trinkets that she may have

"The bridegroom and his party arrive usually between the hour of sunset and midnight, when the *nikah* is read by the *qázi*[362] I need not describe more fully this part of the ceremony, as it is generally known After the *ijáb o qubul*[363] which on the part of the bride is of course conveyed through the medium of a *wakil* or go-between, the dower is fixed All this occupies the long hours of the night, and next morning the bridegroom takes away his bride After the marriage rite has been consummated, she returns the following day to her parents' house There she takes another bath, and now dons a *narangi*[364] *tilak* On the *chauthi* which popularly is the fourth day after the *nikáh*, the bridegroom comes again, and takes away his wife finally to her new home

"She wears the *náranji* and *tilaks* of other colours for a year after her marriage, unless she in the meantime become *enciente*, when of course she puts it off for a lighter garment She also wears a *dupatta*[365] of various colours, according to the season of the year, edged with *lachká*[366] On the *chauthi*, she wears

362 Usually a judge but now-a-days his functions are confined to officiating at marriages for which service he claims a certain fixed fee according to the means of the parties concerned

363 Proposal and acceptance

364 Orange coloured

365 Covering or scarf

366 Gold lace.

an *angia*[367] for the first time before leaving her parents' house her whole costume consisting of a *kamij* or shift, *pajama*, *tilá* and *dupattá* There, my girl" said Mamta in concluding, "there you have a brief account of a Pathan *nikah* marriage Mine was a jolly affair I hope yours may be as, if not jollier

"Thank you very much,' said I, 'and when it does take place, you will not be forgotten, *bulá* But take my word I shall certainly object to go into retreat or submit myself to the harassing rites that then take place Nor will they catch me blackening my teeth with *missi* that is a method of enhancing one's personal charms with which I have no sympathy whatever This child of yours,' continued I, looking at little Inta who was engaged marrying her dolls by the side of her mother, this child was born after your marriage, I suppose? She can hardly be three years old, and you dont look older than 20?"

"You are not a good judge of age then," said Mamta 'Intá was born a year after my marriage, and she is now six years old I was altogether too young and inexperienced a mother to attend to her, and she was such a cry baby! *Ammá* did all for me and whenever she became too troublesome the *ghundaq* was resorted to and she soon became quiet"

"What a roundish sound that word has! It is trying to the throat to pronounce it What kind of a machine might it be?" said I, quite amused at this new instrument for getting rid of a squealing baby

"O the *ghundaq* is quite a Pathán device' said she "There you can see two or three of them hang-

367 Bodice

ing on the peg. It is a long bag of coarse muslin, into which the child is wrapped and put in the cradle, both ends of the bag being tied up with *kalawa*. It is left there for two or three hours to sleep or lie down quietly as it pleases; but generally the plan has a sedative effect upon the child, and it sleeps for ever so long. Mánsi must have often seen the *ghundaq*, for it is a common thing among the Rohélá Patháns.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

A FRUITLESS SEARCH FOR THE LOST.

When last we heard of Farhat's friend, the tall figure in black, a dark cloud hung over him; he laboured under the suspicion of having had a hand in the disappearance of Zínat, if not actually of trepanning her to serve his own purposes. We have seen into what depths of sorrow he had fallen at the discovery that Zínat was gone, and with what promptitude he began the search after the *missing* girl. He scoured the left bank of the Khannaut from Kanchni-ká-bágh to Chitaunú, and again down-stream to a point where that river falls into the Ganga. But there was not a vestige, not a trace which could have furnished a clue to the prosecution of a further search. He then engaged the services of experienced *mánjhís*[365] to dredge the river, *from the point* where the *méánd* had crossed to a distance of two or

365 A boatman or carman a special class of men in India.

three miles downstream; and he employed expert divers to sound the bed here and there in search of her corpse, if haply the conjecture that she had been drowned might prove correct.

All these efforts, however, proved fruitless. At length dispirited, discouraged, sick at heart through anxiety, inward pain and hunger (for he had had no food during the last twenty-four hours), he retraced his steps towards his home in the city. But on the way he halted, and sitting down by the ford where he himself had crossed the previous evening, he was lost in thought and amazement at the reverse which had befallen the enterprize, in the prosecution of which he had so zealously joined his friend.

The sun was now declining to the west, the *dhobís*, who usually wash in and about that spot, were drawing up their *patrás* and bundling up their clothes, when an old *Sadhú*[369] accosted him, and enquired of him the cause of his apparent sorrow. "Oh, a great sorrow has befallen me; but why do you ask? Can you tell me anything?" "What do you wish to know?" said the Sádhú. "Are you the Pathán who this morning was seen to run up and down the bank, running as if he was being chased by devils, and slashing the air wildly with his naked scimitar?" His interlocutor concluded that it must be no other than Farhat of whom the Sádhú was speaking, who, on discovering what had happened, had lost his reason, as he feared he would. "In any case," mused he, "I no more meet Farhat in life, until I can do so and present his beloved to him. By me he has lost her, and I am no Emnazai Pathán

369 A religious ascetic of the Hindu faith.

if I do not spend the remainder of my unhappy life in searching for, until I have found, her The unmerited reproach of massacring a kâfir I could tolerate I could look the judge in the face when charged with arson but Forbat I cannot confront while this dark suspicion hangs over me, of having proved false and untrue in my friendship to him Thou knowest O All-seeing, that this heart is true and these hands pure! O *Nazir-i haqiqi*![370] do Thou help me to keep the vow which I here make that I shall not see my native land again or worship Thee in the old mosque under the green *imli* tree until I have found my friend's beloved and restored her to his arms again And, oh, that her ravisher might come within arm's length of me! Then would he know what strength it has rendered more *puissant* now to strike the guilty to the earth!"

He was lost in these reflections while the old ascetic surveyed him from head to foot, and concluded that his objurations must refer to some grief that had befallen him recently He repeated his question "*Vidn*,[371] are you interested in the wonderful thing that happened this morning at this very spot where we are both standing?"

"What wonderful thing occurred?" moodily asked the man in black

"I refer to the disappearance of a certain Bi-Sáhab, who was going to leave her father's home unknown to her people, but her design miscarried through the *dáh*[372] of her bereaved mother"

370 Lit the true seer a title of the Deity

371 Here the wretch begins to talk Musa man

372 A peasant or groan. It is a Persian word of deep import

"What knowest thou of the matter? Speak and I shall reward thee," again spoke the man in black.

"Where the honour of a *kanneá*[373] is concerned I accept no reward," replied the old man haughtily. "But I wish to be-friend thee, for I can see through thee, and am convinced that what has happened thou couldst not have prevented. It was so willed from Above."

"Say on then, báwají, tell me what you know of the matter if you know anything at all, and earn my heartfelt thanks."

"This much I can tell thee," replied the Sádhu, "that early this morning as I was bathing at this very spot engaged in my orisons, I perceived the *dhimars* crossing a *mèáná*, and a tall figure in black following after it with rápid strides. I lost sight of them soon after, for in these days of public disorder it is nothing extraordinary to see *mèánas* with women in them leaving the city for a safer refuge in the country. But a while after as I was standing amid-stream laving the water for an offering to the rising luminary of the day, I perceived in the distance a man leading a woman by the arm Chitauná side. It was a tall, thin man dressed in white and he seemed to be entreating her to go along with him quietly or he would use force, while she faltered at every step and wept and called upon somebody whose name I could not catch, to come to her rescue. But her cries were lost in the morning breeze which had now sprung up for when I looked up again they both were gone."

"Was the tall man whom thou speakest of, *bábá* anything like me in his general appearance?' enquired the man in black.

373 A daughter

'No" was the reply "Thou art tall but prop
tionately built while the other was of lean figure a
wore a white beard The whole scene struck me
if it was a *forced elopement of a woman* who h
been waylaid unexpectedly, and who would fain
rid of her captor"

"Chitauna-side saidst thou they went?" ag
interrogated the man in black "Where dost th
think they could have gone?"

"How can I tell, *bacchá?*" replied the old m
"The cut of his clothes would seem to betoken h
a man from Dilli-side, but it does not neces-arily f
low from that that to Dilli they are gone.'

"True, bawa," rejoined the man in black wi
great fervour, "thou hast tapped the sorrow of
heart; it is that woman whom I am in search of

"Is she thy wife or a sweetheart?"

"Neither, bawá, she is my friend's beloved, a
she has been spirited away from my charge And
have vowed *maharaj*[374] not to re-visit this land un
I have found her Wilt thou be my guide? Thy h
drop words of sincerity and commiseration, th
seems to be acquainted with the country to wh
the robber belongs Deign, therefore to direct
which route to take so as to reach the goal the soone

'Thou canst not track the felon unassisted, I s
chá' said the Sádhu "for thou as yet knowest n
the nature of the business or the arms with which
can be combated The way is long and arduous a
the enterprise difficult and dangerous" Then taki
off a *thirz*[375] from his arm, he added, "Wear this

374 *Maharaj* lit is great king The term is applied to brahm
in general and to ascetics and holy men in particular
375 An armlet

token of my good will Let it never find thee in a state of impurity or allied to those who own *shirk*,[376] or have shed innocent blood Rest in my hut to-night, and betimes rise and take thy journey And when thou reachest the skirt of the plain beyond Lodhipur, thou shalt be directed"

CHAPTER LXXXIV

THE VERY FIRST CLUE

So, after resting for the night on the banks of the Khannaut, the man in black took his departure early the next morning He had not travelled far when, in crossing the sandy plain which lies beyond the lands of Lodhipur, he perceived an elderly man in a shirt of black coarse blanket sitting and tracing cabalistic signs with his finger on the ground He at once recognised him as Mastan Sháh and, saluting him with marked respect sat down beside him and watched the abstruse calculations upon which the durwésh seemed to be engaged It was a difficult problem apparently for, after drawing a square and tracing two straight horizontal lines on it, and drawing other two perpendicular lines bisecting these at right angles, the whole of which formed a diagram consisting of twelve smaller squares, inscribed with numerals and esoteric names which, however, he could not read the recluse set his right index finger upon one, then upon another, and at once withdrew it and placed it between his teeth as if in deep con-

376 Idolatry the word has been explained before

temptation He did not notice or did not seem to notice the arrival of a visitor who got rid of the unexpected meeting, was wishing with all eagerness to find an opportunity of speaking and opening his heart to him Fully two or three hours were spent in this pastime the hour of noon approached when the sun should reach his zenith It struck the man in black that the muda was seeking some particular square in his diagram but which persistently eluded him As he had been watching the game for a considerable time, impelled by something within he suddenly placed his finger on a square which as yet had not been touched by the recluse The latter started as from a reverie, and fixing his eyes sternly upon him, demanded what he wanted of him

"Mian," said he, "I am not unknown to you neither can the affliction under which I labour be unknown to you I seek that which is lost. Give me your advice and your blessing"

"The world is full of evil,' broke forth the seer, "and rebellion is but another name for idolatry What are we all coming to? The natural ties between parent and child are severed rudely by the touch of the Evil one, and where the connections that follow ought to be attended with a blessing the *dhan*[377] of the distressed mother, the *suppressed sigh of the injured* father, mark the passage of the flying one with burning cinders Ah!" And the recluse was going to resume his parable when perceiving the trembling figure before him who with hands crossed on his bosom had now raised his tearful eyes to heaven 'Heaven is with thee, baba,' said he softening

377 See ante 370

"Though the enterprise be both long and difficult, thou hast fixed thy grasp upon the ganglia of the recreant Ask no more questions but go where all the would is going to'—pointing with his finger to a point N N W from the spot where he stood—"there lies thy way Go and seek the pillar of fire"

"Condescend, Mián-Sahib, to tell me at least the name of the town or place to which I shall direct my way," and the man in black bended down to touch his feet But there was no longer any *Mián* there, he had vanished, and his interlocutor found himself standing alone in the open plain with the fierce rays of the mid day sun beating down upon his head Retiring to a tope of trees which he perceived in the distance, he sat down and reflected upon the past, and upon the progress which he had already achieved

"Already two men, both of whom I doubt not were commanded to do so by the Power above, have blessed my enterprise But one of them directs me to go east, and the other tells me to go west What the place may be to which the recluse's finger pointed I cannot tell precisely, but judging from the description given me of the robber by the old Sádhu, and coupling that fact with the direction which I have since received, I have no doubt but that my destination is Dilli There the fight is raging for the sovereignty of Hindostan, there those tossed on the sea of desire by the winds of ambition have already gone, and there I too must go, not to accomplish any selfish object of my own but to discharge the responsibilities which friendship imposes upon me. O Thou Gracious Power! direct my way I beseech Thee and bring me safely to the goal which Thy servant

his set before me I go forth without companion and without visible protection in these times of public insecurity, when the life of a man is not worth a straw I take Thy Awful Name which no one can take and be denied grace O *Karím kársáz*,[378] prosper my undertaking, I beseech Thee!"

Thus did the man in black supplicate the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe, and his prayer was carried by his guardian angels before the throne and presented before Him whose ears are always open to the prayer of faith.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

A SORTIE REPULSED

Firoz—for by this name we propose to call in future the black knight—Firoz travelled on foot Armed with sword, knife and pistol, the latter two of which were secured to his girdle, and his target thrown over his back, he held the former in his hand, resting it on his right shoulder as was the habit with men-at-arms of that period Of a manly figure and a dignified bearing, in whichever saraí he rested for the night, his outward appearance commanded deference and consideration from all He was taken to be a *sipáhi* or adventurer, going to Dilli' to carve out a fortune for himself Once at Bidaon and again at Bulandshahr and Meerut, he enquired of the mahtaráni whether a tall thin man wearing a grey beard had travelled that way, with a young woman who

378 The merciful worker, the Deity

covered a *dulá*, but he was uniformly answered in the negative Of a truth, there were so few travellers passing in those days from town to town that the inns were almost starved out for custom

"No," the mahtráni replied to his query, "no such wayfarers have passed, but, *mian*, added she with an arch smile, "you seem to be interested more in the fate of the young woman than her companion I tell you that when you reach Dilli, no one can be of greater assistance to you in this matter than women Employ, therefore, women to effect your purpose, for where man's ingenuity fails, there the art and wit of woman come into play"

When Firoz reached Delhi, he at once proceeded to Fatehpuri-masjid and having put aside his arms, and laved his hands and feet in water from the reservoir which stood in the centre of the courtyard he performed the *maghrib ki namáz*[379] at the end of which he recited the *munajat*,[380] thanking Allah for bringing him safely to the great city, and imploring His aid in the further prosecution of his search

The streets were astir with the march of troops concentring on a position outside the walls, for the insurgents were about to make one of their sorties on the British entrenchments Having taken up quarters in the Idgah ki sarái which was nearest the Mori and Turkmán gates of the town, he resolved to follow in the wake of the army which was appointed to give the attack the following day, the 14th

379 The fourth of the series of daily prayers prescribed for the faithful

380 Lit the supplication following the ritual worship when the faithful may ask of the Deity what they please

of July Bakht-Khan of the Bareilly brigade, who had been appointed general as soon as he arrived at Delhi commanded on this occasion, and he directed his attack simultaneously upon Hindu Rao's house and the picket in Sabzi-Mandi The force consisted of seven regiments of infantry, a large body of cavalry, and several field pieces It was a most determined attack, supported moreover by a heavy fire of artillery from the walls But it met with as equally determined an opposition from the besiegers The posts were rapidly reinforced as soon as they were attacked It seemed that detachments from many regiments were hastily called out and brought up to the different points threatened, for uniforms of various descriptions could be perceived mixed together at the same time

Many gallant feats were performed by either side. Geneste, an artillery officer in command of two guns, was surprised by a cloud of the insurgent cavalry He had no support and could not use his guns, as they were limbered up He fired four barrels of his revolver and killed two men, and then knocked a third off his horse by throwing his empty pistol at him Two horsemen thereupon charged full tilt and rolled him and his horse over He got up and seeing a *pandy*[331] at foot coming at him to cut him down rushed at him, got inside his sword, and hit him full in the face with his fist At that moment he was

331 *Pandy* is a sobriquet given by the Europeans of the period to the mutineers in general It was first applied to Mangal a private of the 34th B N I who sounded the first note of the rebellion at Barrackpore He is known in the history of the mutiny by the name of Mangal *pandy* The word is a corruption of *Pándé* one of the great septs of the brahmin community

cut down from behind, and was only saved from slaughter by Faithful, a brother officer, who rode up, shot one sawar and sabred another, and then carried him off bleeding but safe

De Brett, another subaltern, was set upon by a burly pandy who knocked off his sword with his bayonet and would the next moment have despatched him, when a lancer dashed from behind and laid low the pandy, pinning him to the ground His triumph was, however, short-lived, for before he could extricate his weapon which had buried itself in the ground, an insurgent sawar charged him, cutting him down with one stroke of his sabre

The contest grew every moment very precarious, for the British troops which had been on the defensive till three o'clock, began to show signs of exhaustion At length a column was formed at Hindu Rao's house under Brigadier Showers, consisting of one native and one European infantry, and six horse-artillery guns Then commenced a double contest, the insurgents resisting doggedly and contesting the ground they had gained step by step until, after a fierce struggle they were driven back into the city

Though Firoz had an opportunity of marking the excellent fighting quality of the pandy—and their strength of limb and personal bravery were unquestioned—he nevertheless could not fail to perceive how decidedly the insurgent leader was wanting in the knowledge of strategy He lacked the requisite skill for handling a body of 10 000 men, and of directing his columns upon the various points open to attack, and supporting them with reserves where necessary No sooner was a column repulsed than they showed want of the requisite nerve to give a second attack, and

follow it up with persistency and determination Whereas the British, though few in numbers, were animated with unflinching courage, united action was perceptible in their several operations, and the result of combination and abler generalship won them the day They, however, suffered severe losses, a large number of their junior officers having fallen

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

THE 'PILLAR OF FIRE'.

When Firoz returned to the sarái he formed a plan for his own future operations He resolved to keep as much to himself as possible, for already he had heard remarks made that being so well armed, he ought to take a share in the fight for 'din' He had, however, no such intention He had come to Delhi with a specific object which was not to engage in political schemes and to that object he must keep without mixing himself up in public affairs His heart was set upon the accomplishment of his purpose

As soon therefore as it was day the third day of his arrival, he sought for a quiet retreat in the suburbs, and remembering the advice of the Meerut informant, summoned four *kutnis* [382] to his presence On enquiring from them what special qualifications they possessed one of them informed him that she could describe to him the nature and character of a bird on the wing Another said that she was able to make a rent in the sky and patch it The third assured

[382] A procuress or go between

him that she could carry fire in cotton; and the fourth, that she would fetch him water in a sieve

He marvelled at these varied accomplishments, but told them that his purpose was merely to obtain information concerning a certain pillar of fire that was somewhere in their city, and that he would therefore not require the services of such clever women as they

The second day other two women waited on him, one of whom addressed him thus "My name is Shirkat, and I possess many qualifications, one of which is that I can blow a pinch of dust towards thy enemy, and destroy him in an instant'

"But," remarked he, "though an enemy I have, my first care is to find him Sure I am that he is somewhere in your city, and that he can be traced only when I have discovered the pillar of fire"

"Nothing more easy than to lead thee to a fire that burns perpetually Go to jahannam if thou wilt, and I will accompany thee there But,' continued she, 'I possess still greater qualifications than those I have enumerated I can transform myself into a dog or a serpent, and I can do the same to thee likewise, if thou wilt permit me to use the means I consider best for the furtherance of thy plans'

While she spoke, her eyes glowed unconciously like two coals of fire Firoz felt somewhat uncomfortable in her presence, for though she had the figure of a woman her voice was that of a man 'Thou possessest rare virtues, said he, 'and I think I shall employ thee And what are you able to do, nekbukht?" addressing the second woman who, old and bent, seemed to be a plain person in need of employment

Mán," replied Lhuma for that was her name,

"I am unable to rival the wonderful skill of the *kuti* who has just spoken I am no *kutni* myself but a ordinary woman of the world, who has seen muc affliction, and would do my best to relieve that of a other I can only promise to do my best to trace th object of your search, and may-be to shield you fro imminent peril" These last words she uttered glanc ing significantly at the other woman

'Then you will do for me, my good woman," sai Firoz struck by her transparent ingenuousness "Yo are taken into my service from this minute, for know that the clouds which thunder greatest are thos that run least" [383]

Days passed and even months, and yet Firoz wa no nearer the accomplishment of his purpose than th first day of his arrival in Delhi During the inter val the city had been stormed and taken by the Bri tish, and the mutinous soldiery driven out, some t return to their homes, and await in fear and tremb ling the day of retribution that must surely come with the restoration of British power over the land others to swell the ranks of the insurgents in the many cities which were still in their possession He had as yet obtained no clue to the pillar of fire

One night he sauntered out, accompanied by his two confederates, for the discovery of a perpetual fire which Shirkat informed him was maintained in a certain part of the city She led him to a ru ined building in the open country, which at one time seemed to have been an idolatrous fane Before he entered it, however, he felt for his *tanz* and repeated the *la haul*, and, grasping his scimitar which rung

383 An eastern proverb.

against his shield, he cautiously stepped into a round chamber which was lighted by a taper suspended from the roof Some four or five shadowy forms sat round a log-fire, and the chief among them recited something in inaudible whispers, and every now and again threw a pellet into the fire which blazed up and emitted a fleshy odour.

Firoz suspected he had fallen among burglars, but Shirkat whispered to him "How fortunate! You have before you the perpetual fire, but not only that, we have before us company who, if you follow up my advice diligently, will lead us to a place from which your 'pillar of fire' will be plainly visible But before we do anything, look round the chamber and assure yourself that there are no armed men here, and no arms of any kind You only have weapons, and could, if you liked, cut down every one of those present and meet no opposition"

"Thou sayest truly," observed Firoz, "but proceed"

Can you not perceive any object in the room"—interrogated Shirkat—'any object other than men? Can you not see the carcase of a black dog?"

"I do see that," remarked Firoz 'A curious article of furniture for such a place! What do they propose to do with it? And, I can hear distinctly the hiss of a serpent?"

"Your observations are very correct, said Shirkat. "As to that dog he will presently prove of immense advantage to us, if you will only be guided by what I tell you You must permit me to transform you into a black dog'

'Daughter of Iblis!" cried Firoz in anger

"Darest thou propose so unholy a thing to a true believer?"

"There is no occasion to raise your voice, sir, or to be angry," suggested she calmly "I ought to have been plainer It is *necessary for you to throw aside* your present body, and let me cause your spirit to enter that carcase The dog will be resuscitated, and in his rage will overpower that man mumbling over his beads and will enforce his commands on him He *alone* possesses the secret of the 'pillar of fire' I place before you the means of encompassing your object in a moment of time The proposition may appear strange and fantastic, but I can show you how it can be done"

She at once lay down by the side of the carcase, and covering her face with her right hand while the other rested on the head of the dog, she drew a deep sigh Suddenly as if by magic the carcase palpitated shook itself and rose on its feet, and began to gambol about in the room The animal approached Firoz, and placed his head against his knees and began to whine as a mark of affection He wondered at the spectacle but suddenly feeling as if somebody from behind was tugging at his scimitar, he turned round and seized the arms of Fahimá who was trying to draw the weapon from its scabbard

What meanest thou by this act thou contemptible crone?"

'Draw thy sword, *mán*, and kill that dog, take old Fahimá's advice, or you will be sorry

"Stop that sorry tongue of thine and take no more liberties with my weapons or it will go ill with thee' raged Firoz

Then turning round again, he was again lost in admiration at the feat performed by Shirkat, and to make sure that it was no delusion practised on his senses, he kicked her corpse which showed not the least sign of life

The dog now glared with hungry eyes at the mumbling priest, who began to cower and manifest signs of fear It was a weird scene, and impressed itself powerfully on his imagination After this, the dog came and lay down in the same posture which the carcase had occupied, and in an instant Shirkat rose to her feet again

"Are you now convinced, sáhab, of the truth of my assertions and are you prepared to apply the test to yourself?" she asked

Firoz was under the influence of a spell He expressed himself willing to go through the operation, on condition that she guaranteed his safety, and, moreover, he would not put away his arms from him

"Retain your arms by all means' said she but everything else you may have on your person must be removed'

"Agreed said he and stretched himself by the side of the carcase

"The spell cannot work' she told him, until the thing you have on your arm is removed He understood her to mean the *tauiz* which he wore on his right arm He took it off and gave it to her She took it and was going to fling it into the fire, when Fahumá who had been watching the whole scene with fixed attention seized her hand and with great dexterity wrenched it from her grasp Though she looked

daggers at her, not wishing, however, to raise any suspicion of her good faith in the mind of Firoz, she stifled her resentment for a time

Immediately the dog stood on his legs again A truly wonderful scene followed Shirkat, now no longer a woman, re-appeared in the form of a tall lean bearded man, and pursued the dog round and round the room while the shadowy forms that hitherto had sat motionless round the fire, did likewise throwing balls of fire at him The dog hunted on all sides, flew for protection to the only individual in the room who had remained passive during this hot chase, namely Fahima

"Quick, said Fahima "touch that human corpse" and she instantly drew his scimitar from its sheath, and made with it a small incision in his skin Hardly had the first drop of blood issued from the wound, when the lifeless body of Firoz was animated again He jumped up on his feet and as Fahima threw the *tawiz* round his arm, he drew his scimitar and ran tilt against the whilom Shirkat, who, however, in the twinkling of an eye passed himself into the dog's carcase and rushed out of the house At the same time the whole scene was dissolved, the mumbling priest and the shadowy forms were *no more* There stood only Firoz and Fahima, the former wondering at the change in himself, and the different objects which his quickened senses now began to perceive At the same time a prodigious anaconda who had been hissing all the while from a corner of the room, slowly uncoiled itself, and, stretching out its scaly length, began to make its way towards the ruins of old Delhi

'Quick, Firoz, quick!" cried Fahima again, 'follow that reptile with rapid steps If thou canst overtake him and cut him down with one blow of thy scimitar, thou hast conquered, but let him not be lost sight of at any rate" As they proceeded, the rustling sound produced by the motion of the huge reptile guiding them on, they came to a building among the ruins of old Delhi, which from its appearance was the tomb of a saint, for it was lighted supernaturally, though it was now the latter part of the night Here they made a halt, the serpent glided down a deep valley and was no more seen But lo! a pillar of fire rose from the bottom of the valley, casting a lurid light over the surrounding desolation, for the ground for miles round was nothing but dilapidated buildings and old tombs Suddenly Fahima's visage was changed, and Firoz recognised in her altered form the old Sadhu who had met him at the Khannaut, and had blessed his enterprise Dumb-founded, terror-stricken, appalled at the sight of his earliest friend, he threw himself on the ground, and touched the feet of his faithful guide while he exclaimed "Pardon me, *bawa*, for my indiscretions! I owe my life to thee!

"Be easy *baccha*! answered he 'Half the work is done, there is the pillar of fire which thou seekest!'

END OF PART III

MARIAM.

PART IV.

'DELIVERANCE.'

CHAPTER LXXXVII

RECALLED FROM BANISHMENT

While these determined efforts were being made by Farhat's friend to seek that which was lost, he himself was just beginning to recover from the effect of the great shock which he had sustained For several months he was lost sight of entirely by his friends, who, though they knew they incurred the risk of the Nawab's heavy displeasure by communicating with him, nevertheless could not stifle the promptings of natural affection And they could not also ignore the fact that, whatever share he might have had in the disappearance of Zinat, he did not seem to have benefitted by it at all, for while he was raving mad and wandered about homeless and forlorn she probably was in the possession of another, if really she was not drowned in the Khannaut The story of her elopement, and the eventful passage of the Khannaut in the course of the flight, was known to every one, and they also knew that Farhat was not with her when she left her father's home, nor during the passage of the river, nor yet when she was mysteriously taken away from the *meená* So they were ready to make out a strong case in favor of the young man, and they eventually prevailed upon the Nawab so far as to cause the edict of banishment to be annulled The Nawáb, however strenuously refused to see again the destroyer of his daughter, though he permitted him to re cross the Khannaut and visit his father's home and his friends in the city

Wajihullá and he had been intimate at one time, for the youths had read the same books and under the same master Though he was oftener in the jungles at night than in the parlours of civilized society, he nevertheless began to pay frequent visits at Kothiwálá's He spoke little, but used to sit down and listen quietly to the learned disquisitions which his friend gave upon the different subjects which engaged the attention of the company at that period There had been stories told of *jins* of foul spirits, and of the pranks they played, and the mischief which they wrought among human beings

One evening, as they all sat round a cheerful fire—it was the month of February when the north-westerly winds blow chill and cutting over the country of Rohelkhand—Shéran Khan proposed to renew the former discussion, and he requested his nephew to tell them what Magic was, and how to distinguish it from the more perfect knowledge of the Most High "And,' added Amjad, "*Bhaid* will also be able to tell us some of the means by which the malign influences which afflict mankind can be got rid of"

'The subject which you have set before me" answered Wajihullá "is a difficult one It is not part of our earlier reading though I have, since we began to talk of these matters taken pains to collate some facts and which I hope to lay before you this evening Anything that I can say however, will be open to correction, and as Maulvi Sáhab honours me with being one of my audience, he will, I feel sure, correct any inaccuracies that may strike him"

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

MAGIC

"According to one celebrated commentator, *Sahr or magic is something abstruse, the causes of which* are esoteric, or that occult cause or agency by means of which man can acquire power over operations which are at once wonderful and extraordinary, and for which purpose he must secure the assistance of supernatural agency (or the devils) And as there are many esoteric causes in nature, so there are several kinds of *Sahr* or magic

"Some of them are the following —

(1) One of them is called *Auldánian* or *sahr-i-Bábul*, to defeat which the prophet Abraham was born It is an excellent species of magic, and owes its origin to *Hárut* and *Márut*, the two disobedient angels, about whom however I cannot speak more precisely at present It is employed chiefly for the purpose of subduing the spirit-world to the power of the operator's will

(2) Another kind of magic is that employed to subdue the genii and the evil spirits It is comparatively easy of acquisition For that purpose, it is necessary to supplicate the asterisms which preside over those powers and to weep before them, also to make offerings and sacrifices to them and to place before them perfumes and aromatic shrubs

(3) The third class of magic is known as *Bir* Having sought out the corpse of a man who, while living was possessed of a strong mind and an

extraordinary degree of courage and physical daring, by the use of certain formulæ indicative of the greatness of, and reverence due to, Bhawáni, to Hanumán and others, the departed spirit is drawn towards the operator, the effect of which spell, aided by the votive offerings made, is that the spirit becomes subject to him, and will attend slavishly to all that is required of it to do The spirits thus invoked are generally the foul spirits of the Hindus and other unbelievers, who are foredoomed to perdition

(4) The fourth class of magic is that termed *Asháb-i-auhám* It was greatly in vogue formerly among the aboriginal inhabitants of our country but has since fallen into disuetude, and is now no longer known or practised It is also designated *Taálíq-ul wahm*, and is dependent solely upon the power of the imagination This was the form of it The operator having drawn a picture of the object desired, and having placed it before himself he used to cause his apprehension to go forth for the acquisition of the reality, and by the power of abstinence and retirement, the desired object was gained

(5) *Ilm-i-símíá* is another class of magic It signifies the power possessed by the operator of transferring his own spirit into the dead body of another, and to cause it to assume any form he pleases and to travel any given distance over space in a moment of time The essential condition for the acquisition of this power, however, is to recognise the superior force of man's will over the spirit-world, and to reject all their abject professions of subordination and ignorance, otherwise they will either refuse to become entirely subject to him or will throw off his yoke

whenever they can take him at a disadvantage, and thus the object of the spell will be defeated"

Wajihullá paused to take breath His brother Amjad enquired

"Are these the only classes of magic known to the learned, *bhaiá?*"

"No,' he replied, "there are others; such as the *Kulliá*, the *Juziá*, the *Sifliá*, the *Falakiá*, the *Unsaria*, the *Taskiá*, the *Murakkilá*, and several others These, in their concrete or relative forms, are brought into play in working most of the spells or charms used by the professors of the art, but we haven't the time to speak of them all

"But you will describe to me please, the form and manner of invoking the heavenly bodies, and so by their means of acquiring power over the genii and spirit-world?' spoke Farhat, looking at Wajihullá earnestly

"That I will, if only for curiosity's sake," answered Wajihullá, "for you must know that the science is altogether repugnant to the feelings of an orthodox Musalmán, nay, the practice is heterodox and the words used blasphemous, and no true believer will be found to utter them At any rate since you are anxious to hear it, I shall give you the formulæ

"To subdue the spirit-world, it is necessary first to obtain power over the Moon, and through her over Mercury, and so on The following formula is used for invoking the Moon

'O king, generous, chief showerer of mercies, and sender of mercies, and bestower of bounties on us below!'

"The formula for invoking the planet Mercury is perhaps still stronger, it is as follows —

'All those things which are for my good are derived from thee, and all those things which drive the evil from me are of thee!'"

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

CHALDÆAN MAGIC

"You have not yet spoken, my boy," observed Shéran Khàn, "about the origin of magic Did you not say that one form of it originated from *Hárut* and *Márut*?"

"Yes, I did,' answered Wajíhullá "An eminent commentator says that magic came into the world by two means Firstly, when Hazrat Suleiman (on whom be peace!) reigned on earth, the devils used to intermix freely with human beings, and the latter acquired the knowledge of it from the former The children of Israil forsaking the precepts of their religion began during the period of their decadence to devote greater attention to the study of magic, nay, they went so far as to assert that they had learnt it from Hazrat Suleiman, who, they further had the temerity to assert, possessed power over both man and the genii because of his perfect knowledge of magic This however, is an error for the knowledge possessed by that sage monarch and unrivalled thinker was derived from the wisdom and understanding which the Almighty Giver had endowed him with, and though I have no doubt that among his numerous accomplishments was a knowledge of magic also, it was never used by him in the sense that we speak of it

now For he had no need to use it in that sense, the wisdom with which he had been endowed from Above embracing *all* knowledge both past and present

"Secondly, *Hárut* and *Márut* taught the science of magic to the children of men. Their story is a very interesting one, and I shall therefore relate it to you with as close regard however, to brevity and comprehensiveness as possible

"I have alluded to them as being the authors of *Kuldánian* magic The history belongs to the age of the prophet Idrís,[1] who flourished a century after Adam He was born in the country of Shám Another tradition is that Adam died when had Idrís attained the age of 360 The majority believe that he was the first to hold the prophetic office after Adam and that he prophesied during a period of one hundred and five years He received thirty messages from Heaven

"When the sins of the posterity of Adam began to reach up to Heaven the murder of Hábíl by his brother Cáin being one there arose a debate among the angelic host the result of which was that the Great Father sent two of the angels down to exercise dominion over the earth and to administer justice and adjudicate other causes among the sons of men One of them was named '*Gharrá*' and the other '*Gharáyá*' Among other matters in which they were instructed they were strictly enjoined to abstain from idolatry, murder adultery and drunkenness For a long period these two delegate-angels maintained an upright course of conduct dispensing even

1 See App XXIV

justice and settling causes to the general satisfaction of mankind

"One day while they were engaged in adjusting a cause of uncommon difficulty, a woman, beautiful of person and eloquent of speech, named *Zohrá*, entered the judgment-hall, and sought redress against her husband Her sweet words and pretty face disturbed the serenity of their minds, and they both lost their hearts to her Love caused one to sink his foot in a quicksand and the other to place his hand on his heart They therefore delayed the completion of her suit

"Next day, she—the beautiful, the heart-stealer—came again Both her angel judges received her in a private room, and disclosed to her the secret of their hearts She heard, and, with a languishing air and coy speech, answered them thus 'Your religion is different from mine Besides that, my husband has a very jealous disposition if he comes to know that I have been visiting you privately and have held intercourse with you, he will kill me If you wish therefore to possess me, you must fall down before the idol which is the object of my worship, and pay adoration to it And if you wish to slake your thirst for my society at the fountain of pleasure, you must slay my husband the thorn of whose oppression has torn my heart and left it bleeding'

"The angels said 'Allah be our refuge' To worship any other than the True One would be a great sin and to kill any one without cause would be a base and abominable act we cannot fulfil either of these conditions She—the beloved object the heart stealer—withdrew after throwing upon them this taunt If you were going after all to look to the end, why

did you take up with the name and profession of Love, and bring discredit upon both?'

"The two being now fairly struck, anxiety and disquietude seized their minds, and the violence of their passion overcame the better part of their judgment. Accordingly, they sent her a message to say that they would be her guests the following evening, and received her reply: 'Come without the least hesitation or scruple, I will be ready for you.'

"Meanwhile she, having sumptuously furnished her private chamber and adorned it with all manner of attractive objects, and having, as was her wont, spread a soft luxurious seat for them, and placed by the side thereof three or four flagons of wine, awaited their coming. When they two, with burning hearts and the helm of the ship of their reason gone, arrived at the house of their beloved, hot desire and the fire which raged within them having made them impatient, they exclaimed: 'The moment is propitious, come and sit down near us, such an opportunity is not likely to recur again.' She replied: 'I place four things before you, choose one of them — (1) either fall down and worship my idol, (2) or, kill my husband, (3) or, teach me the *Ism-i-ázam*[2] (4) or, lastly, drink this wine.'

"They both began to argue among themselves: 'Idolatry and murder are great sins, and we ought therefore to abstain from them; and as to the *Ism i-áz im*, it is a secret of the Most High, and we must not reveal it to any one. Whereas to drink wine is

2 A mysterious text or word or formula which it is said no boly knows. Allah has withheld it from men in the same way as he has withheld from them a knowledge of the day of their death. *Ism-i ázam* means literally the Great Name.

easy sin, and cannot harm us so much as the hers let us do that' They thus having come to a olution, sat down at ease in the midst of pleasure, id began to drink the wine They failed to discern e eye of the Just Accountant who was watching er their actions, but drank and lost the even balance their minds Other effects speedily followed ey fell down and paid adoration to her idol, they urdered her husband, and communicated to her the *m i azam*, by the help of which, tradition says, she w up to heaven and became one of the planets [3]

"When they had recovered from the effects of e wine, they began to be sad over what they had ne and the change which had come over them hey now repaired to Idris, and entreated him to ay and intercede for them with the Great Father, that their sins might be pardoned The prophet ing commissioned thereto delivered the following essage to them 'The Great and Holy One places o alternatives before you, choose you one of them — ther be punished on earth or at the last day' They erefore chose the former, 'because,' said they, 'the orld is transitory and perishable, whereas the world hich will have its commencement from the last day, ill be eternal and everlasting'

Jibrail [4] was now commanded by the Great ather to descend to earth, who having come down id to them 'Your names are changed — *Gharrá* ill be called *Hárut*, and *Gharaya Márut*' And he ed them with iron chains and suspended them head remost in the great well of Bábul which burns

3 *Zohra* is the Arab c name for the planet Venus

4 The angel Cal rel

with perennial fire, each of the holy angels being commissioned to go every day and beat them by turns with fiery lashes" *

"*Wáh! khub!*"[5] exclaimed every one "What an instructive tale of disobedience punished!"

"Woman," observed Mangal Khan, "woman, you see, was at the bottom of it all woman is all-powerful, woman is *more powerful than wine!*"

"No doubt, you speak from experience,' observed Shéran Khan "But, my boy," continued he addressing Wajihulla, "you have not yet come to the origin of magic?"

CHAPTER XC.

SOME TALISMANS DESCRIBED

"I promised to trace the history of one class of magic, the *Iuldánian*, to the disobedient angels," began Wajihulla "The *jins* and the devils go to *Hárut* and *Márut* to learn spells from them, and they come and practise the same upon human beings

"In ancient times, the sons of men also used to visit them and take lessons from them in the science of magic Thus during the reign of Namrud,[6] the philosophers of Bábul[7] made several *tilisms*[8] which no one could comprehend'

5 Well done! Excellent!

6 Nimrod

7 Babel or Babylon

8 A talisman or spell The idea conveyed is however that of a mechanical contrivance or automaton

"Be so good, *sahibzáde*, as to describe some of them," said Amjad's maulvi

"I shall not weary the audience," replied Wajihullá, "by any long descriptions, but will oblige you, *Janal*, by alluding to some of them as briefly as possible

Tilism first —One of them was a cistern constructed outside the city walls, on the margin of which an image of marble or copper was erected by them Whenever an emissary or a thief gained admittance into the city, this image used to raise the inhabitants by the great noise which it made, so that in the end the common enemy was caught and brought to justice

Tilism second —They made a drum which was brought to the following use If a person had lost a thing and suspected any one of stealing it, he brought the suspect down to the place and requested him to beat the drum If he happened to be the thief, his name and place were at once declared, but, if otherwise the drum refused to give a sound

Tilism third —Another commentator speaks of it as a tambourine which, when beaten declared the name and address of the thief as well as the name of the rightful owner of the article

Tilism fourth —They also made a marvellous mirror, which was consulted by those who had friends and relatives abroad It declared to them their condition and whereabouts but one of the rules was that it should only be consulted on a fixed day of the year

Tilism fifth —A reservoir was constructed for the purpose of being used by Namrud on the occasion of his public entertainments Once a year the more respectable inhabitants of the city gathered together, and

throw into it the eatables and drinkables which they had brought with them After enjoying themselves in such ways as they pleased, at the time of leaving the persons appointed for the purpose drew out and served to the people Those who had thrown in milk, honey, or sugar received back the very same substances to their share, though all the while they had been mixed together and were dissolved by the action of water

"*Tilism sixth* —A tank was constructed for the purpose of administering justice, both civil and criminal For instance, if two persons had a cause between each other and could not come to terms, because each took a favourable view of his own case and thus self-interest rendered him incapable of separating the truth from falsehood, they both entered the water together, which rose up no higher than the waist of the one who had the right on his side, but it passed over the head of, and drowned the other party unless meanwhile he confessed the wrong which he had intended to do to his fellow-man

"*Tilism seventh* —They had traced accurate maps of the great cities under Namrúd's sway, on the banks of the river on which the Capital stood The most remarkable feature about this colossal chart was that whenever the governor of any one province set up the standard of revolt against the monarch's authority, he directed the sluices to be opened and submerged that part of the map where the city was situated, the effect of which was that a simultaneous deluge overwhelmed the rebellious city and all those in it.

"*Tilism eighth* —They caused a tree to grow in the king's palace so large that all who came to it had the benefit of its shade It could give shelter to as

many as a million, but withdrew its shade at once no sooner that number was exceeded.

"*Tilism ninth*:—They made and set up outside the walls a stone image of such marvellous power that it prevented all wild or carnivorous animals from entering within the city precincts.

"*Tilism tenth*:—The tomb of Nushírwán the Just stands on the summit of a hill in the outskirts of the city of Madáin. The philosophers made several *tilisms* there. I will mention one or two of them.

(*a*) The tomb is guarded by four armed horsemen, who, as soon as any one approaches, rush at him with their drawn swords, and he can only save himself from being killed if he at once retraces his steps, and retires from the spot with the same circumspection as he had entered it.

(*b*) Another is something like it. In the vault where the king reposes are to be seen four naked swords, which revolve night and day like the turning-wheel of a potter, and with such velocity that any one coming within reach of them is instantly cut to pieces. For this reason the spot is unapproachable. History records, however, that Mámún Rashíd made a league with one of the watchers of the tomb, (who understood the art of defeating the *tilism*, having acquired it as a hereditary gift from his parents,) and that he was thus enabled to explore the vault. He entered it in the company of the watcher, and beheld Nushírwán sitting on a throne of gold in the same way as if he had been living. His bodily appearance was perfect—the effect of the unguents which the philosophers of the period had rubbed on him; the only sign of decay

to be observed was in his robes which were shedding gradually

"Mámun Rashíd with his own hands caused the king to wear a new costly robe odorous of sweet smells, but while he was doing so, he descried a golden tablet under his thigh, which on taking up and reading, he understood the contents of the same They were to the effect that one of the *Khalífas* of the Abbasiá dynasty should visit the king in his tomb, and would cause him to wear a fragrant robe 'My only regret is'—thus he read in the tablet—'my regret is that my spirit will then no longer be in my body, so that I might receive him with suitable dignity and entertain him hospitably I have nevertheless made some amends for this inevitable omission by causing to be inhumed for his sake large treasures in the left side of this vault Let him remove them and use the money, and let him excuse me, for I am no longer among the living to perform the rites of hospitality'

"Mamun Rashid was greatly astonished at this discovery and having dug at the spot indicated, he found immense treasures hidden away there and which he was glad to appropriate thus laying the foundation of the great wealth for which the Banf Abbás were so celebrated"

CHAPTER XCI.

HOW TO DEFEAT A SPELL

"But surely," remarked Hingan-Khan, "though magic exists perhaps as a necessary evil in the world, the All-ruling power has provided means for alleviating the effects of spells and charms and such like devices of the evil one if not for neutralizing and defeating their influence altogether?"

"Certainly," answered Wajihullá "There is no evil in the world that cannot be cured, provided the means employed is the right one"

"There was, for instance, the Aghori who lived in Gulábi-Bári before these troubles came and who professed to exorcise devils by breathing certain spells over the afflicted which he alone professed to know," said Maugal-Khán

"*Charlatans* there are many who pretend to know more than they really do,' replied Wajihulla, 'but the science of removing the influence of spells is perhaps more difficult of acquisition than the art of working them As I before remarked the Book teaches us that prayer is the great lever by which the assistance of Heaven may be obtained, and the assaults of the great enemy of mankind combated with success"

"Quite true, *sahabzadé*,' said the maulvi, "but pray tell us something of the men who profess to know the art of driving out evil spirits'

"There are two species of operators,' replied Wajihullá, "who may be employed to exorcise *jins* and evil spirits, or to defeat spells, they are known as

Amil[9] and *Kámil*[10] I purposely leave out of account the village *bhagat* or *seáná*,[11] who is popularly believed by his ignorant dupes to possess the power of divination or of exorcising evil spirits

"The *kámil* are men given to prayer and the pure worship of the Creator, these have arrived to perfection, and possess from that very fact plenary sway over the created things of the world On the other hand, those who in order to subdue the will of man or the *jinnat* use texts or spells of kinds, are called *amils*

"*Amal*[12] is of two kinds—*ulwi*[13] or *sifli*[14] the latter is also known as *sahr* or magic

"The *ulwi amal* is of several kinds,—in some the name of the Great God is taken, in others, texts are read from the Book, or prayers in a different fashion To become an *ulwi* operator, one must draw a *chillá*[15] and become strictly subject to a certain prescribed ritual for a period of forty days, as the name imports

"First and foremost, it is his bounden duty to pay the *zakát* (offerings) of the twenty-eight letters of the alphabet, afterwards he can use any *amal* he pleases, and it will prove effectual Otherwise he will run the risk of being caught by the *rajat*, and so end by losing his life By *rajat* I mean that while reading an *amal*, the novice through some irregularity or other becomes inattentive to the subject of study.

9 Lit Practiser
10 Lit Perfect both these terms have been explained already
11 See note in Appendix XXV
12 Act, operation sway
13 Sacred
14 Profane
15 Forty days.

"There are several methods of paying the *zakát*. The easiest of them is this: let him take up one letter and recite it with regularity 4444 times daily, joined with the name of the *muwákkil* or tutelary angel.[16] He must at the same time, while engaged in the pious exercise, leave off animal flesh, asafœtida and certain vegetable substances, such as garlic, onions etc:

"The *ulei amal* is again sub-divided into *jaláli*[17] and *jamáli*.[18] The former requires extreme strictness in the observance of the rules, otherwise the operator runs risk of losing his life. For instance, the hour of the day or night when the novice begins to read the first day, that is the very hour when he must engage in the exercise throughout the period of forty days, and he must read every day sitting on the very same spot, which he used the first day. He should choose to begin in the latter or waxing part of the lunar month, in preference to the former or waning half. Before he begins, he must trace a circle round himself in the ground, which he ought to be careful to enter with his shoes off and his person in a state of purity. While reading, his attention must be concentrated upon the object in view. Another essential condition to the success of the undertaking is, that the novice must first obtain the permission of a well-known master of the art before he begins, or some evil consequence may befal him.

"The *émil* who wishes to gain proficiency in his art must master the secret of the *Jumal*[19] calculation

16 See Appendix XXVI.
17 Lit. majestic, glorious.
18 Lit. Beautiful, elegant.
19 *Jumal* is the art of reckoning by *abjad*.

or the *Abjad*[20] numerals, for unless he be an adept at this, he cannot inscribe the squares of his *naqsh* or diagrams. Eight words comprise the *Abjad* calendar. I give them, with their meanings :—

Abjad =I have commenced.
Hawwaz =Found.
Hutti =I have comprehended.
Kalman =I have spoken.
Sáfas =He has learnt.
Qarshat =I have arranged.
Sakkhaz =I hold in view
Zazzagh =I have finished

"The professors of the science of *Jafar*,[21] which is a higher species of *Ramal*[22] or the art of foretelling with the dice, hold the calendar to consist of seven words only, each consisting of four letters.[23] Each of the seven words bears some connection with the seven planets. Of the 28 letters, 7 are *átishí* (or fiery), 7 *bádí* (or atmospheric), 7 *ábí* (or watery), and 7 *khákí* (or earthy). Whichever of these letters begins the name of the person concerned, the name is held to be under the dominion or influence of the particular planet under which the letter falls If this very essential fact be ascertained with certainty, and the operator make the burnt-offering[24] ap-

20 *Abjad* is the mode of denoting numbers by the letters of the alphabet For the calendar, see Appendix XXVII.
21. *Jafar* is the art of making amulets or charms.
22. *Ramal* is foretelling by figures or geomancy
23 For the several powers of the letters, see Appendix XXVII.
24. A fire lighted, over which the operator sits imbibing the fumes of the aromatic substance thrown in by way of penance, or, fumigation by way of exorcising

pointed to the planet in question, the charm is bound to succeed, and that quickly."

"What is the nature of the burnt-offering?" enquired Farhat, looking up interestedly at the speaker.

"That depends entirely upon what planet you wish to propitiate," answered Wajihullá "Generally, however, when going to respire an *amal* or write a *táwíz*, the *ámil* should make a burnt-offering composed of the following substances.—

"For Jupiter.—Rosin, musk, camphor, barley, and red-sandal

„ Venus —Rosin, ambergris, musk, white-sandal, and camphor

„ Mercury :—Rosin, camphor, red-sandal, and cloves

„ The Sun —Rosin, musk and cinnamon

„ „ Moon —Rosin and honey

„ Saturn & Mars } viz the planets presiding over the malicious passions Rosin, benzoin, mustard, and wood-aloes

"But when making a taper for exorcising the *jinnát* and evil spirits, the following preparation is recommended bdellium,[25] assafætida, *sarson*,[26] and pepper"

"You spoke of *táwíz* a while ago," said Farhat; "have they any efficacy?"

"To be sure, provided you have strong faith," replied Wajihulla.

"Do tell us something more then on the subject," said Sheran Khan "I have one on my arm now, which I never put off except for very special reasons.

25 Ths *amyris agallocha Roxb* Cor Pl Vol 3

26 *Sinapis dichotoma Roxb*

And I have always been taught to think that it will protect me from bodily harm"

"Very likely, uncle, it will," replied Wajihullá "The subject of amulets and charms is as broad as that of *amals* of kinds, in fact it is one method of neutralizing the malign influence of evil spirits *Taiz* or amulets are of four kinds, designated, as before, fiery, atmospheric, watery or earthy

"The *atishí taiz* is inscribed upon paper or virgin pottery (namely, pottery which has not been brought into contact with water,) or deer-hide or a piece of china or some such substance, and it is either thrown into the fire or buried in the ground near the oven The *bádí táiz* is written and hung on a tree or otherwise high enough to be swayed by the wind The *abí táiz* is inscribed and thrown into a running stream or in a reservoir or well of water The *khákí táiz* is buried under the door-frame or in the way usually trod by the objective, or in a square where four roads meet, or in a grave yard or on a mountain These are the rules which the ancients have laid down for the disposal of amulets when a specific object is meant to be aimed at

"The *amils* who deal in the construction of amulets have to pay particular attention to the position of the *ajram i filkiá* or heavenly bodies They consider the planet *Mushtari* or Jupiter to be *sád i-akbar* or highly auspicious and having siezed the propitious moment they will write a *táwiz* at such a time, the object of which will be to provoke the amorous feelings to cause the return of the absent one, or to remove any bodily desease

'The planet *Zohra* or Venus they consider to be

sad-i-asghar or auspicious in a lesser degree, and use its influence for the writing of *táwiz* to secure another's love, or to cause the object of the spell to lose his nightly rest or the power of speech

"The planet *Utárid* or Mercury combines the influences of both the above, and it is more particularly used to render innocuous the stroke of your enemy's sword

'*Shams* or the Sun is also an auspicious body, and holds influence over mental and bodily defence And so is *Qamar* or the Moon auspicious in a lesser degree

'Of the inauspicious planets *Zuhal* or Saturn is more malignantly potent or *nihs-i-akbar* than *Mirrikh* or Mars which is *nihs-i-asghar*, and their influences are used for writing *tawíz*, the object of which is to destroy the life of your enemy"

"There is one thing which you have omitted to tell, rather to show, as unless it is drawn on paper it is difficult to understand it I mean the *naqsh*,' said Hingan Khan

'Here I draw and show it to you said Wajihullah "Study it carefully, and test its accuracy by applying the initial of your own name to it You were born when the planet Jupiter was in the ascendant'

سبعة سيارة The seven planets.	ابجد زحل Abjad, Saturn (Zuhul)	هوز ح مشتري Hawwaz, H- Jupiter (Mushtarí).	طيكل مريخ uttí, Kal- Mars (Mirrikh).	منسع شمس man, Sá Sun (Shams)	صقر زهرة fas, Qar- Venus (Zohrá)	ثخ ذ ظغ عطارد shat, Sakha- Mercury (Utárid)	ضظغ قمر z, Zaxzugh Moon (Qamar).
ناري Fiery (Atashí)	ا Alif ١	ه Hé ٥	ط Tó ٩	م Mím ٤٠	ف Fé ٨٠	ش Shín ٣٠٠	ذ Zál ٧٠٠
بادي Atmospheric (Bádí)	ب Be ٢	و Wáu ٦	ي Yé (small) ١٠	ن Nún ٥٠	ص Suád ٩٠	ت Té ٤٠٠	ض Zuád ٨٠٠
آبي Watery (Abí)	ح Jím ٣	ز Zé ٧	ك Káf ٢٠	س Sín ٦٠	ق Qáf ١٠٠	ث Sé ٥٠٠	ظ Zó ٩٠٠
خاكي Earthy (Khákí)	٥ Dál ٤	ح Hé (large) ٨	ل Lám ٣٠	ع Ain ٧٠	ر Ré ٢٠٠	خ Khé ٦٠٠	غ Ghain ١٠٠٠

CHAPTER XCII.

FARHAT INVOKES HIS PRESIDING GENIUS.

Farhat drank in all that could possibly affect his own case in the above discourse. He gained confidence from what had been related of the power of the *ámil*, and he resolved to try what he could himself do in order to acquire the power of subduing his enemy with the overwhelming influence of his will. So he drew a *chillá*, and night after night shut himself up in his room reciting a certain text, because he was convinced that *Zohrá* being his presiding star, his destiny would surely be shaped to suit his own desires if he could but invoke the heavenly power in the right way.

The first half of the period proved uneventful. On the twenty-first night, however, he thought he heard the sound of steps, as if some one dressed in heavy boots was stalking up and down behind him. He did not turn round to look, yet broke his recitation with the exclamation: "Give up that joke, will you? I am not frightened!" Yet he was visibly frightened.

The next night a similar experience befel him. All of a sudden a black dog and cat jumped into the room, and made towards him as if they would break through his enchanted ring. He started up to his feet, and so had to leave the exercise unfinished.

The following night, his nerves were put to a further test. He fancied there was some one groaning behind his bed. As he turned round to look, the groans became deeper. At length he rose and

went up to the bed he thought he could hear distinctly the sound of *ah! ah!* But when he took up his taper and looked behind the bed, there was nothing and the sound ceased abruptly This was somewhat extraordinary and he felt vexed that the chain of his vigils had been so rudely broken for a succession of nights He determined, however, to persevere

So the next night he again sat down with a lighted taper before him and as he finished the text once he would pass down one bead at the second reading the second bead and so on He had just finished the 333rd reading when there was a lightning flash in the room This was succeeded by a peal of thunder so loud and deafening that he put his fingers into his ears Simultaneously with these awful phenomena there arose a boisterous sound as if a large family of cats and dogs had been let loose into his room He looked round this side and that but there was no material object that he could discern except the faces of devils—some mocking him, some laughing at him, others making hideous faces at him He fancied they began to pelt him with balls of ignited sulphur, one of these which he thought was aimed straight at his face he tried to catch and put up both his hands to do so By this action the rosary fell from his hand, the demons uttered a loud yell of triumph, while at the same time the light went out

Farhat was now fairly frightened out of his senses He felt as if a thousand pins had been pricked into his skin He scratched his head his arms his legs he was maddened with the pain Another yell of triumph from the demons who began to crowd round him more closely At length, losing all nerve

he sprang out of his magic circle and made a dash for the door. He forgot that he had bolted it before he sat down to his evening exercise, so his head struck against it and he fell down senseless on the floor. There he lay all night without any body in the house knowing anything about it. When his eyes opened next morning he perceived that his head had bled profusely. Though this circumstance doubtless relieved the fever of his brain, the following day he found himself so weakened in body that he was unable to leave his bed.

Days passed, and the fever was still hanging on him. At length on the twenty-first day after he had taken ill his nose bled profusely. This gave him instant relief, the fever also abated and his temperature gradually returned to its normal degree. He slowly regained strength, but it was not until another fortnight had passed that he was able to ride out and re-visit his old haunts by the river side.

Though restored to bodily health again, Farhat's mind was as sorely afflicted as before. The severe trial which he had undergone failed to crush the old pain which began again to grow acuter daily. He reflected upon his future and longed for the hour that would mark his acquaintance with some practised operator of the art at which he had failed so signally. Then would he open his heart to him, and beseech him to befriend him in his search for the lost. For where mused he could she have gone? She had certainly been trepanned by his *quondam* friend, the false friend to whose faith he had entrusted his priceless treasure—for was not the disappearance of both simultaneous? If indeed she was taken away by another, why did he persist in hiding himself, instead

of coming forward and frankly telling him all about it? He without a doubt was guilty of the double crime of breaking his faith with his trusting friend, and of violating the honour of that friend's affianced wife So not only must he concentrate all his energies now that the light of reason was restored to him to finding his beloved but also to the discovery of her abductor and seducer 'And when I have found him' he cried through his set teeth, "this shall I plunge in his heart that false black heart of his, the fire of its keen edge will only be slaked in his blood" And he held up his scimitar as he uttered those dreadful words to the light of the moon, and swore by all that is sacred to devote the rest of his life to the accomplishment of his revenge

CHAPTER XCIII

UNEXPECTED HELP

These were his thoughts night and day He was frequently away from home, and would occasionally be found sitting and musing on the left bank of the Khannaut, or wandering about aimlessly in the grounds of Lodhipur where Bulan-Shah is buried He had conceived a great veneration for the memory of that saint, his imagination had been worked up by the stories which he had heard of his miraculous doings while in the flesh, and now that he was dead, it was his habit to sit musing all of a morning under the scanty shade of the palm tree which grew to the head side of the tomb He fancied he heard in the

longed to see again that gentle face, and behold that venerable form It seemed to beckon him forward Suddenly he recollected himself and turned round Behold that noble form stood before him in bodily shape, a tall man, clothed in a loose dress reaching down to his ankles– a long, venerable beard—and his right hand holding a rod which rested on the ground The apparition—was it an apparition ?—blanched his cheek, and took away his breath from him Exclaiming *Allah-ho-Akbar*[27] ! he fell down at his feet

There he lay unconscious for some time until his strange visitor touched him with the end of his rod, when at once he came to and felt strengthened to stand before him with folded hands "*O Hazrat* !" he exclaimed

"Drop that unholy attitude, son of the earth !" said the unknown 'It becomes not thee, a Muslim and gifted as thou art with the rational faculty, to pay adoration to any other than the Creator, praised be His name ! And now ask what thou mayest, for I am sent to thee to give thee guidance and help"

Though the form, the face and the voice of the unknown, all commanded respect and forbad familiarity, Farhat was so overjoyed at this manifestation of the goodness of Allah that he smiled as he answered "*Hazrat* ! my sorrow is not unknown to you I cry for retribution against my false friend and for the restoration of my beloved, if she be unspotted still"

"Pass not hasty judgment, my son !" said the unknown 'Art thou able to cross the desert of

27 God is great

affliction, to resist with fortitude the arrow of temptation, and retain faith enough in the Omnipotent to face with courage the enemy who laughs at thee from the 'pillar of fire? Speak."

Farhat, not comprehending the meaning or effect of the various trials which this speech fore-shadowed, was nevertheless carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and replied

"Yá *Hazrat!* with the help of Allah, I am able to do all this But bless this trusty blade by my side so that it may pass through even adamant should occasion arise for me to use it"

'Thou needest it not, my son!" spoke the unknown again "But take this go to *Nizam-uddin*, and deliver it to the first person whom thou meetest after crossing the valley of thorns'

'Supposing, *O Khwaja!*[28]" began Farhat, but the 'Khwaja' was gone, and when he looked up, he found himself standing alone by the side of the reservoir with the sun shining full on his face, while heavy drops of perspiration coursed down his face and fell to the ground

28 See Appendix XXVIII

CHAPTER XCIV.

BATTLE OF BICHPURI.

While these events were passing elsewhere, the time drew nigh for the deliverance of the refugees So while Farhat is making his way towards Delhi, fondly hoping soon to obtain the fulfilment of his wishes let us take a glance at them, and see how they have passed the two or three months since we last had occasion to meet them

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE RESUMED

It was now the latter part of the month of April 1858 The visits of Mangal Khan at Kothiwâli's were of late very frequent, and there were side-consultations between the men, and between them and Kothiwâli we were left to draw what inferences we pleased One day a visitor was announced whom we had never seen before Kothiwali beckoned to mother to retire, and, when we had done so, there came in one Fasihulla-khan, a young man between 25 and 30 years of age and who, as usual, addressed her as '*bubu*,' and was addressed by her as '*bhaia*' We understood he was one of her numerous so-called nephews, and had just returned home after an absence at Fatehgarh He gave some glowing accounts of his experiences

'So you were present at the fight at Bichpuri?' asked Kothiwali

'Yes, bubú," he replied, "and what stirring events did happen there! We fought the Firangis hand to hand, and made them feel the strength of

our arm I made a heap of slain, and have brought with me quite a string of heads as a trophy of my prowess to show to the Nawab"

"Go," said she, 'that is all braggadocio!"

"Believe me, bubu, *apne su ki qasam!*"

"Well, then, how did you manage to carry so many, bhaia?"

"Why, I slung them behind the pommel of my saddle, and so reached home in triumph"

'Who got the worst in the fight, *bhaia?*"

"The *kafars* of course babu, we made a clean sweep of them," passing the palm of his right hand over the left 'They have literally been wiped off not one has been left for collyrium to the eyes"

"Indeed!" remarked Kothiwali

"Believe me, bubu,' continued he "Of men not one has been left, so they have brought out their women to fight us'

"Well done!' exclaimed she "What kind of looking things are they?

'Well, they are rather big for women, some of them wear false beards and moustachios and all wear a high skirt and a metal discus which keeps it down in front Such horrid looking things, I assure you! Of course it was out of the question for us to fight these, the brave dont lift their hands against women and so out of sheer disgust I left the camp and came away'

'You have done right bhaia, but couldn't you bring one of the e Firingi heads and show it to us?"

"Would be delighted to oblige you bubu, but believe me, I have made a present of my whole string to the Nawab, who has ordered them to be

piled up before the gate and by this they begin to stink.'

We overheard this narrative of the brave youths, and were highly diverted at his description of the female warriors. And judging from the fact that he was safe at home instead of being with the rebel army we made it pretty certain that our troops after defeating the insurgents at Fatehgarh were now pushing on towards Shahjahánpore. This surmise of ours was soon confirmed. For presently we heard Sherin Khan speaking to Kothíwálí.

'So this redoubtable warrior has been telling you of the Firangí heads he has cut off! Would he be pleased to tell me who cut off Nizám Alí Khán's head?'

There was quite a sensation produced by this announcement. Kothíwálí jumped up exclaiming "*Bhát* Nizam Ali killed! you dont mean to say so?"

'But I do, bubu" said he "I have it on authority which can be relied on better than this chattering lout of a Fasih. There is general mourning in the family, the boys have arrived in sorry plight—Roshan Alí wounded in the head, and Rauf Ahmad has three of his fingers clean cut off his right hand."

Fasih, abashed and confounded at being found out, sat aside with his head down, and his fingers which a while ago were toying restlessly with the sling of his rifle, now lay motionless while Sherin Khan continued —

"The Nawáb sent out a strong force under *Bhát* Nizám Alí with instructions to oppose the passage of the Ganga by the Firangí army. Their movements were however, tardy and cumbrous, and so the former crossed leisurely, and made two marches

towards our city before Nizám Alí sighted them The Firangi troops had just reached their encamping ground when they perceived a cloud of dust rising in the horizon Their scouts brought them intelligence that a rebel army was in full march upon them The Cavalry was ordered immediately to remount and were put in motion, They attacked the Nawábí force before it had time to form, while the light guns raked them in flank taken so suddenly, they were utterly demoralized A panic seized them, and they broke and fled"

'But where was their General all this time? enquired Kothiwálí

'He made the most desperate attempts to get together his men and at least to make a show of resistance All his efforts were, however, fruitless No two regiments or squadrons could be brought together to make a stand As to the artillery the gunners were afraid to fire as the crowd of fugitives surged from one part of the field to the other Resolved not to survive the disgrace he dismounted, and requested his slave who attended him behind, to pass his sword through his body but he would not. Then he rushed madly and put his head into the mouth of a cannon and requested the gunner to apply the match and blow him to pieces, but he too refused to comply Poor man! he wrung his hands in despair and was about to stab himself with his poignard which he had now drawn out from its sheath when the Firangi cavalry came thundering down like a torrent and carrying all before them swept past the leader of their enemies now in his last agonies A sawar belonging to de Kantzow's Horse recognised him—the chieftain's appearance could

not be mistaken—and wheeling round, he charged him at full gallop and pinned him with his lance to the ground So there terminated the career of a man who possessing more determination and consistency of character than Abdul Rauf Khan, was really the mainstay of the Nawábi It is not too much to say that but for him the Nawáb's government could not have subsisted for a week"

"I am truly grieved at his fate bhaiá," said Kothiwali fetching a sigh 'But what became of his sons? You said that two of them were wounded"

"Better had they been killed by the side of their noble father, who certainly deserved a better fate than the inglorious one he has met with Why, they joined in the stampede, and all ran away from the field of battle as fast as their nags could carry them First-rate cowards and boasters as they are, pigeon-hearted like this young craven here, I have just now left them beating their heads and yelling like old women over the fallen fortunes of their fathers house"

"Bhaiá," said Kothiwáli, 'you are the bearer of bad news, for unless I am mistaken the Firangi army will soon be here, and then what will become of us?"

"They are marching this way, I am sure' replied Shérun Khan, "and rumour has it that their Lát-Commander[29] is marching at the head of them So there can be no doubt left now that our city will soon be re occupied We must take early thought how to save ourselves, for unless I am greatly mistaken the military leaders will as soon as they enter the city order it to be sacked as is the custom of war"

29 Meaning the Commander in-ch of

'Allah forbid!" cried she "For sure I am that they know to distinguish between friends and foes I for one am inwardly not afraid to meet them for my heart has always been loyal to the cause of the 'Sarkar,' from whom I have uniformly received kindness and protection But I am anxious for the safe of my children"

'I think you are pretty safe bubu, for you have that in your possession which will cause them to think twice before they condemn you"

'I know what you mean," said she "Let us notwithstanding all meet together this evening at my house, and concert measures for our future safety No time is to be lost, for tomorrow the Firangi army will probably encamp within our district, and the day after will enter our city

CHAPTER XCV

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*Continued*)

(*The second flight*)

The previous evening Kothwâli had said to mother 'Jo[30] Mariam, the Firangis are at last coming I am glad of your being with me In fact I could not do without you Should it be necessary for us to flee the city you will come with me, wont you? We all will share a common lot'

When it was resolved that we should flee it was agreed without a dissentient voice that the place of

30 A colloquial shortening of Joseph

to mother; "You see all the *méánás* are taken up, and there is no room left 'Do you get into the doctor's *chakra*[31]. You will be quite comfortable there"

There was no other choice, so we four—namely, Granny, mother, Anet and myself—took our seats in the *chakrá*. There were with us the doctor's wife, and her brothers' wives and 'their two children The start began at once, the men riding on their nags while the *kahárs* trotted along with a brisk pace, and our *larkia*[32] followed.

It was 8 or 9 A M when we reached the village of Indarkha, a distance of 7 or 8 miles from the town of Shahjahanpore When we raised the cloth which formed the roof of our moving abode, we were astonished to find ourselves alone, for the *méanas* and horsemen had all disappeared It would seem that they purposely set our driver on the wrong track, while they themselves took a more definite route which of course was unknown to us At any rate here we were in a strange place and with companions who were quite unknown to us The doctor enquired for a vacant house but there was none to be had, the rustics said to him quite indifferently that he could not put up in the village . But he grew bold and said that he must have quarters for himself and his party, and that he expected them to provide him with something suitable They seemed after this to come round to the notion that it was their duty to accommodate us, whoever we were So at last they said to him "There really is no vacant house in our village but we will tell you what to do On the south

31 A village cart roofless and very cumbrous

32 The same

end of the village, just opposite the *athán*,[33] there is a new house building. Though yet incomplete, it is nevertheless habitable. 'You may occupy that, if you *must* remain with us for a few days that is." And so we alighted and entered a mud structure which consisted of a line of rooms at one end, a court-yard in front, and a wall all round. There was the usual *dérhí* or entrance and a *ghúnghat* wall to shade off the interior from public view.

We were so-to speak the guests of the doctor and his wife for the time being, and, to give them their due, they behaved very kindly to us. Unless my memory misgives me, his name was Dídar-baksh, a Bengáli Musalman. He had erst belonged to the mutinous Mandru ki paltan, but he severed his connection with it when it marched out to Bareilly on the morning of the first of June 1857, and, renting a house in the city practised his profession in the families of Abdul Rauf Khán and others. 'And as he had the reputation of possessing the *dast-i-shifá*,[34] he soon found a good deal of practice and made many friends.

33 The square generally an open elevated spot round an umbraceous tree where the ancients of the village gather for their little politics and consultations.

34 Let the healing hand. Met successful in his treatment.

CHAPTER XCVI.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE: (*continued*).

(*The last of our Captor*)

While the men dismounted from their ponies and rested themselves on cots under the shade of trees, the doctor's sisters-in-law busied themselves with digging and setting up an oven. One of them lighted it and set a pot of *dál* on fire, while the other kneaded flour and began to bake *chapátis*. After the men had eaten and had gone out the doctor's wife and her sisters-in-law sat down to their simple meal, and also invited us to partake of the same.

That evening, after every one had finished dinner, the doctor came in and sat down, and in very civil language asked mother to tell him who she was, and under what circumstances she was found among them. Mother briefly related to him our history, and drew out his sympathy and compassion. He remarked "Amma!" that is the name by which he addressed her—"I can share in your griefs and your sorrows. The sipahís of Mandru-kí-paltan committed many atrocities, being instigated thereto by the Subedár-major and some evil-minded residents of the city. It was my unhappy lot to be attached to the regiment, but I was entirely opposed, I can assure you, to their policy of involving the *sáhal loas* and their innocent wives and children in an indiscriminate massacre. I therefore refused to accompany them on their march to Bareilly, and remained back in Shahjahanpore. I need not have run away like the others from the

city, for at heart I have always been loyal to the salt which I have eaten at the hands of the Sarkár, but my profession brought me into contact with many of those who took an active share in the mutiny, and so to avoid being identified with them, I too have fled However, I hope to explain everything to the Authorities when order is restored, and to get back again into the service of Government

"Do you think *Mir-sáhab*[35]"—that is the title by which he was addressed by every one—"do you think," asked mother, "that the Sarkár's authority will be restored again, and that better times will succeed our present troubles?"

"I have not the least doubt of it" he replied "Already the Sarkar's army is hastening to re-occupy the province, and I have no doubt but that a week or ten days will see the restoration of tranquillity But Ammá," continued he, "I was going to say that now you are with us, I hope you will make yourself at home and command me in any way you please Fortune has been propitious to me to bring you to my humble lodging We are all in the same boat at present, so let us help each other as best we can"

Mother was gratified at this expression of the stranger's good will So we stopped there that night and the next day Long after sunset when everything was still the doctor brought a message to mother 'Ammá said he, 'Mangal Khan has come and he wants to speak to you' Mother replied, "Why has he come? What further business has he with me? He left us to take care of ourselves, I know that he wanted to shake us off why then does

35 A Sahad is always so addressed.

he come to me again?" "He seems to be most anxious for an interview,' said the doctor, 'and, if I may venture to suggest, you ought to see him He cannot come in here but you can stand near the *ghungat*, and hear what he has got to say.'

To this proposal mother at last assented Mangal khan spoke to her thus

'Bi Miriam, I have come to you to say that the Europeans have re-occupied Shahjahanpore You will now of course go to them but dont forget the protection and the kindness which you have received from me, and dont refuse me my request for a testimonial to that effect"

Mother replied 'What testimonial can I give you? and, of what use would it be to you?"

'Oh, it will be of great use to me" said he

'But how am I to write?" urged mother "I have no writing materials here'

"That I have already provided against' said he, and presented to her paper, pen and ink Mother sat down and wrote a few lines to the effect that she and her party had resided with him for nearly a year, and that we had not been molested He then requested her to get me also to affix my signature to it and as there was no cogent reason to refuse the request, I signed the document below mother He received it from her and went away at once We never saw him again

Next day the doctor took an opportunity of speaking to mother again *Mé-Sahib!* said he it was long since that old address had been used to her 'Mem Sahib, yesterday the Sarkár's army took Shahjahánpore and a Civil government has al-

ready been established there. Wont you go to them now that order has been restored?"

Mother replied: "Your suggestion is a good one, but who will know me among them?"

He answered: "You will be known at once by your voice, your accent and manner, and may-be you will find some of your own relatives have arrived in hopes of meeting you. I shall at once set about to provide some means of conveyance, and an escort for you"

The good doctor went to the *athán* and conversed with the rustic fathers, telling them that a '*Mém Sáhab*' who had escaped from the massacre of the Europeans, was with his family and that she wanted to go to Shahjahánpore. Now that the Sarkár had occupied it again, would any one undertake to take her there in his cart?

The *kurmí*[36] chief—it was a *kurmí* village, but I forget the name of the head-man—the chief replied: "What are you telling us? I knew from the very first those were *mém logs;* as soon as they set foot from the *larhiá*, I knew it."

"Why, how did you get to know it?" asked the Mír-Sáhab

"You must take me for a pumpkin," contemptuously replied the kurmí. "Why, their very walk and their carriage indicated that. And moreover I marked their legs particularly. Those are not the feet, thought I, of women who go about bare-legged or tread the ground bare-foot. So the Sarkár has driven away those *musallahs!*[37] I, Gangaram kurmi,

36. A class of industrious agriculturists common in Rohelkhand
37. Lit one praying, righteous. Spoken in contempt of the Musalman.

I shall take them in my own cart, and will reach them to any spot in the station they may wish to go. Tomorrow by 10 A M I will be ready'

CHAPTER XCVII.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*A meeting of old faces*)

We put up our little belongings together, namely—the extra suit of clothes we possessed, and next day at the hour of ten or eleven, we got into Gangárám's *chakrá* and departed for Shahjahanpore At the time of leaving, the doctor asked mother to favour him also with a testimonial, if he had deserved well of her that is She was glad to comply with his request, for his deportment towards us had been uniformly respectful and considerate

Our journey was uneventful We reached the town towards sunset mother directing the driver to our old residence in Kathiátola for we did not know really where to go to Whilst we were halting before the house, almost within view of our erst happy home, Mr Redman came up and told mother briefly of his own escape and his family's He informed her that the Commander-in-chief had re-occupied the district but had since continued his march to Bareilly, leaving a small force to guard Shahjahánpore under Colonel Hall He stated that the station was not quite safe yet as the Fuzabad Maulvi was hanging about the eastern boundary of the district, so he car-

nestly begged her to come for shelter into the quarters which he was himself occupying Mother did not readily accept this invitation, but we were houseless and homeless and without any male protection, so she was persuaded to give in to his solicitations, and stopped for the night in the building which used to be the godown of the road department before, intending next morning to write and seek an interview with the Chief civil authority

We met here a party of three men whom my dear uncle had sent from Bhurtpore to escort us thither It consisted of a mounted orderly, named Nasim Khan, Tiloká *harkara* and Buddha *máli*, all servant of the Mahàràjá of Bhurtpore We came afterwards to know that the note sent through Mulla sweepress was actually delivered to my uncle one by Ajudhia Parshad Kaith, and that he took immediate steps for our rescue Through the kind offices of Captain J P Nixon the Political Agent at Bhurtpore, he obtained a small party of men, and having armed them with a *parwáná*[38] bearing the signature and seal of the Political Agent sent them to Shahjahanpore via Fatehgarh There they met Mr Redman who brought on the orderly with him to Shahjahanpore Mother wept to see the familiar handwriting of her brother, and to read his letter which was full of affectionate anxiety for our welfare and contained besides a pressing invitation to come to him to Bhurtpore where she would find a home for the rest of her life

This was on Sunday the 3rd of May 1858 The following morning we were surprised to see my

38 A passport or letter of authority setting forth the name and object of the holder's journey and which secures him assistance on the way wherever necessary

mother's half-brother, Cocky, come in together with his mother. It was a happy meeting after a long separation, but under the same circumstances of danger and trouble as when we had last parted.

Cocky's mother related to us the experiences of herself and her son, and which I shall try to give as briefly as possible in her own words. "For six months and a half we lived under the protection of Akbar Khán and were not seriously molested, except that the lad's temper was often tried by rude jokes practised upon him. For instance, when he fell sick once, the young men of the house recommended that he should be made to drink a powder compounded of Firangis' bones. Meanwhile those who thirsted for our blood were busy at the Nawab's ear. At their instigation, Akbar Khán was ordered to proceed to Pilibhit. Deprived thus of the protection of our only friend, we were driven out of the house and fled to a small village named Katiá, where for two days and nights we subsisted upon begging in the public street. We now thought of Kesho Lal, the influential Zamíndar of Pachdeora, whom we had known before. We at once made up our minds to go to him. We accordingly begged of the *chamár* chaukídar of Katiá to take us to Pachdeorá, promising to pay him two annas for this service. Before we had reached Pachdeora, however, this miscreant drew out his sword and demanded instant payment of the two annas or he would cut off our heads. We reached Pachdeora about midnight and were kindly received by Kesho Lal, who gave us a separate house to live in and otherwise was mindful of our comforts. Thus we lived on for four months or more when the Nawáb sent a force of two *tumans* to take

us dead or alive It now became necessary to change our residence but where were we to go to? Keshoḷál told off four of his peasants to attend on us but though these did not allow us to want for food, we had to hide about from jungle to jungle, and wandered about through the lands of Rôhelá and Miánpur hunted down by our blood thirsty pursuers, as if our poor lives could make the least difference to the Nawáb

At length we heard a rumour that Farrukhábád had been occupied by the British, and that Shahjahanpore would soon be . So one day Cocky wrote a few lines on a bit of tissue paper addressed to the British General Commanding at Fatehgarh informing him of the jeopardy of our situation and soliciting his protection The missive was twisted into a rope used for drawing water and was despatched by a barber who was promised a reward if he handed it safely to the General It reached its destination duly the messenger was rewarded and brought back a *parwana* addressed to Kesholal enjoining on him the duty of protecting us and threatening retribution if a hair of our head was injured This was rather hard on poor Kesholal I think for though he had every desire to give us shelter he lacked the power It had however a very salutary effect upon all who heard of it I was enabled to live with Kesholal's females and after a few days hearing that Shahjahanpore was occupied we left our hiding place and came on here happily to meet you all again

CHAPTER XCVIII.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE (*continued*)

(*In imminent peril again*)

While we sat listening eagerly to this tale, mingling each other's tears at our mutual trials and hardships, Mr Redman returned from a visit to the Camp There were other refugees also who had assembled at his place He invited all to sit down to a breakfast We had, however, scarcely broken bread when an alarm was raised that the rebel army, under the leadership of Maulvi Amjadulla of Faizabad, was crossing the Khannaut by the bridge of boats Nasim-khan, one of my uncle's men, who had gone to bathe his nag in the Khannaut, came back running at the same time with the report that the enemy had driven in the videttes of the little force held by Colonel Hall, who had meanwhile entrenched himself in the old Jail There was a sniff of war in the air The sounding of bugles, the neighing of horses the clatter of riderless chargers who dashed about furiously across the plain, the dull thump of the enemy's drums, and the confused noise of men running this side and that, proved unmistakeably that the enemy who had been hovering on the Muhamdi border, receiving intelligence that the Commander in-chief had gone, was about to attack the small British garrison in great force

No time was to be lost if we wanted to save ourselves The two carts in which our party and Cocky and his mother had come, were still there Mother

expressed her determination to at once start for some hiding-place in the country, though Mr Redman assured her there was no danger, and that he would go to Mr Money, the Collector, and find out the true state of affairs She would not listen to him, however, but ordered Keshalal's cart to be yoked immediately We all got into it, namely Granny, mother, myself, and Cocky his mother, and Vicky, Mr Redman's daughter We had scarcely got out of the compound gate when the shouts of '*din, din,*' reached our ears, and, amid a cloud of dust, some ten or twelve troopers of the rebel cavalry, riding at full gallop and flourishing their sabres in the air, came and surrounded our cart and peremptorily ordered the cartman to stop We heard them say "Here are some of them, let us polish them off in our way" And now they made as if they would have torn away the sheet from over our heads, and bury their shining blades in our bosoms Cocky who had got on an apology for a pantaloon and coat, was the only one with a semblance of English costume in our company Mother told him to take it off at once, his mother tore it off his person, and hurriedly wrapped a blue *talmad*[32] round his waist Vicky held her neck with both her hands saying "Let us all put our hands round our necks so that when the blow descends it may cut off our fingers only, and so the head will be safe" Poor thing! she did not know really what she was saying, she was unnerved like every one else Not so however dear mother With eyes almost starting out of their sockets, a haggard face but with resolution and determination, and the

32 A sheet tied loosely round the waist.

lines of deep sorrow stamped on her countenance, with her right hand she grasped the handle of her knife while with the other she removed the sheet, and put out her head. It was enough to frighten even the dare-devils who were thirsting for our blood. They reined back. "What *do you want with us, my good* fellows?" said she. "Is it any wonder to you to see so many of us here, poor helpless females? Like every one else, we are fleeing from the city to escape disgrace, dishonour and death." *They did not stop* to hear more. Believing us to be some Muhammadan females running away from the city, they turned right about and tackled Nasím Khán who was following us on his nag They demanded of him who he was, and what business he had to be following the cart. But he proved equal to the occasion. Nothing disconcerted, he replied that he was a "*din kà-sipàhì*,[40]" that the women in the cart were his relatives, and that they were leaving the city as the Firangis had occupied it. Anon there was a clatter of hoofs, the troopers galloped off to the building we had just quitted, their object evidently being to make a sudden swoop upon Mr. Redman's quarters, and slaughter all the Christians collected there.

After the troopers had disappeared, the *kurmí* in whose cart we were riding, came and fell down with folded hands before mother, exclaiming: "*Dhan hae, mata!*[41] Though in appearance a sickly woman, thou hast the spirit of an unconquerable heroine in thee! Who but thee could have so faced those truculent-looking men, and that so effectually that they at once

40 Lit a soldier of faith So the mutineers affected to style themselves

41 Well done, mother] in village *patois*

turned tail and never looked back again at us! Hail *mild!* thou art fit to be torchlipped as a *delicacy*."[42]

CHAPTER XCIX.

MISS LAVATER'S NARRATIVE: (*continued*)

(*Safe at last.*)

The chapter of accidents did not end here. Scarcely had the troopers left us, when with a heavy thud the cart fell down to its side: the axle had broken. Now what was to be done? There was no possibility of repairing it on the spot. Push on we must or we might be falling in with another detachment of the enemy. Already the roar of the cannon assailed our ears. The whiz and whirr of shells flying in the air and exploding with a terrific crash, the heavy thud of bombs as they struck the walls of the old jail, the rattle of musketry and the shouts of the battle that was raging round the entrenchments: all these we could distinctly hear. We must go on by hook or by crook. We all got down from the cart and began to walk, not knowing really where we were going to; we were foot-sore and hungry, and our throats were parched for lack of moisture. At this stage, we met a number of baggage-carts passing over the high road. They belonged to the British army and were going, like ourselves, in the direction of Bareilly, west. One of the Panjábi escort seeing us, pitied our condition. Mother had

42. A goddess.

No news coming of granny and the others, mother decided not to wait any longer, and having hired a cart, we proceeded by daily marches down south We took care not to halt at any of the known halting-places, but we directed our course by out-of-the-way villages until in four days we reached Futehgarh Cockey's party also joined us there after a few days. We put up with Mrs Redman, who had already preceded us After resting for a couple of days, dear mother called for a *pálki* and waited on the Collector, Mr Lindsay, who very kindly granted her some 'succour-money,' which enabled us to continue our journey to Bhurtpore which place we reached after leaving Futehgarh in ten days

Here our travels terminated In the home of my dear uncle, we found rest shelter and comfort until a rumour that a rebel force was about to cross the territory caused us all to take refuge in the fort of the Native Chief However, our mutiny experiences were practically over when we arrived at Bhurtpore The country was soon after restored to order, and peace and plenty again blessed the land

did not wake until long after it was daylight So as he did not care to encounter the strong sun and the stronger hot wind he was fain to defer his departure to a late hour in the afternoon

He was going to cross a *chaurahd* or a square where four roads met Something on the ground attracted his attention 'the segment of a chatty turned upside down He thought it would be some fun to leap over and give a crack with his riding-whip to the chatty But his horse refused to take the leap after rising he swerved and stood aside snorting

'Well done *chote mia*,' exclaimed his syce what a mad leap that was! What made you do it?'

"Why, replied he, 'I did it only for fun's sake And I would have cracked the chatty with one well-aimed blow had not this rebellious donkey'—pointing to his charger—'had he not made a fool of himself by refusing an easy jump like that'

'And it is well' rejoined his syce, "that he did so'

'Why, asked his master "why do you put on that ridiculously serious air?'

'As an old servitor of the family, *chote mia*'—the syce answered—and as one who has held the stirrup for your father [46] I must take the liberty to expostulate with you against frolics of this nature You are young and have seen nothing of the world yet We are surrounded by unseen spirits and by unseen dangers so you have need to be cautious'

46 Holding the stirrup for one is a phrase peculiar to India It is meant to convey a sense of old service and the old right on which that imposes upon the speaker to be faithful to the rider

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"And dost thou mean to say," he interrogated, "that there is an evil spirit enclosed in that *handi*?"[47]

"To be sure I do," replied the syce. 'That *handi* was placed over a *sadqá*,"[48] I'll be sworn. May-be it was the *sadqá* of a sick person, or one possessed of an evil spirit. In any case whoever is rash enough to touch the object, necessarily incurs the risk of contracting the disease or the evil spirit which it is meant to cure. I declare this *tahádar*[49]"—pointing to the horse—"did scent something of that sort or he would not have refused your heel."

"Well whatever your fears may be' said Farhat banteringly; "you divert me a great deal by that silly long face of yours. Do you not know that where a horse's hoof treads and where the sheen of the *téjh* is seen, no evil spirit will ever come near about the place?[50] And I possess both!' And the young man had a hearty laugh over what he considered to be a sapient speech of his.

While they were thus talking and going along the sun set, and at the same time the moon rose resplendently in the opposite quarter of the sky. They had made one half of the march the *sarae* was yet far off. The road was quite lonely there was not a single passenger to be seen far or near, and except for an occasional bark of the village *pariah*[51] not a sound could be heard. Farhat wanted to dismount, he told his

47 A small vessel with a narrow neck.

48 Propitiatory offerings.

49 A horse a clergyman is sometimes so spoken of.

50 A common superstition.

51 The common breed of dogs in India to be seen in every street and every village.

syce to walk on with the horse and that he would catch him up after a while. The syce went on half a *kós*[52] or so but when he did not see his young master coming, he halted, and apprehending that something wrong had happened to him, began to retrace his steps. He reached the spot, as he thought, where his master had dismounted. He was sure that that was the spot, for there lay on the ground his riding-whip, and his footsteps were clearly traceable but trending into a cross-path which must take him entirely from the straight road. He stood and pondered. He was at a loss what to think or what to make of it. Could his master have taken a freak into his head and really passed him across country, while he was retracing his steps by the trunk road? What else could he make of the situation? At least it would do no good to stand there and wait; it would be better for him to go on, possibly he might fall in with him farther on, or at any rate he would be sure to find him at the next sarái. And so he pursued the journey, deeply concerned all the way for the safety of his young master.

52. A measure of length, about two miles.

CHAPTER CI

THE LAMB THAT NEVER COULD BE CAUGHT

We must now explain the cause of Parhat's disappearance As he stood by the road-side, he thought he saw a pool of water below the berm which shone uncommonly bright in the moonlight On approaching it however, his imagination took an unaccountable turn and he became sure it wasn't water that was before him but a mass of white floss cotton spread along the road-side for what purpose, he was at a loss to divine His fancy stirred him and he made up his mind to investigate the phenomenon So he unsheathed his scimitar, and with the point of it he just touched the cotton to lift it from the ground, when lo! up jumped a white shaggy lamb, and began to leap and frisk about in a very merry mood What a strange creature, thought he and what a rummy spot to find a lamb in! Well, it wouldn't be a bad joke to catch her and make a present of her to the *mahtaráni* at the next sarae he should stay in

So returning his scimitar to its sheath, he walked after her, putting out his hand every now and then to catch her But she seemed to elude him in a strange fashion She walked on briskly before him, but no sooner did he approach her and was now sure of laying hold of her than she would take a sudden leap and be still ahead of him as far as ever she was before 'Here is a curious thing!' said Parhat audibly 'To be befooled by that silly little creature! Surely she cannot escape me this time!'

and he made a swoop at her with both his hands, but again he failed He now fairly ran after her, making repeated attempts to lay hold of her, but the lamb was equal to the occasion she foiled her pursuer at each step She jumped aside, she took a leap in the air, she ran ahead of him, she halted, she turned round as if to mock her pursuer at his vain efforts and again gave him the slip when he thought his hand had almost touched her leg By this he had left the high road for cross paths in the country, but he did not realize this fact till long after when coming to a halt, his limbs began to totter beneath him through sheer fatigue and the unwonted excitement of the chase "What a wonderful creature this is!' thought he 'Can it be really a lamb?'

Whatever brought this reflection to his mind, but when he lifted up his eyes to see what had become of her there was no lamb but a gaunt looking animal that stood four feet from the ground with his fiery orbs fixed full at him That was not the man to quail before physical danger Quick as thought he drew his scimitar and ran tilt at the beast who retreated beneath the shadow of a great *pipal*[53] that spread its stout branches over the way which he had to pass The moonbeams striking against the smooth surfaces of its leaves caused each one of them to gleam with a singular light And at the same time a wind seemed to agitate the thick foliage above-head The animal took a stand under one of the over hanging branches and glared more fiercely at the intrepid youth, who now marking the spot brought his weapon with the full force of his

53 The Ficus religiosa.

arm down upon what he thought was his head. It met with opposition such as that he had not expected. Instead of the skull of a living animal which that thundering blow would have cleft in twain, the blade descended upon a dry stump and flew out of its master's hand. Dumb-founded, appalled, quivering with passion, he yet rushed against the object with his poignard but was checked in mid-career by two long legs dangling from the *pupal*, and which rested on his shoulders so effectually as to pin him to the spot where he stood, and prevent any further movement on his part

Farhat looked up and saw a horrid face grinning at him from the top of the bough At the same time a fiendish laugh sounded in his ears and echoed through every branch and fibre of the tree, taking away all nerve from him He now fairly trembled through fear hitherto unknown to him, and seemed to have no resource left What was to be done? He now felt certain that he had been pursuing a phantom, and that it was not flesh and blood with which he was contending The warning of his faithful syce occurred to him Animal strength was unavailing, for his limbs were rendered powerless beneath the superincumbent weight of those colossal legs which sent a cold thrill through all his veins At this moment he thought of the amulet which the venerable seer had given him, and which he had sewn up in a piece of silk and buckled up on his right arm With a nervous jerk he brought his left arm to the right and felt for the amulet, exclaiming as he did so '*Lá haul wala quowaté Illá billa!*" Behold the marvellous effect of this adjuration! He felt the weight on his shoulders relax, there was a

crash as if a thick branch of the tree had broken over his head, and there fell something on the ground before him which rolled aloof like a bale of fleecy white wool; and as his eyes followed its motion, it all of a sudden turned into the lamb which had brought all this trouble upon him and disappeared in a bush close by.

Farhat was able to breathe a little more freely. He took up his scimitar from the ground and passed his palm over it in order to wipe off the blade which gave the smell of sulphur, and had become blackened. He had now leisure to meditate over his strange adventure. What the lamb was or the monstrous legs which caught him from above, he could never tell. It was now past midnight by the declining moon, he hadn't the faintest idea where he was or how far from the road or the *sarái* at which he was to have rested for the night, or what had become of his steed and old servant. Terribly shaken as he was by his extraordinary physical exertions, and the dread produced by the supernatural appearances which had passed before him, the apprehension that he might have to encounter yet greater perils if he lingered much longer near the spot, gave him strength to walk on briskly across fields until he heard the barking of dogs. Concluding from this signal that he was not far from human dwellings, he directed his steps toward the point from which the sounds came, and soon reached a village which he entered hoping to find shelter for the night somewhere. The place was quite still, every one was asleep, save the village *chaukidár* who was on his rounds. Farhat informed him that he was a belated traveller who had lost his way, and that he would be glad of a resting-place

for the night, and for which he would, if necessary, gladly pay. On hearing of the adventure through which he had passed, and judging from his haggard face and done up condition that he was truly unfit to proceed further, the *chaukidar* expressed sympathy for his mishaps and accommodated him in the *athan* of the village, promising to be at his service next morning if he had need of anything.

CHAPTER CII

WILL O'-THE WISP

On enquiring from the chaukidar next morning, Farhat knew that in his insensate chase after the lamb he had already traversed some twenty-four miles and was nearer Bulandshahr than he could have imagined. He was advised to break his journey for two or three days after which to hire a pony and proceed by slow marches to Bulandshahr. But he was resolved now that he had lost his steed, that he should pursue his journey on foot. So after he had got over the effects of his adventure he set out again.

The first three or four marches he made rising up early before dawn and staying for the rest of the day in a sarae. The day following having woke late he had to journey at night but he slept for the early part of the night and taking advantage of the murky light which the waning moon gave he rose after midnight and thought of making a long march to Shahdara, if not Delhi itself. His eagerness to reach

Delhi was enhanced when he heard from the mehtarám in the Meerut serái that a sipáhi, just like himself but older in years, had passed several months before bound on an errand to Delhi which, however, he would not disclose; and from the description which she gave of his person, he felt convinced that it could be no other than his false friend "Wait a bit longer, my *friend*!" he cogitated, emphasizing the word 'friend' in bitter irony. "Just a day or two more, and we shall come to a heavy reckoning together."

It was the early part of April. The night was still, the road without another passenger, and but for a black dog which followed him from the serai, there was no sign of life along the road he travelled. The dog was in a playful humour; he would sometimes run ahead of him, then walk along by his side. Once he tried to make advances to him, and began to fawn at his feet as he sat by the roadside to rest awhile. Farhat felt a cold shiver run through him and kicked him off; but he only beat the empty air. His former experience recurred to him, as he noticed the animal's eyes glaring at him with a malicious stare. He regretted having started at night, and wondered if he was destined to hold another converse with beings uncongenial to his own race and blood.

As he was thus musing, he was startled by the sound of a silvery voice—a female voice which seemed to come from behind him, a voice that chimed in sweetly with the tinkling of silver bells on the feet. He turned round to look. It was a young woman, airily clothed, who seemed to be travelling the same way as himself As he turned right about to have a closer view of her, she passed him uttering another of her silvery laughs That laugh struck a sympa-

thetic chord in Farhat's bosom Could he be dreaming or did his eyes deceive him ? It was the form of one whom he had adored in the past, one who had proved faithless to him, and had united her bad faith with that of another, who also had violated the vows of friendship "Could it be she ?' said he aloud vacuously, and a cold trembling seized him A flame seemed to pervade his very marrow

What could she be doing here—here, in the open country, far from her parental home, without companions, without any male protection ? Had the false villain deserted her after all, after satisfying his guilty passion ? Had she turned a waif on the cold world with nobody to claim her as his own ? Ah no ! She should not want a friend, degraded though she be so long as Farhat was alive He peered at her by the light of the star-spangled firmament, his heart came into his mouth It was she, he could not be mistaken At once he quickened his pace and called out to her by her old endearing name She turned round just a little and uttered another of her soul-enrapturing laughs Stop Zinat ! for the sake of heaven the only eye-witness now between us stop I entreat thee and let me shield thee in my arms from the cold stare of the world I am thy devoted Farhat still !' Another laugh an inviting laugh, as much as to say ' Come on ! He put out his hand to lay hold of the gauze like covering which draped her, but she had already preceded him by a step

Farhat was all aglow with passion The caution which he had received, his experience of the past he threw to the winds and pressed forward to catch her even against her will Without heeding where his

fervent desire had brought him for having long left the high road, he was again fumbling over land which the husbandman's plough had broken against the approaching showers of May. "O cruel!" said he addressing the object he was in pursuit of. 'O cruel! O heartless! thou art conscious of thy power over me! Thou knowest that that sylph-like form of thine holds my heart enthralled. Stop and turn thy face towards thy doting slave, and let us return to our home for, love it is thee I have sought these weary weeks and months. By thy eyes which have captivated mine, and by that graceful person which the hosts above love to woo, cast off thy indifference and favour my passion!'

The person so addressed slackened her pace. A high platform was before her—the platform of a well constructed by some benevolent lord of the soil to refresh the weary traveller that might be passing that way. 'Now,' thought Ignis-fatuus, 'now will I have her!' He made a dash at her with his open arms but he had miscalculated. Light as a feather, she sprang up to the platform and there stood beckoning to him to come up. He was only too ready. Without taking the trouble to look for the steps he took a high jump and was soon by her side. With his whole frame trembling with passion he seized her hand, it was very cold, cold as marble. Had he really touched flesh and blood? But all of a sudden the object of his desire disappeared from his sight. There was a loud plunge. 'In my mad struggle with her' exclaimed he 'she has fallen into the well. Then I will not leave thee there alone. I shall follow thee into the depths with the same ardour as I have pursued thee on earth. I come!

And with that, feet foremost, he leaped after her into the well

CHAPTER CIII.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

And here with the life of Farhat our history might have ended but that his destiny had not yet been fulfilled The scene shifts into a humble dwelling in the little town of Shahdára There a female was with motherly solicitude nursing a young invalid, who for twenty days or more had been raving in a high fever which now was just abating Often had he alternated between life and death She knew who he was, though it was long before he recognised her In his delirious wanderings, he was heard to say "Love is a credulous thing! Why did that false friend come between me and my love, and with his whispering tongue poison all the sluices of thy old love for me?" "O Zinat! fairer than the snow-white lily, more slender than the tall *sarv* [51] more pleasing than the winter's sun or than the summer's shade, more beauteous than the garden over which the zephyr has just passed, more straight and comely than the lofty *shamshád* [55] sweeter than the ripened grape, softer than the down of *pashmina*!" [56] With trembling hands and flushed cheeks he approached his nurse as she sat mute and pensive, listening

51 The cypress an Eastern metaphor

55 The box tree (Meninski)

56 Soft downy wool obtained from the Pashmina goat in Kashmir

attentively to his impassioned address "Do now but raise thy beauteous head, Zinat," said he touching her chin "Do not scorn, but look at me and smile at my request For I burn, and my passion, thus slighted, rages with greater fury, and I seem carrying in my bosom a furnace transferred there with all its flames; and yet, Zinat, cold and obdurate, thou art unmoved!"

Perceiving no movement on the part of the object he thus addressed, he sullenly returned to his bed, muttering. "Woman, more deep than the sea, harder than iron or the firm rock! Whose love was the truer, say? Mine, to be sure For thou art the flame, and I a moth, and I have burnt myself on thee, yet did the lookers-on hear no word of complaint escape my lips!"[57]

Gradually these wanderings grew less and less, and he became calmer and quieter, until one morning he was found to be quite cold and apparently lifeless in bed. His good nurse gazed at his still features and wept. She put her hand to his arm, to his forehead. there was a thick, clammy sweat on them. He was to all appearance dead. In this condition he remained for six hours, when a slight movement became perceptible softening the rigidity of his face He sneezed and at once opened his eyes. The good nurse immediately poured a few drops of a mixture into his mouth. Again he relapsed into unconsciousness, and after another six hours' sleep, woke greatly refreshed.

Thus several days passed, and vitality began to return to his emaciated frame. One day he was

57. A metaphor borrowed from Sheikh Sadi

observed to fumble about for something he had lost He felt his right arm but there was nothing on it, except that in his bloodless skin there was a thin line indicating that an armlet had once been worn there He wanted to know what had become of his armlet His arms, viz his scimitar, and knife, and buckler, were all safe, but where was his armlet—an object which he seemed to prize above all the rest? Some one had taken it off his arm while he was asleep, for had he not been long asleep?

"Yes, *choté mán*," answered his nurse, "you have been a long while sleeping but you cannot surely remember what has happened during this long period? You have been near death's door, and it is the skill of the *Khwája* alone that has restored you to life I saw no amulet on your arm"

"*Choté mán!* that sound is familiar to my ears, and that voice I think I have seen thee, nurse, somewhere Where was it, let me think! O let it go? But my *táwíz* I must have that or else what is the use of my going further? I might as well have ended my days here And he laid himself down on his bed and closed his eyes 'Fillets,—tattered rags and garlands, proofs of wishes that had been granted surrounded the middle of the *pipal* hobgoblins with grinning faces serpents hissing with their vibrating tongues and with their crest erect, surrounded me but Allah be praised! At the sound of His Great Name and as soon as my fingers touched that supreme *amulet* on my arm all the demonstrations of Iblis vanished Ah my *táwíz!* my *táwíz!*'

Nurse had withdrawn from the room Somebody touched him he opened his eyes and stood on his feet, and beheld standing before him the same vener-

able form which had directed him under the tall palm at Lodhipur to proceed to Delhi, and had given him an inscription which he had always worn since on his arm That mysterious guide was standing before him again

"Frail son of the erring Adam," he began, "thou hast forgotten my caution and hast suffered thyself to be beguiled by things of the air Thou hast forgotten the trust which I enjoined on thee, trust in Allah! and hast preferred to follow the promptings of thy passion And Allah has punished thee The phantom that plunged into the well was only the creature of thy fevered imagination, and not the person whom thou seekest. And thou mightest have perished there, but thy Maker is All-merciful and Gracious He pities thy frailty, and sent me in time to rescue thee from a premature death and a watery grave I caught thee by thy hair, and pulled thee out of the water, and set thee on dry earth For twenty long days and nights thou hast hovered between life and death The medicaments which I directed thy kind nurse to administer, however, subdued the fever at length which till then had paralyzed thy senses The elixir of life which she poured into thy parched throat revived the vital energies and on the twenty-first day the dæmon departed from thee And now thou art convalescent, what further request hast thou to make? Where is the inscription which I gave thee?"

Farhat hung down his head "Ah, *Hazrat!* what answer can I give to your question, what explanation offer of my folly and my past neglect of your counsel! I have slighted the goodness of Allah and in my frenzy and infatuation to wrest the decrees

of Fate, have pursued a phantom, and have also lost that priceless gift which you gave me Pity my helpless condition, O *Hazrat!* Forgive the past, and restore me to favour again"

'Again thou errest, child of the earth! To Allah, the All-merciful, alone belongs the attribute which thou seekest to find in me But for thy present contrition and sincere confession of sinfulness, thou mightest have been left to thyself But I am sent to thee again by the command of the Great to remind thee of past errors, and as thou hast sought through repentance forgiveness of the same, to assure thee that thy Creator and mine overlooks what is past, and desires me further to inform thee that upon thy conduct in the future will depend the continuance of His favour Go forth then, my son, on the mission which thou hast yet to accomplish Be wary, be circumspect, be prudent Dangers beset thee still, but those who lean upon Providence are conquerors in the end!"

Farhat was overpowered with emotion, his heart was filled with gratitude at this fresh instance of the never-failing compassion of the Supreme Dispenser of goodness He fell down at the feet of his interlocutor expecting every moment that he would yet further favour his suit by conferring upon him a substitute for that which he had lost but when he looked up his heavenly visitant had gone He nevertheless rose up stronger and fresher and though he still felt a want—the want of his armlet which he believed had possessed a nameless virtue to bring him successfully to the goal which he had set before him he nevertheless prepared for his onward journey He sought for his nurse but she too had disappeared

After a good night's rest, he set forward the next morning.

CHAPTER CIV.

THE RENCONTRE

Delhi is within arm's length of Shahdara. He had not proceeded far when the tall minarets of the imperial city met his admiring gaze. Imperial once, but alas! now no longer the seat of an empire which had dazzled the world with its magnificence. Shot and shell had marred the stateliness of its walls and the perfect beauty of its edifices. In the words of its last titular monarch, 'its title was gone and it was now a ruined city.'[58] The conqueror had taken military possession of it, and civil Government had been re-established.

Passing through the principal street, he enquired for "Nizamuddin" and was told that he must travel six miles more to reach the shrine of the "great saint." Full of ardour for the completion of his undertaking, two conflicting desires struggled for mastery in his mind. Though he had set out originally with the main purpose of punishing the infidelity of his *quondam* friend and free Zinat from her thraldom he had no intention of claiming her as his own again. For had she not been defiled by the unchaste touch of another? She was no longer fitted to be his wife. This severe resolve had nevertheless given place lately to more kindly thoughts. Doubts had again arisen

58 For Zafar's lament see Appendix XXIX.

in his mind as to the nature of Zinat's connection with his false friend The counterfeit of her which had beguiled him, had thawed his cold reflections; he was begining to think, may-be he had brought himself to believe, that if Zinat was in his rival's power, it was not a willing servitude but that at heart she must be his still He would therefore call her his own again when he saw her "And she too will know me, and tell me the whole truth"

Notwithstanding, there lingered in his bosom the stern resolve—the desire for retribution on his false friend, him he could never forgive If his Zinat had erred, she had erred through his subtilty, and he must be punished With these dark thoughts revolving in his mind and the old wound still rankling in his breast, he approached the time-honoured shrine of *Ai ámud lin Aulid* [59] The sun was just setting behind the lofty dome of the distant mausoleum when the bark of a dog led him in the direction of a hut the only occupants of which were an old man and a younger one We recognise in these our old acquaintances, Iroz and the sadhu The former sat sunning himself, though it was the season of hot winds, behind a log-fire, while the other had spread his *ja namaz*,[60] and with his face turned towards the *jibla* [61] was telling his beads, and praying that even now his labours might end and that a kind Providence might interpose to bring Zinat to him, so that he might discharge

59 A celebrated shrine in old Delhi

60 A piece of carpet used to spread on the ground upon which the Musalman stands or sits or kneels to pray Also called a *Musalld*

61 Mecca.

his trust and restore her to him to whom she belonged by right of heavenly election

No sooner did Farhat's eyes rest on him than he identified him 'Traitor!" exclaimed he in a voice trembling with emotion, and in which concentrated rage was mingled with bitter hate "Traitor, have I found thee at last? Arch-betrayer! Then the meed which thy faithlessness deserves" And with that he rushed at him with his drawn scimitar, and I was like to have finished there and then the career of Firoz had not the latter, inured to arms as he was sprung aside from his seat with the agility of a cat, and seizing his iron-bound stick, stood on the defensive

'What insensate folly is this, young man? For what offence am I so rudely assaulted, and where is my fault? Put back thy scimitar into its sheath, see I am without weapon of equal merit, and sit down and partake first of my hospitality and afterwards recount to me thy wrongs"

"Snake in the grass! Apostate to my trusting faith! Wilt thou bandy words with me? I accept thy hospitality who has violated all the ties of friendship and smuggled my true love from me? I shall not ask thee to tell me where she is or what thou hast done with her, or where concealed her to gratify thy guilty passion, for I shall find her and she will denounce thy perfidy to me But thou false-hearted, dishonest knave! take this and go to the place reserved for thee in Jahannam' And with that again Farhat made a slashing cut at his antagonist, which the latter, however, avoided by moving back a step 'I repeat again, my young friend sheathe thy weapon and explain to me the cause of thy irritation, and I promise to give thee full satisfaction," said he

"*Friend*, sayest thou! Thou *false* friend! thou dead to all that is sacred in that name!" roared Farhat hoarse with rage, and chafing under his two last unsuccessful attacks "Dost thou dare to utter that word with those disloyal lips of thine? Base-minded, abject reptile! this time thou shalt not escape; feel then the weight of my arm'

And again Farhat advanced and, grasping his scimitar with both his hands, swung the weapon round his head and levelled a crushing blow on his antagonist's head Firoz without losing his presence of mind, with a steady eye and before the blow had time to descend, moved forward a step and caught Farhat's arm a tight blow with his stick With a cry of anguish, for the hand was stunned with the violence of the blow, Farhat fell to the ground and his weapon dropped powerless by his side Firoz ran up to him and would have taken his hand in his own and chafed the wound, but helpless as he was and unable to hold his weapon with withering disdain he pushed away his proffered hand while with his left he drew his knife from his girdle and lifted it to strike him But he was again destined to be disappointed in his revenge for quick as thought, Firoz put up his folded *dupattá* and so received the blow which fell harmless on the buffer

"Cursed dog protected by the arts of Iblis!" hissed he through his set teeth! 'Foiled in my revenge, may the fire of this keen-edged steel be quenched in the blood of thy wronged friend, no longer fit to live!" And again raising the knife with the little strength remaining in his left arm, he directed the blow so as to bury it deep within his own bosom, but before the weapon could come into

contact with his person, his arm was arrested half-way by another, the *possessor* of which he could not resist The knife was dashed from his hand, while a magnetic flash went through his whole frame the instant effect of which was to restore to every limb of his body the nerve and vitality which it had lost from the Rencontre with Firoz At the same time, by a power which he could not resist, he sprung lightly upon his feet with the vivacity of a young hart, and there to his astonished gaze stood that venerable form again which he had so recently met in the inn at Shahdara

"Child of the earth! It is not my mission now to upbraid thee,' spoke the heavenly messenger! "to chide thee for the errors of thy youth, for youth is full of fire and indiscretion and wisdom is begotten of experience alone Know then that the end approaches, the word has gone forth, and the command of the Most High must be obeyed Take that which thou hast lost, read that is before thee, and act accordingly" And with the last word the speaker vanished

CHAPTER CV.

TABLEAUX

Farhat on examining the object he held in his hand, found it to be a piece of pottery scribbled over as he thought, with hieroglyphic characters which he was unable to decipher He turned it upside down and looked at it over and over again, but was no wiser than before The lad that had followed him as his body-servant from Shaldára, suggested that the ancient man who sat so quiet behind the log fire might be requested to assist him in reading the mysterious characters *The sun had long set, the night* was dark and starless The old Sadhu desired Farhat to sit down by him He next passed his right index-finger over his eyes and requested him to look towards the north He did so and anon shut his eyes and covered them with both his hands

"*O Báwá!*" cried he, "that light is too powerful for my sight What is that pillar of fire that seems to rise from the bottom of the valley sending up a perpetual cloud of smoke *made of sighs* as it were? O *Bábá* tell me soon, for though my eyes are closed they ache and I feel as if the scorching fire was right before my orbs and will singe them"

'It is thy weak faith that makes thee fearful," replied the anchorite "Quick *bachhá!* Open thy eyes fearing nothing and read the mysterious piece of pottery by the light of that fire Dispel all doubts from thy mind, for now the end has arrived Quick!"

Farhat did as he was commanded Presently a whirlwind formed, and rising from the depth of the

valley approached to where they both sat. "Put up the command towards him, *Lucchi*, so that he may read" Parhat obeyed the order mechanically, not knowing what he did No sooner did he turn the inscription towards it than a report, loud and *deafening, as if a thunderbolt had fallen* near him, followed, the whirlwind *opened into* two, one pillar of sand being driven away by a sharp wind to the north and another to the west, and from between them there appeared the form of a tall lean man wearing a long grey beard His appearance was dignified, his step firm and stately, and his general bearing that of a person wielding high authority. He held a rod in his hand made of some dark wood He drew near to where Parhat and the Sádhu sat, and, coming to a halt before the former, was presented by him with the potsherd. He took it from his hand, beheld it, and turned deadly pale.

"Ha! So *Khwaja* has tracked me out even here!" exclaimed he in a voice tremulous with awe "Yes, *sáhab*, I am that criminal!"

Parhat started as if from a dream "Criminal! what saidst thou? What dost thou mean? Who art thou? explain thyself quick, for all the demon is again roused within me Have I indeed been beating the air all this while?"

"Hear me, young man!" replied his interlocutor "I am Prince of the nation of Genii whose country borders on the Satlaj My name is Aqrush

"By nature inclined to rove, I once flew over the fair region of Kather, and passing over the city of Shahjahánpore beheld the daughter of the chieftain draping herself after a bath in the early morning Her beauty which surpassed all that the imagination

could picture, took my heart by storm. I was enamoured of her: I saw and I loved at first sight. I descended to her place of residence and solicited her, but failed to overcome her virtue. Disappointed but not discouraged, I formed the resolution of making her my own even against her will. I knew that she had given her heart to thee, and that thy friend"—pointing to Firoz—"aided by the good will of her faithful servitor"—pointing to Farhat's servant-boy—"thy friend, I say, was going to escort her the following morning across the Khannaut where thou wast awaiting her on the left bank. So watching my opportunity, no sooner was her *méáná* set down on the opposite bank than I appeared to her in the likeness of her lover, invited her to leave the *méáná* and walked a short distance with her as far as *Chaunâ-ki-kothi*, where, however, I returned to my original form and carried her off to where I pleased."

He paused to take breath. Farhat looked round and beheld Firoz standing side by side with his servant-boy His eyes suffused with tears while his whole frame shook with a powerful emotion at past recollections He nevertheless restrained his feelings; a change had come over him since his last meeting with the *Khwajá*, all the fire and precipitancy of youth had left him, and he was willing to hear the *Jin's* story with patience to the end

"*Sahibzádé*!" he resumed. "I obtained possession of her; physical possession of her was all that I could boast of, however. For the rest, she was obdurate against the gratification of my desires. From the moment that she knew I was not her Farhat, she ceased not to lament and tear her hairs. She loaded me with reproaches and imprecations, and she called the

ministers of heaven and the spirits of the air to witness that she had been ravished against her will Besides the arduousness of overcoming her repugnance of my person, nay the impossibility of getting her even to speak to me, I had to contend with other forces which were directed against me This individual who appears here in the garb of a *religieuse*, is one of my most inveterate foes He knew what I was about; he espied me when I with my train, my prize being secured, flew from the banks of the Khannaut, and has ever since dogged my steps, and by the power which he possesses over my race, has withheld my hand from committing a greater crime than I was already guilty of, in carrying off by force a woman whose heart and affections were already fixed upon another And when after being driven about by his spells from place to place, I sought a refuge in this secluded locality, he followed me here also And has established his post right before my dwelling and together with his confiderate, the man at-arms there, has daily defied my power—the power of a prince of the air"

"Recreant thou art!" exclaimed Carhat in vehement anger "By deceit thou hast obtained part of thy desires, but the Most High has restrained thee from steeping thy soul still deeper in iniquity Produce before me this instant, I command thee by the power of the fragment thou holdest in thy hand Produce before me, I say, the beauteous flower which thou hast so ruthlessly torn from its parent stem"

"O *Adamzad!* I am now in thy power, yet use not thy power, I pray thee to do me any injury. The greatest gift that the fates can give thee, that gift which is denied me, thou shalt have this very

moment I dare not disobey the command There, look!' pointing to the pillar of fire—there is, and has been, the home of thy beloved these several months And the smoke that issues from the mouth of it upward is formed by her sighs"

And now the Prince of the Genii threw off the garb which he seemed to have worn hitherto, a garb which made him look a gaunt, ugly old man He stamped his foot on the ground, and immediately as if by magic he was surrounded by a glittering retinue of courtiers and a numerous multitude of armed followers which filled the valley all round At the same time his own form and visage were changed A handsome man, youthful and graceful, wearing the insignia of royalty, he now appeared

'Thou sittst, Parhat,' said he, 'that did I choose to oppose thy demands I should be no mean antagonist to even the son of an Emperor Pathán chieftain But all this great show of power which I make before thee is worthless How can I fight against the behests of the *Khwaja Khizr*, the chosen envoy of the Most High, for it is His Almighty command that thou bringest to me He took up a piece of pottery and with a bit of charcoal wrote a command to me to deliver to thee that which thou hast lost Poor and contemptible though in appearance the missive be, it commands my unreserved and full obedience The Most High speaks through His minister, and what am I, finite creature that I am that I should disobey? Truth prevails over guile, like oil on the waters it floats to the uppermost, virtue prevails over carnal desire!'

He paused Then directing the attention of his auditors to the pillar of fire twice he turned himself

to the west and twice to the east, he then touched Farhat with his black rod saying thus to him 'Behold Farhat, and receive thy enchanted bride!" And as he pointed it towards the pillar of fire, he said in a commanding voice "*Qu ush, Qu ush!*" and immediately disappeared together with all his following

The pillar of fire had vanished Instead of that, perfect darkness supervened all over the valley and the country around The air was still as if in expectation of some great event Presently the sky became starlit, and by the radiance of those supernal illuminators, Farhat beheld the lovely form of his Zinat approaching him arrayed in costly habiliments Her face was concealed under a diaphanous veil, which scarcely hid the transparent complexion of its owner And it was irradiated by an exuberance of happiness which communicated itself by a secret magnetism to her lover He ran and clasped her in his arms

Instead of weeping, however there was joy Presently the nine o clock gun fired from the ramparts of the fortress of Salemgarh,[61] and by the instantaneous flash of the gun Farhat beheld standing before him his old and tried friend Azzu, whom he had hitherto only known as the false Firoz and in his servant boy he beheld the faithful Hulasia The old *Sádhu* also was transformed into Imrat Lal, the erst petition writer, the spy of the Aghori's dell, the dabbler in the science of astrology who met Azzu by the banks of the Khannaut and was ever after his fast friend, and who had all along so paternally watched over his interests

61 The old fortress of Delhi

The Lat now advanced and placing Zinat's hand into Farhat's, said: "Friends! these two faithful hearts, the reciprocal beating of which has already united them into one, were pre-ordained of Heaven to go in life together. I as the oldest in years in this assembly, declare them now to be man and wife. Go, my children, and may happiness attend your future career!"

CONCLUSION.

Mariam survived the great Mutiny thirty five years A Parental Government allowed her a small maintenance during her long period of widowhood, and she finally fell asleep at Benares after wishing a calm good bye to every one around her. While she lived, she was respected and honoured by all who knew her, her counsel and her opinion were sought for both by young and old; her words were considered to be oracles, and it is from notes occasionally dictated by her, supplemented by data, furnished to me by her daughter, that these memorials have been compiled A plain, unostentatious tomb marks the spot where all that was mortal of her was laid 'At Rest' by her surviving child and grand-children on the twenty-fifth day of November 1892

Gentle Reader, my task is done ! I have in the foregoing pages set before thee the example of a Woman whose qualities were essentially feminine, and who to high principles and a correct life combined the virtues of truth, forbearance, patient endurance, and general benevolence If the perusal of "MARIAM" has left upon thy mind the impression that there are heroines in humble life who, rival, if not excel, the achievements of the great, my labour has not been in vain

END

APPENDICES.

NOTE ON THE DHARAMSHALA.

Page 2

II A *Dharamsálá*, or *Dharamshálá*, is a wayside inn or rest house erected by the charitable Hindu in India It is generally a solid stone or masonry structure—a quadrangle with an entrance flanked by long verandahs, and within a court yard lined on all sides by rooms or porches. There is always a masonry well within easy reach containing sweet water No charge is made by the founder for the accommodation supplied These rest houses are scattered all over the country in the towns and suburbs, as well as on the principal trunk lines ofcommunication

NOTE ON THE KHAS TATTI

Page 3

III The name of the grass of the roots of which the *tattis* are made (Andropogon muricatum) The grass is laid on a frame-work of bamboo, and fixed down by means of long slits of the same material which are secured to the frame work by bands of string These *tattis* as they are called are made in several shapes, and when fixed to the doorway and watered are the great means of keeping the house cool during the season of hot winds

NOTE ON THE PANKHA.

Page 3

IV Another contrivance for stirring the air during summer It consists of an oblong wooden frame covered over with cloth and whitewashed This frame is then suspended from the roof by strings, and with another piece of string which passes through a hole made in the wall is pulled from the verandah by a man called the pankha-coolie The constant oscillation of the machine stirs the air which the *tatti* has already cooled

NOTE ON CHAPATIS.

Page 6

V *Chapátti* is the name applied to thin flat wheaten cakes which form the regular diet of the higher classes of Musalmans in Upper India They are made in two ways The dough being prepared a small lump say the third second part of a seer is taken and flattened with the hand It is then spread by tilting it sharply from

one palm to the other after which it is placed on the *tavá* or iron pan and baked on the fire From the *tavá* it is removed and placed slant wise resting on the side of the *chúlha* or oven when it swells up and is at once taken out and placed on a plate and covered up The custom is to make the whole dough into *chapátis* before sending them up to be served at table It is usual to wrap the *chapátis* in a coarse cloth while they are being baked or they would get hard by exposure to the air Some with an eye to plate have the *chapátis* served up hot as soon as it is taken out of the bake, so there is a regular post bringing them up as soon as they get ready

Chapátis are made to the diameter of 12 inches or more when made of a smaller size they are called *phulkás* or *phulkis* The term *roti* is applied to cakes of unleavened bread *Roti* may be *chapáti* or *phulká* it is a generic term, and taken by itself it means something thicker than either

The *chapati* spoken of in the text are supposed to have been small cakes made of Indian corn meal they were regarded as signs or symptoms of a wide spread conspiracy They were known to pass from hand to hand many months before the mutiny actually broke out A messenger would come to a village seek out the headman or village elder give him three *chapátis* and say 'These three cakes are sent to you you will make three others and send them on to the next village The headman accepted the charge and punctually sent forward other three as he had been directed. It was a mystery which none of the authorities could get at the bottom of The process continued during many months village after village being brought into the chain as successive links, and relays of *chapátis* forwarded from place to place until the whole of the country affected by the movement had been served

Page 14

VI "In prosecution of his long cherished design to break down the religions both of Musalmán and Hindu the Nazarene had determined to render his military service the means of their degradation—by compelling them to apply their lips to a cartridge saturated in animal grease—the fat of the swine being used for the pollution of the one and the fat of the cow for the degradation of the other

Edinburgh Review No 216.

VII.—THE VATICINAL ODE.

راست گویم در جهان صاحبقران پیدا شود
نام او تیمور شه صاحب قران پیدا شود

بعد ازان میران شه چون وارثش گردد پدید
والی صاحبقران اندر جهان پیدا شود

چون کند عزم سفر او از فنا سوئے بقا
بوسعید آن بادشاه انس و جان پیدا شود

بعد ازان گردد عمر شیخ آن شه مالک زمین
مگر دد آن هم مدّ عیش همدران پیدا شود

شاه بابر بعد ازان در ملک کابل بادشاه
بایقین دان فتنه در ملک آن پیدا شود

باز نوبت بر همایون میرسد از لایزال
همدران افغان یکے از آسمان پیدا شود

حادثه رو آورد سوئے همایون بادشاه
وانکه نامش شیر شه اندر جهان پیدا شود

میرود در ملک ایران نزد اولاد رسول
تا که قدر و منزلت زان قدردان پیدا شود

از سکندر چون رسد نوبت به ابراهیم شاه
زان به دهلی والی هندوستان پیدا شود

خلق را فی الجمله در دوران او گردد نکو
بر جراحت های عالم مرهم آن پیدا شود

شاه شاهان مهربانی ها کند در حقّ او
تا وقار عزتش چون خسروان پیدا شود

تا زمانی آنکه لشکر رو بیارد سوئے هند
شیر شه فانی شود پسرش بران پیدا شود

بس همایون میرسد در هند و قابض می شود
بعد ازان اکبر شه کشور زمان پیدا شود

بعد ازان شاه جهان گیرست گیتی را پناه
وان سگے اندر جهان شاه جهان پیدا شود

چون کند عزم سفر زینجا سوے ملکِ بقا
وارثش شاہِ جہان صاحبقران پیدا شود

بیشتر شاہِ جہان کم از چہل شاہی کند
تا کہ پسرِ خورد سالش ہمدران پیدا شود

در تحیر خلقِ ماند چون چنیسی گرد عیان
مشتری از آسمان آتش فشان پیدا شود

شاہِ عالمگیر باشد نام او اورنگ زیب
کز جلوسش فتنہ در ہندوستان پیدا شود

او پدر را قید سازد قاتل اخوان بود
در تظلمہاش شورِ الامان پیدا شود

راستی کمتر بود کذب و دغل گردد فزون
دوست دشمن گردد و نیک اندران پیدا شود

قوم سکھان چیرہ دستی ہا کند بر مسلمین
تا چہل این جور و بدعت اندران پیدا شود

بعد ازان گردد نصارا ملکِ ہندوستان تمام
تا صدی حکمش میان ہندوستان پیدا شود

چون شود در ملکِ آنہا جور و بدعت را رواج
شاہِ غربی بہر قتلش خوش عنان پیدا شود

در میانِ این و آن گردد بپا جنگِ عظیم
قتل عالم بے شبہ در جنگِ آن پیدا شود

فتح یابد شاہ غربستان بزور تیغ جہد
قوم عیسے را شکستی بیگمان پیدا شود

غلبۂ اسلام باشد تا چہل در ملکِ ہند
بعد ازان دجال طبتی اصفہان پیدا شود

از براے دفع دجال ہمی گویم شنو
عیسی آید مہدی آخر زمان پیدا شود

نعمت اللہ را کہ آگاہی شدہ از راز غیب
گفتۂ او بیگمان در مردمان پیدا شود

عنایت اللہ

پانصد ہفتاد ہجری تا زمن این گفتہ شد
در ہزار و دو صد و ہشتاد آن پیدا شود

عنایت اللہ

For the benefit of those who cannot read Persian, I transliterate the ode in Roman character —

1 Rá t goyam dar jahan Sahib qiran paidá shawad,
Nam u Taimur She Sahib-qiran paida shawad
2 Bid azan Milan i She chun wárisash gardad pidid
Wáli e Sahib-qiran andar jahan paida shawad
3 Chun kunad azm i satar u az fana sue baqá,
Bu Said an Badshá é ids o jan paida shawad
4 Bád azan gardad Umar Shékh an She e malik zamin,
Gardad in ham muddaish hamdaran paida shawad
5 Shah i Babar bad azan dar mull e Kabul Bád shah
Bilyaqin dan fitrat dar mulk e án paidá shawad
6 Báz naubat bar Humayun misrad az layazal,
Ham laran Afghan yake az á man paida shawad
7 Hád é ru áwarad sué Humayun Badshah
Wanke namash Sher Sheh andar jahan paida shawad.
8 Mírwad dar mulk e Iran nizd aulád e rasul
Take qadr o manzalat zan qad dan pa dá shawad
9 Az Sikand r chun rasad naubat b i Ibrahim Shah,
Zan ba Dehli wah é Hindosta i paidá shawad
10 Khalq ra filjumlá dar dauran u gardad niko,
Bar jarahathae álam marham an paidá shawad

11 Sháh-i-shahan mehrbání há kunad dir haq é ú,
Ta wiqár e izzatash chun Khusrawán paida shawad

12 Tá zamane ánke lashkar ru biyárad sue Hind,
Shir-Sheh fani shawad pesrash baran paida shawad.

13 Bas Humayun mírasad dar Hind o qabiz mí-shawad,
Bad azan Akbar-Sh' kishwar zaman paidá shawad

14 Bad azan Sháhe Jehangír ast gé í rá panah
Wangahé andar jahan Sháhé Jahan paida shawad

15 Chún kunad azm é safar zín já súe mulke baqá,
Warisash Shahe jahan sáhibqiran paida shawad

16 Beshtar Shahé Jahan l anfaz chihal shahí kunad
Take pésré khurd salash h endaran paida shawad

17 Dar tahayyúr khalq manad chún chunín gardad ayán,
Mushtarí u ásman átish fi han paida shawad

18 Shah e Alamgír bashad nam u Aurangzéb,
Kaz julusash fitna dar Hindostan paida shawad

19 U pidar ra qatl sazad qatil e ikhwan buwad,
Dar tazallumbásh hore alaman paida shawad

20 Rastí kamtar buwad l azbo dighal gardad l fazín
Dost dushman gardad o nék andarán paida shawad

21 Qaum i- Sikkhàn chire d Astíhi kúnad bar Muslimín
Ta chihil ín jaur o bid'at andaran paidà shawad
22 Bid azan gardad Ni ari mulk o Hindustàn tamam,
Ta sadí hukmash miyan Hindú tán paidá shawad
23 Chun shawad dar mulk e anha, jaur o bid'at rà riwáj
Shàh e garbí bahr e qatlash khush inin paidà shawad
24 Darmiano in o àn gardad basó jang e azím,
Qatl e alam bé shubah dar jang o an paida shawad
25 Fath yábad Shah i-Gharbistàn bazor é téghi-jehd
Qaum i-Isà ra shakistó bégumàn paida shawad
26 Ghalbé Islàm bashad ta chihal dar mulk é Hind
Bad azan, Dajjàl e Tibtí Isfahàn paidà shawad
27 Az barae dafi Dajjale hamín goyam shuno,
Isa ayad Mahdi ó akhir zaman paidá shawad
28 Nématulla rá I o aghi shuléi az rize ghaib
Guftí o bégumàn, dar marduman paida shawad
29 Pansad haftad Hijrí tazíman in gutta shud,
Dar hazar o do-sad o hashtàd àn paidà shawad

THE ODE AS RENDERED IN ENGLISH

1 I tell the truth, an invincible hero will be born in the world,
And his name will be Taimúr Shah
2 After him Míran Shah, his inheritor, will be born and will succeed him
3 When he prepares for his journey from death to immortality,
His son Said will be born king of all the living
4 After that Umar Sheikh will become the owner of the earth,
And his rival will at the same time be born
5 Babar Shah will next be born King in Kábul,
Know for certain that disturbance and calamity will be produced in that country
6 Again accidents will overtake Humayun from the eternal
At a period when an Afghan will be born from heaven
7 Misfortune will befal Humayun Bádshah
When Sher Shah of that name will be born
8 He goes to the country of Iran to the descendants of the prophet
So that he might obtain honour and dignity from that just appreciator of merit

9. When from Sikandar the step is reached to Ibrahím Shah,
Then will be born at Delhi, he, the king of Hindostan.
10. The people will during his reign receive all goodness,
And he will apply the ointment of cure to their wounds.
11. The king of kings will show him every kindness
So that his honour and excellence will be like that of the Khasros.
12. By the time, however, that the army could begin its march towards Hind,
Shér Shàh dies, and his son is born.
13. Thus Humáyún reaches Hind and takes possession of it,
After which Akbar Shàh, king of the world, is born.
14. After which while king Jahángír gives his protection to the earth,
At that time Shàh Jahàn will be born in the world.
15. As he departs on his journey from this to the land of immortality,
His heir, Shàh Jahàn, the great emperor, is born.

16 Before that Shàh Jahàn can reign less than forty years,
His younger son is born at that period
17 The world is in astonishment as he appears
A Jupiter from heaven is born scattering fire
18 His name is Shah Alamgír and Aurangzéb,
At his accession a commotion is spread through Hindostan
19 He imprisons his father, and becomes the murderer of his brothers
For his oppressions the sounds of mercy and quarter will arise
20 Truth will decrease lies and deceit will increase
Friends will become enemies and the good will be born then
1 The nation of the Sikhs will gain the upper hand over the Musalman
And for forty (years) this tyranny and schism will prevail
22 After that the Nisárà will gain sovereignty over the whole of the country of Hindostan
And for one century their rule will obtain in Hindostan
23 When tyranny and schism become the fashion during their dominions

1 The meaning of this passage is obscure

The king of the west, the excellent rider, will rise for their destruction

24 Between them and him there will be great wars,
A great many people will without doubt be killed in these wars

25 The king of the west will obtain the victory through the sword of assiduity,
And the sect of Jesus will without a doubt sustain defeat

26 Islam will have the supremacy for 40 (years) in Hind
After which Dajjál Tibti will be born in Ispahán

27 For the subversion of Dajjal, this is what I say hear
Jesus comes, and Mahdi, the last of the world, is born

28 Niamatulla to whom has been revealed out of the secrets of the hidden
Says without a doubt these sayings of his will be generally known among men

29 Five hundred and seventy Hijri was the epoch in which this has been said
In one thousand two hundred and eighty he will be born

2 The name Gharbistan is couplet is doubtful It must be *Gharbistan* or *Irbid* If the latter it would be king of Arabia instead of *the west*

NOTE ON THE TILAK.

Page 20

VIII The *tilak* is a mark or marks made with coloured earth or unguents upon the forehead, and between the eye brows, as a sectarial distinction There are three forms of the *tilak* generally made,—the Rámánuji which is something like an trident, thus Ψ, the Shaivi which consists of three crescents, thus ☽, and the Vaishnavi which consists of a big dot, thus • The first is peculiar to the Vais community, the second to the Chatri or Brahmin castes, and the third to the *Shudras* The Rámánuji, however, is the one affected by the followers of Rám Lachhman, and of Gopál or Krishn.

NOTE ON DURWESHES.

Page 27

IX The word *durvesh* is Persian it is derived from *dur*, a pearl, and *vésh* or *vash* like that is like a pearl Another form of the same word is spelt and pronounced differently It is *darvésh*, and is derived from *dar*, door, and *vésh*, past participle of the verb *avékhtan*, to hang, that is, hanging or knocking about from door to door

Faqir, an Arabic word, means poor as opposed to *ghani* rich

Faqir is a generic term, while *durvésh* and *darvesh* are concrete terms.

A *durvésh* is a recluse he is a true seer, he goes nowhere, Providence sends him food and drink wherever he may chance to be, while a *darvésh* is a false *faqir* or a mendicant

The Emperor Alamgír relates of a *durvésh* whom he once visited and offered to endow his monastery with several villages He replied that the king by giving him villages would confer an obligation upon him, while the Sustainer on whom he trusted (meaning the Deity) sent him food and expected no return for it

NOTE ON THE THREE REQUISITES OF A TRUE FAQIR.

Page 29

IX *a*. Amír-Khusro, in his well-known work *Chahár-durvésh* or *Bágho-bahár*, relates the episode from which the idea embodied in the text has been taken :—

Of a truth there is no greater accomplishment in the world than to give, because whatever man gives in this world, he will receive a return for it at the last day. When a person sows a seed in the ground, how much does that one seed yield! Having come to this conclusion I sent for my superintendent of architectural buildings and commanded him to erect a magnificent edifice outside the city which was to have 40 high and wide doors. After a short time a building such as that I desired was finished. It was my daily custom to sit in this house from morning till evening distributing money to the poor and destitute, whoever asked me for anything I used to grant his request to the full. In short, the needy used to come through each of the 40 doors and take away whatever they wanted.

It so happened one day that a *faqír* entered through the front door and made a request. I gave him one gold-mohr. He re-entered through the second door and begged for two gold mohrs, and though I had made him out, I did not mind it but gave him two. In this manner he came through each of the doorways and asked for one gold-mohr in advance of the number he had last received, and I too, though I made him out each time, gave him in full of what he wanted. At last he entered through the fortieth door and asked for 40 gold-mohrs. I had them given him.

Having received so much, however, the *dárvésh* gained his admittance again through the first door and repeated his request as at the first. I disliked it a great deal. I said, "Hear, O avaricious! what kind of a *faqír* art thou that thou art not even ac-

Traitor with the three letters of *faqír*: a *faqír* should act up to them." He said: "Well, *dátá* (giver), you tell them me." I replied:

"Fe. *f.* ف is *fáqá* (lit: foodless, poverty),
Qáf. *q.* ق „ *qanáat* (contentment), and
Re. *r.* ر „ *réázat* (abstinence).

Whoever has not these, he is no *faqír*. Eat and drink out of what thou hast already received, and come again when thou shalt receive whatever thou mayest ask. The charity which I dispense is intended to remove pressing want, and not to hoard up. O covetous! thou hast taken from 1 to 40 gold-mohrs, reckon how many gold-mohrs thou hast received, yet with all that thy avarice brought thee back to the first door! What wilt thou do by hoarding up so much riches? A *faqír* should think of the day's needs, for the morrow the Sustainer will provide fresh food. Now be ashamed, and be patient and contented. What sort of *faqírí* is this which thy instructor has taught thee?"

Hearing my speech, the *faqír* became angry and threw down all he had received from me, and said "Enough, *bábá*! dont grow so hot, keep your riches to yourself but dont take up with the name of generosity again. It is very difficult to be generous, you cannot bear the weight of generosity, how will you reach that stage? Dilli is still far. *Sakhí* (the generous) too has three letters, first act up to them, and then you will be called generous."

I now felt amazed, and said "Well, *dátá*! explain the meaning of this to me." He replied:

"Sín. *s.* س is *samáí* (endurance),
Khé. *kh* خ „ *Khauf-a-Iláhí* (fear of God),
Yé. *y.* ی „ *yad rakhna apní paidaish aur marné ko* (bear in mind thy birth and thy death: thy beginning and end)."

Until a person reaches to this height, he should not pretend to be generous

And such is the merit of a generous person that even if he be addicted to vice, he is still the friend of God"

NOTE ON THE AGHORI.

Page 35

X. "A flagrantly incongruent and abominable set of beggars who "have rendered themselves notorious for the disgusting vileness "of their habits. Prowling about in the pursuit of their miserable "calling they will take no denial. In case of the refusal "of alms they will besmear themselves with filth, and eat the most "loathsome garbage, in the presence of the persons who withhold "their money from them

"The Aghoris deduce their origin from Kinā rām and Kālu rām "(the *gurū* or spiritual guide of Kināram) who are supposed to "have lived in Benares about one hundred years ago. Hindus of "all castes may enter the order On initiation their bodies are first "shaved, and they are sent to Ast bhuj,* the shrine of a famous "goddess six miles from Mirzapur, where they practise incantations "until they imagine they have acquired the power of the goddess, "Aghor mukhi, whom they worship and whose tenets they observe

"The Aghoris eat all kinds of food, including the carcases of "jackals, cats, and other animals, which die of themselves

The Revd. M A. Sherring's "Hindu Tribes and Castes" (1872). Vol. I, p 269

Aghor means something filthy The class is known to be a persistent devourer of human carcases and they are to be found on the banks of the rivers where their means of subsistance are easily found. What an *aghori* you are! is a term used to denote a gross or filthy feeder

* Lit the one with eight hands

NOTE ON THE CHURAIL.

Page 36

XI. 'The popular belief is that the spirit after death undertakes "a year's travels as *pret*, *pard* or *palit*. But if at the end of that "time he does not settle down and enter upon a respectable second "life, he becomes a *bhut*, or if a female, a *churail*,' and as such is "an object of terror to the whole country. His principal object then "is to give as much trouble as may be to his old friends, possess- "ing them, and producing fever and other malignant diseases." Dr. D. C. J. Ibbetson B. C. S.

Bhut, *palit*, *churail* are used as terms of reproach, of contempt or abuse. What a *palit* you are! denotes, how dirty! Go *churail*! Go, you hag! in plain English.

THE TEXT AS TO ANGELS PELTING THE DEVILS FOR PEEPING INTO HEAVEN.

Page 42

XII. زينا السماء الدنيا بمصابيح و جعلناها رجوما للشياطين

Zayyanat samá-ad-dunyá bi-masábihá wa jaalndhá rujúmal-lish shaydtine SURA MULK, QURAN.

I have embellished the sky of the universe with stars, and I have appointed it (them) to be the whip for devils

ARABIC TEXT ON THE VIRTUE OF SNAKE-KILLING.

Page 43

XIII. عن ابن مسعود قال قال رسول الله صلى الله عليه و سلم

أنا ابن الدايات طابن لمن خاف ايذاءهن وليس منا •

An-ibne Masud qala qala Rasul-Allah Sal-Allahu alaihe wa sallam uqtulul-haiyate kulla hugnat fiman khafa sardi-hunna falaisa minni • Kitabul salat wa tahiyat Mishqat sharif.

(And) related to the sons of Masud that the prophet of God, may the salutation and peace of God rest on him commanded to kill all snakes. Thus whoever is afraid that they will retaliate he cannot be from me

SANSCRIT TEXT OR SHLOK ON COW-WORSHIP.

Page 43

XIV. तत्र कुर्यात् गवांपूजां गोग्रासं गोप्रदक्षिणं गवानुगमनं कार्यसर्वान्कामान् अवाप्नुयात् ॥ १ ॥

Tatra kuryat gavam pujam gaugrasam gau pradachinam gaunugamanam karyam sarvan kaman aapnuyat.

Mahabharat Din Parb

By worshipping the cow, by giving them food, by going round them, by holding their tail, whatever sins there may be they are destroyed

SANSCRIT TEXT OR SHLOK ON NAG-WORSHIP.

XIV. a पन्नगानां पदास्सन्ति द्विशते द्वेचविंशतीः सर्पाः पुज्याः तदासर्वविपद्भाभयनाशकाः ॥ २ ॥

Pannagánám padassanti dvishatay dwaich winshatih sarpáh pújáh tadá sarb bishja bhat nashaka

Mahabhárat Din Parb

The serpent has 222 legs By worshipping such a serpent whatever fear there may be it is extirpated

• Káli or death was the name of the Nág on which Krishná slept.

NOTE ON THE SANKRANT.

Page 51

XV A celebration in honor of the sun entering a new sign It is chiefly observed twice during the year,—once in the month of Chait (February–March) and when there is an intercalary month, early in Baisakh (March–April) It is called *mékh sankrânt*, from *mékh* or Aries the ram, the first of the twelve signs in the zodiac which the sun enters at the vernal equinox on the 21st of March The festival is distinguished by special libations of water made to the deity, by offerings of a chatty with water and green fruit to the brahmins, and of a ram or goat to a *shudr* or one of the lower orders

The second is known as the *makr sankrant* from *makr* or Capricornus the goat the tenth zodiacal sign into which the sun enters at the winter solstice about the 21st of December It is also called the *Mágh sankrânt* from the fact of its falling in the month of Mágh (December-January)

The vulgar names of the two *Sankrânts* are *sattú sankrânt* and *til sankrânt* On the occasion of the former *sattú* and of the latter *til* and preparations of *til* are partaken of, and exchanged between relations and friends

Sattú or *sattú* is wheat or rice or gram steeped in water and kept overnight and then dried and ground very fine. It is then sweetened and turned into liquid paste and eaten as an occasional dainty

NOTE ON SATNARAIN-KI-KATHA.

Page 51

XVI A sermon upon the lord Nrâin or Vishnu (the preserver), the second person of the Hindu doctrine of the trinity The *katha*

Til the seed of the sesamum *Til* balls that is *til* seed rolled up in sugar *til khichari* or *til* cooked up with rice are one of the forms in which the seed is taken It has a heating effect upon the system, while the effects of *sattu* are quite the reverse

is held on the occasion of some domestic event or in fulfilment of a vow or on a *sankrânt* (see App XV. *ante*). It is held on *purnon* or full-moon night or some other day fixed for the purpose. When being assembled, the platform is taken by the *pandit* or preacher, in the course of which the miracles performed by the god during his several incarnations on earth are recited and commented upon. At the conclusion of the address, *chûrmâ*,(a) *mithâi* (b) and green fruits are distributed to those present

NOTE ON THE "LOTUS" AS A SIGNAL.

Page 57

XVI.a The allusion here made to the lotus has reference to another mysterious symbol which, like the *chapatis*, formed one of the premonitory symptoms of the great rising. A man came to a cantonment with a *Kanwal ka-phul* or lotus flower and presented it to the chief native officer of a regiment. It was circulated from hand to hand, each man took it, looked at it, smelt it and passed it on. When it came to the last man in the regiment, he disappeared for a time having previously obtained leave of his commanding officer, and took it to the next military station. The lotus passed among the military while the *chapatis* were transmitted to the heads of villages.

NOTE ON SNEEZING.

Page 103

XVII Sneezing is a subject of great significance in Upper India. If some one sneezes once, it is unlucky to go out of the house, if as he starts the same person sneezes twice, it is not unlucky. The proverb is

(a) A dish consisting of wheaten bread broken up and mashed with ghi.

(b) Confectioner's sweet

Ek sdk dui chhak

Jahin jae tahan sik

Lit One sneeze twice sneezed, it is well wherever you may go Somebody sneezed, wait a little! Get up quick before any one sneezes! Did the cat sneeze (that you have dropped your work?) If you only sneeze, your nose is cut off (that is, for the smallest offence your head is cut off) All these are common expressions in the daily chit-chat of Indian female life behind the *parda*

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See Ovid's Met Liber XV, Fable 8

Assasination of Julius Cæsar

XVIII "Arms resounding amid the black clouds and dreadful "blasts of the trumpet and clarions heard through the heavens, forewarned men of the crime. The sad face of the sun gave a 'livid light to the alarmed earth Often did torches seem to be "burning in the mist of the stars often did drops of blood fall "in the showers, The azure-coloured Lucifer had his light tinted "with a dark iron colour the chariot of the moon was besprinkled "with blood The stygian owl gave omens of ill in a thousand 'places dirges too are said to have been They say 'too that the dogs were howling by night, and that the 'ghosts of the departed were walking But still the "warnings of the gods could not avert the approach "of Fate

NOTE ON THE TERM "RAUNA"

Page 166

XIX. The term *raunà* signifies the fourth or last stage of the marriage ceremony among the Kàisths or Kàiths of Upper India

First in order is the *sajan* or betrothal then the *bijah* or marriage next the *gauna* when the marriage rite is consummated, the bride returning to her parents home and lastly, the *rauna* when the bridegroom finally takes her away to his own home, after which she visits her parental home occasionally once or twice a year and that only as a guest

In the eastern provinces however they count five stages of marriage namely —(1) *Tarrichha* or *phaldan* that is the engagement (2) *tilak* or the betrothal (3) *shadi*, which is the same as *biyah* (4) *gauna* and, (5) *donga* or *rauna* With them the term *sagai* signifies a widow marriage among the lower classes

NOTE ON PAKWAN

Page 214

XX. Special dishes prepared during the rainy season, especially those consisting of *jalebi khajur samosa* etc, are so called

Pua also called *malpua* are fritters made of fine wheat flour mixed with treacle or *gur* or some such saccharine substance There is a large consumption of *ghi*

Khajur meant to imitate the fruit of the date-palm are also made of sifted wheat-flour kneaded in milk or *ghi* They are shaped on a *sup* or winnowing-fan, and in appearance are like the caul of the ear

Both the above dishes are sweet

Samosa is a kind of *pate* either salt or sweet The dough consists of fine wheat flour rolled out Square or oblong pieces are cut out filled and then rolled up into the shape of a segment of a circle the edges being turned up and pressed down in order to prevent the contents from falling out

Salt *samosa* are filled with mince meat while the sweet ones contain a compound of sugar and *ghi* and curds mixed together with dry fruits such as cocoa nut, pistachios and raisins all cut fine

UNLUCKY DAYS FOR JOURNEYS

Page 219

XXI They are shown in the following Persian lines —

Sharq dar shambá do shambá,
Jumá ó yak-shambá ghurûb
Seh-chahàr andar shimal o
Panj shamba dar janub

The metre of these lines is not very cor[illegible] the following negative significations

Dont travel to the
East on Saturdays and Mondays,
West „ Sundays and Fridays,
North „ Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and
South „ Thursday

NOTE ON THE ARHAR PLANT.

Page 356

XXII A species of pulse, the *cytisus cajan* It is sown in the month of June after the first good fall of rain, and mown in the month of April, when the summer has well set in It thus takes nearly twelve months to grow to maturity It is a very hardy plant and grows to a height of 7 or 8 feet from the ground The grain is used as an eatable while the stalks and withs are used for making baskets The reapers always leave a few inches of the stem in the ground the poor dig them up for fuel but a good many are left standing, and often prove stumbling blocks to those walking through the field A wound caused from a trip against one of these is dangerous, and takes long to heal

TEXT ON THE GENII

Page 408

XXIII وَالْجَانَّ خَلَقْنَاهُ مِنْ قَبْلُ مِنْ نَارِ السَّمُومِ

Waljan o khalaqnâ ho mingable min, nâr is sumume Quran *Suratul Hajar*

And I created *jân* at the first from the flaming fire

NOTE ON THE PROPHET 'IDRIS.'

Page 462

XXIV By which name the prophet Enoch is meant He was the sixth in descent from Adam, thus

Ukhnukh *bin* (Enoch, the son of) Alyârid (Jared) *bin* Mahlâil (Mahalaleel) *bin* Qinân (Cainan) *bin* Anûs (Enos) *bin* Shis (Seth), *bin* Adam. He is, however, *more generally* known

by his epithet of *Idris*, which means the teacher, because he was by profession an imparter of *dars* or instruction In person he was of a tall stature and a capacious chest, and had a thick head of hair He had a small voice and one ear of his was larger than the other The angel Gabriel visited him four times, and brought him as many messages from heaven, inscribed upon thirty tablets He was the inventor of sewing, and also of the art of writing He is also the reputed father of the sciences of medicine, astrology, astronomy, and the mathematics He founded the first school of natural philosophy, and was the first to teach pure theology Besides he was the originator of public schools, and he founded and peopled 180 cities before he was taken up at the age of 350

Page 172

XXV On the subject of "*Possession—Divination—Exorcism*," as practised among the rural populations, I cannot do better than give an extract here from the writings of Mr D C J Ibbetson B C S

"When a person is ill, the disease is generally attributed to the influence of a malevolent deity, demon or genii, who has possessed him Recourse is then had to divination to decide who is to be appeased and in what manner There is a class of men called *bhagat* or *sedná* (lit knowing ones) who exercise the gift of divination under the inspiration of some divinity or other This power is apparently confined to the menial castes, e g *chamár*, *bhangi* is often hereditary and is rarely possessed by women, it is shown by the man wagging his head and dancing and he generally builds a shrine to his familiar before whom he dances When he is to be consulted which should be at night, the enquirer provides tobacco and music The former is waved over the body of the invalid and given to the *bhagat* to smoke, and the music plays, and a *ghi* lamp is lighted, and the *bhagat*

sometimes lashes himself with a whip, under which influences the soothsayer is seized by the afflatus, and in a paroxysm of dancing and head-wagging states the name of the malignant influence, the manner in which he is to be propitiated, and the time when the desease may be expected to abate

"Another mode of divination is practised thus The *sedná* will wave wheat or *judr* (*millet*) over the patient's body, by preference on Saturday or Sunday He then counts out the grains one by one into heaps, one heap for each god who is likely to be at the bottom of the mischief, and the diety on whose heap the last grain comes is the one to be appeased The waving of grain or tobacco over the patient's head is called *chuana*, and the counting of the grain *kewali*' Settlement Report of the Karnál District, Punjab pub 1883 p 145

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XXVI. Names of the Muwakkils, with the letters at which they preside —

Alif	ا	... Isráfil	...	إسرافيل
Be	ب	... Jibráil	...	جبرائيل
Te	ت	... Izrafl	...	عزرائيل
Sé	ث	... Mékáfl	...	ميكائيل
Jím	ج	... Kalkáfl		كلكائيل
He	ح	... Tankafíl	...	تنكفيل
Khé	خ	... Mahkáfl	...	مهكائيل
Dál	د	... Dardáfl	...	دردئيل
Zál	ذ	... Ahratíl	...	اهراطيل
Ré	ر	... Amwákfl	...	امو كيل
Ze	ز	... Sharfáfl	...	شرفائيل

Sín	س	...	Hamsáfil	...	همسائيل
Shín	ش	...	Hamráfil	...	همرائيل
Suád	ص	...	Alyáfil	...	اهجيائيل
Zuád	ض	...	Atláfil	...	صلكائيل
Tó	ط	...	Ismáfil	...	إسماعيل
Zó	ظ	...	Lozáfil	...	لورائيل
Ain	ع	...	Lomáfil	...	لوماعيل
Ghain	غ	...	Laqhfil	...	لوخائيل
Fé	ف	...	Sarhmáfil	...	سرحماكيل
Qif	ق	...	Atráfil	...	قطرائيل
Káf	ك	...	Harwazáfil	...	حروزائيل
Lám	ل	...	Tátáfil	...	طاطائيل
Mím	م	...	Royáfil	...	روياثيل
Núa	ن	...	Haulafil	...	حولائيل
Wáo	و	...	Raftmáfil	...	رقتماعيل
Há	ه	...	Duryáfil	...	دوريائيل
Yó	ي	...	Sarákítáfil	...	سراكيطائيل

THE AHJAD CALENDAR.

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XXVII. Each of these 21 letters denotes a numeral. The first nine denote the units up to 9; the second nine, the tens up to 90; the next nine, the hundreds up to 900; and the last, 1,000. Thus:—

Alif	...	1	...	ا	Sín	...	60	...	س
Bé	...	2	...	ب	Ain	...	70	...	ع
Jím	...	3	...	ج	Fé	...	80	...	ف
Dál	...	4	...	د	Suád	...	90	...	ص
Hé	...	5	...	ه	Qáf	...	100	...	ق
Wáo	...	6	...	و	Ré	...	200	...	ر
Zé	...	7	...	ز	Shín	...	300	...	ش
Hé	...	8	...	ح	Té	...	400	...	ت
Té	...	9	...	ط	Sé	...	500	...	ث
Yé	...	10	...	ي	Khé	...	600	...	خ
Káf	...	20	...	ك	Zál	...	700	...	ذ
Lám	...	30	...	ل	Zuád	...	800	...	ض
Mím	...	40	...	م	Zé	...	900	...	ظ
Nún	...	50	...	ن	Ghain	...	1,000	...	غ

The *Abjad* calculation is employed usually in Persian chronograms for the purpose, among others, of recording the dates of events. For instance, the following two words commemorate the building of the famous bridge over the Gomtí at Jaunpore: "*Sirát mustaqím*," which when analyzed gives the following quantities:—

صراط مستقيم

ط ا ر ص

300 = 9 + 1 + 200 + 90

م س ت ق ي م

650 = 40 + 10 + 100 + 400 + 60 + 40

950

which is the Hijrí year in which the bridge was built. The name means *Rāh sidhí* or straight road.

NOTE ON "KHWAJA KHIZR"

Page 185.

XXVIII This prophet or saint is one that cannot be identified with any known Bible character, though by some he is supposed to be the same as Elijah This belief gains colour from the fact that he is reckoned as one of the four prophets who did not meet death He enjoys the title of *Khwájá par excellence* as a person of distinction in the sight of his Maker And he is called 'Khizr' because wherever he has perched to sit down, the ground became verdant underneath him, the word *Khizr* meaning green in Arabic Like Illyás (Elias?), the tutelary saint of the woods, Khwaja Khizr is known to live in the waters and his special function is to take care of travellers, and to relieve the troubles of the faithful.

He was born in the pre-Mosaic age and was seven generations removed from Noah. His real name was Balyán, and his genealogy is thus given

Balyán, son of Malkán, son of Fálegh, son of Ghábir, son of Shálikh, son of Arfakhshad (Arphaxad), son of Sám (Shem), son of Núh (Noah).

He is said to have discovered the water of life, hence he is considered to be the saint of the waters. The Muhammadans leading a sea-faring life offer him oblations of lamps, flowers etc placed on little rafts (*bèrá*) and launched on the river, particularly on Thursday evenings, in the month of Bhádon (September), and it is in his honour that the feast of the *bèrá* (rafts) is held

There are numerous legends concerning the Khwaja He is always described as holding a black ebony rod in his hand He is invoked in the Punjab at the construction of a new well, and the mallahs (or sailors) give a shout to his name, *jáo khwaja-ji-ki*, before they launch forth into the deep

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Lament of Siraj-uddin Abul-Zafar Bahadur Shah II, the last King of Delhi.

XXIX The question of the king's (the so-called Emperor of Delhi's) complicity with the designs of the conspirators, that is—the question whether he was one of the fomentors of the disturbance and an active participator in the movement—has never been satisfactorily settled. For *though by those who immediately survived the mutiny or were concerned in its suppression* he was denounced as 'that aged *traitor*,' we have the evidence of no less an authority than Mr G F Harvey B C S Commissioner of Agra, who, writing on the 21st of December 1858 to the Governor General of India, says that he took the earliest opportunity to apprize him of his complete helplessness

"While discussing the aspect of affairs' (between the 11th and 14th of May 1857) * * * a "camel-sowar arrived "express from the King of Delhi with a communication, in his 'own hand, *to my address* * * * It mentioned the "violent death of *the Commissioner, Mr Fraser, and others, stated* "that the cavalry troopers were in complete possession of the "Fort and Palace were treating him with almost personal indig- "nity, prayed for assistance, and the restoration of order, ex- "pressed horror at what has taken place'

The general opinion is that the king was a mere tool in the hands of his ambitious queen Zinat-Mahal of 'Gangaram Tahudi,' his *wazir* or minister, and his turbulent sons, and moreover that he never lent his sympathy or support towards the perpetration of the deeds of violence with which the great rebellion was characterized And when called upon to formally recognise any measure which required the royal sanction, he used *to exclaim* 'O why trouble me in my old age? I am quite happy as I

"am and have no desire to enjoy the reality of power since "age prevents me to do anything be gone I sitting quietly at home "turning my rosary, and preparing to enter eternity"

I have spoken of his minister as 'Gangaram Yahudi;' but that was not his real name. His proper name was Hakim Ahsanullah Khan, though that is the title which the fallen monarch gives him in one of his ditties *'Gangaram* metaphorically is the parrot—a bird which in the East symbolizes characterlessness and infidelity. And 'Yahudi' or Jew has about the same meaning and the term also has reference to the man's descent, for a large section of the Asiatic Musalmáns pride themselves in being *Bánt Israil* or the 'children of Israel'

Whatever the merits of Abulmuzaffar Bahádur-Sháh may have been as a dependent of the H. E. I. C he was undoubtedly a poet of great merit and renown. He has left four thick volumes of poems, most of which indicate a high order of genius. Like his equally unfortunate congenor Wájid Ali Sháh, the deposed King of Oudh, also an eminent poet, who when he was being deported from his capital, sang in plaintive tones

Angréz Bahádur ne zulam kiyá
Mera chhin lia Lakhnau nagri

Angréz Bahádur have committed an outrage,
They have snatched away from me my Lucknow town;"

Zafar (that was his poetical title or cognomen) published several odes and ditties in which he poured forth his soul and *complained of the loss of his city and the extreme rigour with which the insurgents were treated by the conquerors* (By italicising the words I have, I wish to convey to the reader the general sense of the 'lament') One of these odes I transcribe below for the information of the English reading public, and I also give its transliterated version and a free translation in prose.

یکایک ہوگیا ہر سمت شور اَلامان کیسا
یہ شعلہ آہِ سوزان کا ہے کیسا یہ دھوان کیسا

گئی یک بیک کیا ہوا پلٹ کہ نہ دل کو اپنے قرار ہے
کروں غم ستم کا مین کیا بیان مرا سینہ غم سے فگار ہے
یہ رعایا ہند ہوئی تباہ کہو کیا نہ انپہ ہوئی بپا
جسے دیکھا حاکم وقت نے کہا یہ تو قابل دار ہے
کہین ایسا بھی ہے ستم سنا کہ دی پھانسی لاکھون کو بیگناہ
ولے کلمہ گویون کیطرف سے ابھی دل مین اُنکے غبار ہے
نہ دبایا زیر زمین اُنھین نہ دی گور اور نہ کفن اُنھین
کیا کس بےنے زیر دفن اُنھین یہ ٹھکانا اونکا مزار ہے
شب و روز پھولون مین جو تولین کہو خار غم سے وہ اب گھلین
اُنھین طوق قید مین جو ملین کہا بدلے گل کے یہ ہار ہے
یہان حال جو تنگ سب کا ہے یہ کرشمہ قدرت رب کا ہے
یہان بہار مین تو خزان ہوئی وہان خزان مین دیکھو بہار ہے
تھا شہر دہلی جو یک چمن ولے سب طرح کا تھا یہان امن
جو خطاب تھا اُسکا مٹ گیا فقط اب تو اُجڑا دیار ہے

یہہ و بال تن پہ ہے سر میرا نہین جانے کا ڈر ذرا
جو غم سے نکلے دم خدا ہمین اپنی زندگی بار ہے
نہ شمسائی ہے فیر ہمن نہ ہے اپنی کوئی خیر ہین
ہے اثر اجل کے شہر مین کیا لاکھون کو جو شکار ہے
کیا ظفر ہے غم تمہین حشر کا جو خدا رکھے تمہین بر ملا
ہے بھروسا تمکو رسول کا وہ تمہارا حامی و کار ہے

عنایت اللہ

TRANSLITERATED VERSION OF THE ODE.

Yaká yak ho gayá har sinh shóryó alamán kai-á,
Yeh sholá áh o sozán ká hui hai-á yeh dhuán kai-á.

1. Gaí yak layak kyá hawá palat ke pa dil ko apné qarár hae,
 Karún ghum sitam ká main kyá bayán mera sina ghum sé figar hae.
2. Yeh riáyá Hind hui tabíh kaho kyá na inpó hui jafa,
 Jisé dekhá hákim o waqt nó kahá yeh to kábil o dár hae.
3. Kahin: aisá bhí hae sitam sunú ko dí phánsí lákhón ko béguáh,
 Walé kalma goyan kí tarf sé abhí dil mén unké ghubár hai.
4. Na dabáyá zér o chaman unhón na dí gór aur na kafan unhón,
 Kiyá kis nó zér dafan unhén yeh thikana unka mazár hae.
5. Shab o róz phúlon mén jo tulén kaho khar o ghum só wuh ab ghulén,
 Unhón tauq qaid mén jo milén kahá badlé gul ké yeh hár hae.
6. Yahán hál jo tang sab ká hae yeh kirishma qudrat o Rab ká hae,
 Yan balúr mén fo khizán hui wán khizán mén dekho balúr hae.

7. Thà shahr o Dehlí jo ek chaman walé sab tarah ká thá yán aman,
 Jo khitâb thî uskî mit gayá faqat ab to ujrâ dayár hae.
8. Yeh wasîl tan pe hae sar meré shikán jîn jáné ka dar zarâ,
 Jo gham se nikle dam Khudâ hamén apní zindagí bâr hae.
9. Na dushmanâí hae ghair méí na hai apné kof khatr mén,
 Hae asar ajal ké shahr méí kiyá lâkhon ko jo shikâr hae
10. Kyâ *Zafar* hae gham tumhéí hashr ká jo Khudá rakhé tumhén bar malâ,
 Hae bharosá tumko rasúl ká wuh tumhárá hámí o kár hae.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE ODE

What is this cry for mercy and quarter arisen on a sudden all round?
This flame of ardent sighs, what? And what is this smoke?

1. What a sudden turn of the breeze there is that my heart has no rest!
 What am I to describe the pain of the tyranny, (for) my breast is pierced through with oppression?

2 This people of India is ruined, say what oppression has not been practised on them?
Whomever the powers-that-be see they say he is deserving of the gallows

3 Have you ever heard of such tyranny that (they) have hung up all his without any sin?
But the slayers say that their minds are still ill-affected

4 They were not concealed in a flower-bed nor have they received a grave or a shroud,
Who has buried them in the earth, for this very spot is their sepulchre?

5 Those that were weighed night and day with flowers say they now are dissolved by the thorn of sorrow,
In prison the chains which they receive (they) say these are garlands in the place of flowers

6 The straits in which every one is here, this is a freak of the power of the Most High,
Here the spring has turned into autumn while where there was autumn there see now there is spring

7 The city of Dehlí was a garden of flowers and there was all manner of security here,
Its title has been effaced and now it is only a ruined country

8 My crime is this head on my body, I have no fear if my life be lost,
May sorrow cause my life to go, (for my) life is a burden (to me)

9 The stranger is not my enemy, nor is any one my friend,
There is a mark in the city of death (by which they have) hunted down lakhs

10 What anxiety canst thou have, *Zafar*, for the judgment-day, if God keep thee still conspicuous?
Thou hast reliance upon the apostle, (and) he is thy defender

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XXX *Kotáh gardan* or a short neck is the mark of a scoundrel, as saith the proverb

Kotá gardan tang p shání
Haram dí kh yehi nishání
Short neck, narrow forehead
These are the marks of a scoundrel

There is another doogrel which gives a roll of blackguards —

Sa i mén sár sahasra mén kaná
Sard ikkh n én a nehá tána
Ainehá tána kari pukár
Va n mání kanjá sé hár
Kanjá b chárá kjá karé
J b kotá-g rdan pichhé paré
Sab lucchón ká mukh sardár
Yaki chhte é na bár
Yaké sang ne utarid p ir
Bálgob ná as kaken b chár

100 wicked persons = a blind man; 1,000 blind = a cock-eyed; a lakh and a quarter one-eyed = one squint-eyed. The squint-eyed cried out: 'I am stumped by grey-eyes.' Poor grey-eyed can do nothing before a short-necked. He is the prince of rogues who has no hair on his chest. Cross not with him, O Bálgobind!

NOTE ON THE CUSTOM OF DRESSING THE HAIRS.

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XXXI. Among the Pathán women, the custom is to comb up the hair from the forehead and tie it in one thick plait, which is called the *chot*, left hanging at the back. Instead of ribbon they use pieces of red cloth to fasten the ends with, and which is called the *mobáf*. They do not part their hair, with the exception of a bride or a new *sukdgan* who will give the *máng* or part but for the time only. A hair-brush is never used. In the eastern districts, however, the women part their hair in the middle or side, and also dress it in a bob or knot.

SHORT GLOSSARY

OF

FOREIGN TERMS MORE COMMONLY USED IN THE TEXT.

Achárraj—A spiritual guide or teacher.

Ai bhdio—O brothers!

Ajudhiá—The ancient capital of Oudh, the name of the capital of Rámchandr, of the Rámayan fame.

Alfi—A seamless shirt, a sheet or blanket torn in the middle and worn from the head, much affected by the *faqirs* of India.

Anand rahó—Be happy!

Angá, angarkhá—A long coat worn by men

Aoadh—Oudh

Bábájí—Lit father A respectful term of address for a Hindu *faqir*

Bacchá, bachá—A Persian word meaning the young one The latter is the correct form of spelling the former being the colloquial form It is thus that a *faqir* addresses one going to him for advice or counsel

Badran—A Muhammadan female name. Lit of the moon or like the moon Short for *Badr ul nisá* the moon of women kind

Bádshdh pádshdh—King

Badnámí—Lit One having bad means of livelihood. A bad character

Bahádur bahádur—Brave, a hero

Bihisht—Paradise.

Baisákh—The first solar month of the Hindu year (April May)

Bándi—Lit bound, as spelt with a stroke on the *a* Met a female slave. Without a stroke, it also means the same but does not convey the idea of slavery

Barosi—An earthen stove.

Bér—Zizyphus jujuba.

Bándji, bánd—See Bábáji

Bhím—The name of the second brother of Yudishthra. Met it means dreadful terrible.

Bhái, bhái—Brother, the former is a more endearing term

Bhishti—*See bahisht* Lit belonging to paradise The Indian water carrier

Bibi, Bí—Mistress, a gentle woman

Chamár—A currier, one of the lowest class of Hindus

Chirágh—A light, the mud cup in which the taper is lighted

Chárpái—Lit four legs a rude bed

Chapáti—A thin flat cake of flour bread

Chaukidár—A village watchman

Chatri—Umbrella, cenotaph As pronounced phonetically, it signifies the warrior caste among the Hindus

Chilam—The cup which receives the tobacco for the hubble bubble.

Choghá—A cloak with sleeves to it

Dái—A midwife

Dál—Pulses of sorts largely cooked and eaten in India

Dandá—A club

Dargah—Lit the gate-way of a sacred building, a mausoleum

Darwesh—A mendicant *faqir*

Dasehrá—The 10th of the waxing half of the month of Jéth or of the month of Kunár (Asouj) always observed as Hindu festivals the second is the great military festival of *dasehrá* observed in commemoration of the conquest of Lanká the capital of Rávan, by Ram Lachhman.

Daund—A cup made of stitched leave

Deorhi—Entrance to a respectable native house.

Diarawad'd—A rest house by the way.

Din—Religion; the war-cry of the Muhammedans.

Doghrd—A double-barrell gun or rifle.

Dohdi—A crying-out for justice.

Dom—A low tribe of sweepers whose chief occupation is to eat the refuse or remove corpses to the cremation groun

Duldl—A light quilted covering usually worn by females.

Dupattd—Lit · two-folds or parts; a covering used by the femal

Durvesh—A recluse or religious ascetic.

Dusht—A demon.

Ekddsi—The 11th or 26th day of the Hindu solar month, alwa observed as a religious festival.

Ekndrd-Haidri-yd-Hussein—The Muhammadan war-cry, or t fanatics' war-cry.

Farhat—Delight, pleasure. The proper name is Farhatulld.

Farshi-huqqd—A hubble-bubble with a flat bottom to it.

Firangi—Lit a Frank but applied to a Briton or Englishman.

Faqir—A recluse, a mendicant.

Fdtihd—Lit an opening. The first chapter of the Quran is called.

Faujddri Sarishtedar—The chief ministerial officer of a District officer's judicial-criminal establishment.

Gaddi—Cushion, a seat of honour.

Gadhd—Ass, donkey.

Gau—The cow

Gau-mdtd—Lit· cow mother.

Gérud—Dyed in ochre, terra-cotta colour.

Ghungat—Signifies the habit of drawing the covering over th head in order to screen the face from the view o a stranger, hence a screen or dead-wall stretche before the entrance of the female apartments.

Gup—Slang for silly talk or city rumour.

Hákim—Governor, ruler

Hakim—Physician.

Haré, haré—An exclamation of high religious fervour (Hindu)

Harkárá—A messenger or foot man

Ha-rat—Dignity an address of high respect

Hijri or Hijrá—Lit separation the name by which the Muhammadan æra is known it dates from the flight of Muhammad from Mecca

Hazúr—Lit presence, an address of respect for a superior

Id—A feast in general especially the festival of opening the fast of Ramzán.

Idgáh—The place of gathering for the Id prayers

Id ul-zuhá—The sacrificial feast held in commemoration of the offering of Isaac (the Muhammadans say, of Ishmael) by Abraham

Id-ul fitr—Lit the feast of opening See Id.

Inshá Alláh—Please God

Jahannam—The place of torment hell

Jai Srí Rám Lachhmanji ki—Triumph for Rám Lachhman, or, Hail to Rám Lachhman a Hindu war cry

Jandb—Lit Vestibule Met your majesty or excellency An address of respect.

Jhárú—A hand broom *Jhárú tárá* a comet.

Jatá—Matted hair

Kachhhrí—Office Court of justice.

Kafir, kafar—Infidel, schismatic

Káith, kaisth—The old writer-class among the Hindus.

Kálá—Black. *Kálá suar* black swine an opprobious term.

Kampú—Corruption of 'camp cantonment

Khán, khánji or Khán Sáhab—A distinctive affix applied to a Pathán the two latter terms are applied to a Pathán when addressing him without his name

Khushi-raho—Be happy, a Hindu recluse's reply to a salutation

Kirár—A caste of agriculturists.
Kotwál—The chief police officer of a city.
Kurd—Horse-whip, a thong.
Kurtí—Coat, when speaking of a female's coat.
Kurtá—The same when speaking of a man's coat.
Lahnjá—A female skirt or petticoat.
Lotá—A metallic water-vessel of various shapes.
Málí—Gardener.
Málik—Owner. *Málik or malak*: a tribal headman.
Mamá—A maid servant or dry nurse.
Mantar—A sacred text of the Hindús, a charm.
Már—Kill! Beat!
Mardáná—Manly, the male-apartments.
Markeilá—A road side policeman's hut or post, stage.
Mátá—Mother.
Maulví—A man of learning (Muhammadan.)
Mazkúrí—A process server employed by the public courts.
Mínáná—A special kind of covered dooly or sedan-chair.
Mihtarání—A sweepress or inn keeper.
Melá—Fair, a gathering of sight seers
Mián—A *sayadmán*, master or husband.
Miánjí—The same or a Persian teacher.
Mián sáhab—A title of respect for a fqqír
Muharrir—A vernacular knowing writer, or clerk.
Murdár—Lit. one dead, a corpse, carrion A term of contempt for a female.
Najíb—Lit. excellent A certain class of Indian police who were distinguished by a peculiar dress.
Nái or náin—Also spelt as *nápit* or *nápitan* m. f barber.
Nárial—Cocoa nut
Násrí—Nazarene, Christian
Nauj—God forbid. An exclamation essentially female.
Nim—Melia Indica.

Payàmà—Trousers, pantaloons.

Palledàr—Porter.

Pàlnà—Cradle.

Pankhà—Fan.

Pàn—Betel leaf.

Pàsi—A criminal class so called, largely employed as village watchmen.

Parganà—A revenue sub-division of a district.

Pattha—Young man, an athlete, muscle.

Péàri—Beloved · applied to a female.

Péàrà, péàré—The same, in the masculine gender.

Phût—A kind of melon, secession, division.

Pir-dastgir—Lit: the guide who holds the hand; a religious guild

Qamran—Lit: Of or like the moon; same as *Badrun*, a Muhammadan female name. The proper name is *Qamar ul-nisà*: the moon of womenkind.

Qasàï—Butcher.

Qismat—Fate, destiny.

Qutub—The polar-star or north pole; cynosure, the guardian angel.

Ràj—Government, reign.

Ràm—Short for Rámchandar.

Rath—An Indian vehicle swung on four wheels and drawn by a pair of oxen.

Rudràksh—A rosary.

Sàhib, sàhibo—Gentleman, Sir, O sirs! plural of sáhib.

Salàm—Salutation, the Muhammadan salute.

Sàlà—Wife's brother, a term of reproach.

Sambat—The Hindu æra is so termed.

Sarkàr—The Supreme Government.

Sarài—Inn, hostelry.

Sawàl—Lit. question; a request, the *faqir's* request for money or food.

Shahíd—Martyr.

Shéikh—One of the chief divisions into which the Muhammadan population is divided, the other two being Saiad and Pathán

Shikári—Huntsman.

Sipáhi—A sepoy of the Indian army, a private.

Shivála—A Hindu temple dedicated to the worship of Shiva or Siva.

Subédári—Province or a governorship under the Muhammadan Kings.

Súar—Hog, swine

Súar-gadhá—Hog-donkey, an opprobous term

Saiad or Syud—A descendant or supposed descendant of Hasan and Husein

Takia—Lit a pillow, a *faqir's* resting place or seat

Tahmad—A loin-cloth open at the ends

Talwár—Hindi for a sword

Tára—Star

Tegh—Arabic for sword.

Tehsil—Lit acquiring the head quarters of a revenue Collector

Thána—Head-quarters of the chief police officer of the circle

Tilák—A combination female dress a gown.

Tuman—A detachment of soldiers

Urs—A commemorative feast held in honour of the death of a man of God

Wali—A saint, next to a *nabi* who is next in rank to a *paigham bar* or prophet.

Yamá—The Hindu God of death

Zillák Visitor—A native Inspector of Vernacular schools. The appellation has been changed since 1857

Zimindar—One who holds land, a landed proprietor

Zinat—Lit Ornament A Muhammadan female name, the proper name is *Zinat ul nisá* which means the ornament of womenkind.

ERRATA.

List of some of the more prominent Typographical and other errors in this Book.

Page.	Line from top or bottom	For	Read.
Preface.			
I	*t* 22	impending	impending
V	9	adapt	adept
11	20	set one subed	*and* set one subeda
24	21	vnished	vanished
25	*b* 8	protentates	potentates
	5	Bl	Bâle
	4	a	has
26	11	on	at
36	*t* 9	anology	analogy
43	*b* 5	Serpent God	Serpent god.
46	2	delusion	illusion
51	11	knewledge	knowledge
68	9	what are going on	what *is* going on
	2	excort	escort
90	8	upon	to
92	12	in	to
94	*t* 17	hand	head
100	3	staricase	staircase
101	4	shreiked	shrieked
103	6	tha	the
104	*b* 6	Mazhar Khan	Mazhar *Karim*
110	3	on the latter through	*at* the latter *with*
116	*t* 8	unreasonable	unseasonable
117	10	ours–"pointing to	ours"–pointing *in*
	17	officers	colours
	t 11	the man	the *very* man
	8	at	on
	b 4	dependance	dependence
	t 11	to	on

Page	Line from top or bottom.		For	Read.
125	*t*	11	bear testimony	bear *him* testimony
	b	5	met that	met with that
127	*t*	3	by	with
		5	on	in
36	*b*	2	door	way
44		10	A stalwart	An unknown
155		21	church	Church
161		12	meat	food
165	*b*	10	of short	of *a* short
168	*t*	7	night	might
174		21	they were incurring	they incurred
		23	consequences	consequence
175		17	running	ran
185		1	fly	flee
210		3	seldom found	seldom *to* be found
211		1	of, course	*omit*
220		9	gorgious	gorgeous
			now	*omit*
224	*b*	6	af	*omit*
225	*t*	18	an unknown person,	one
228		4	scirfiter	scymitar
233	*b*	8	yon	you
243	*t*	19	his	*omit*,
250		16	monstachios	moustachios
251	*t*	2	scimiter	scimitar
265	*b*	2	unseen	Unseen
269	*t*	20	with	in
274		13	borrewed	borrowed
275	*b*	1	carronical	canonical
279	*t*	18 19	barrel of it —An	barrel—an
281	*b*	1	the rival	*a* rival
282		4	sal I	*omit*
283	*t*	15	to it	omit *to*
284		9	conolpeal	conf vincel
286	*b*	8	yeu	you
287	*t*	12	I thought	thought I
288		8	wintness	witness
	b	7	send her	sends her
292	*t*	9	all the time he is	all his

Page.	Line *from top* or bottom		Err.	Read.
293		3	ready full	omit *full*
294	*b*	6	before	to
297	*t*	22	epaulattes	epaulettes
300		1	even,	*omit*,
	b	3	towards	for
309		2	theire	their
310	*t*	8	at	to
		13	as	like
312		15	flitation	flirtation
321		6	and	at
		11	cow-dung	*and* cow-dung
328	*b*	8	fonned	found
342	*t*	5-6	A soon	As soon
		21	wear	near
352		6	be	He
355		7	from	of
359		37	spokeu	spoken
360		16	to	with
363		10	again	*omit.*
		11	groan	groaning
367		11	into	unto
371		16	vengance	yengeance
372		1	fresh,	*omit*,
		17	at	of
383		„	page 283	383
384		„	„ 284	384
400	*b*	13	deceased	deseased
401	*t*	15	merit themselves	merit for themselves.
405	*b*	9	according,	*emit*,
407		9	him a	him *but* a
419	*t*	12	breatheless	breathless
421	*b*	12	As soon as Kothiwah heard	No sooner did Kothiwa hear
422	*t*	4	O, it is	*omit*,
426	*b*	6	she said	said she
428	*t*	17	as the, case	*omit*,
429		4	*maionor*	*maion* or
441		4	would	world
441	*b*	10	at foot	*on* foot

Page	Line from top or bottom		Read
450	t	25 arms	arm
452		21 against	at
463	t	16 an l with a languish ing air and coy speech	and with coy speech and a languishing air
468		31 rebell ons	rebellious
469		9 severel	several
473		12 runs risk	runs *the* risk
		17 spot which	*on t*
481		10 weaken l	sveal ened
494		3 neverthless	nevertheless
497		20 an l presente l	and *he* presented
500		16 one by	by one
534		20 confiderate	confederate
536		29 sceince	science

CONCLUSION

	12	unostentations	unostentatious

APPENDICES

14	18	A	a
27	10	d ety	de ty
35	17	uuhen	unhen